Moviemaking in Queens: Astoria Is Reborn

George Steinbrenner, Go Home! by Jeff Greenfield

Amazing Grace Jones, by Nik Cohn

NE DOLLAR AUGUST 15, 1977

NEW YORK

Cookie Chic

he Great Chocolate-Chip Controversy, by Elin Schoen

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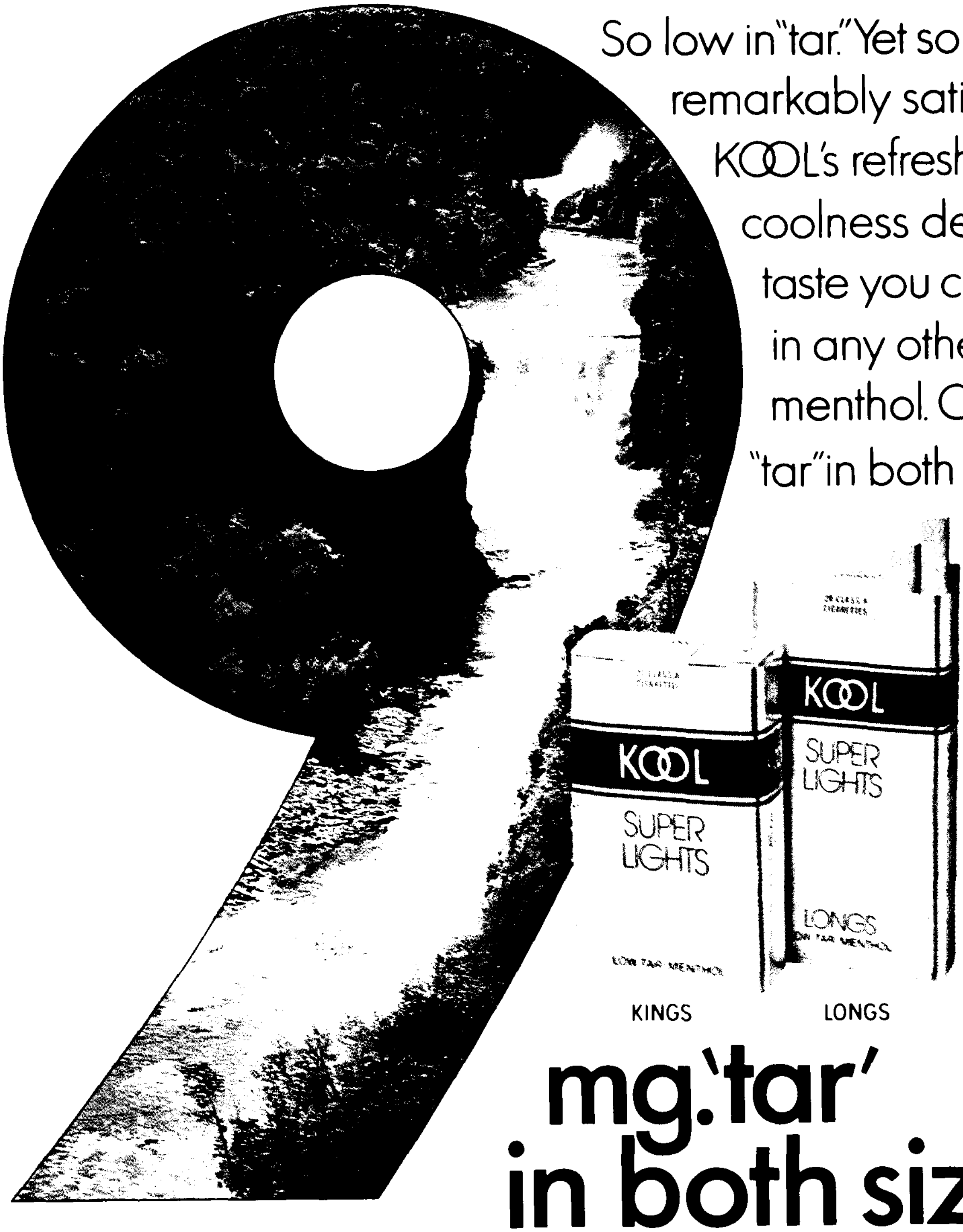
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VOL. 10 NO. 33

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Astoria Is Reborn
By Paul Gardner
Hooray for . . . Queens! In the twenties, Astoria Studios was witness to the artistry of Valentino and Swanson, the shenanigans of the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields. After Paramount closed the studio in the late thirties, it stood silent—until the filming of *Thieves* gave it a new lease on life in 1975. Now the historic studio is off to see *The Wiz,* as rehearsals begin for Universal's $10-million production of the all-black musical. Astoria Foundation officials, now giving the dignified dowager a face-lift, have high hopes that more moviemakers will follow the Yellow Brick Road back to Gotham.

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George Steinbrenner, Get Out of Town!
By Jeff Greenfield
The trouble with Yankee owner George Steinbrenner is simply this, says longtime fan Greenfield: The man has no class. For weeks this bush-league refugee from Cleveland has permitted manager Billy Martin to twist slowly, slowly, in the wind. Georgie pleaded guilty to making an illegal campaign contribution to Nixon. Yet Steinbrenner publicly doubts Martin's honor? As Phil Rizzuto might say, "Holy cow!" A fund is being raised to buy Steinbrenner a one-way ticket back to Cleveland. By Greyhound bus.

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Cookie Chic: The Great Chocolate-Chip Controversy
By Elin Schoen
Enter Wally Amos, who believes Cookie Monsters all over America will pay fancy prices to eat commercial chocolate-chip cookies if they taste something like Mom's. He's right. So enter (hastily) Jerry Kates and Howard Effron, who want to be even more famous in the chocolate-chip world than Famous Amos himself. Herewith, the tale of the cookiemongers, which some might call a tempest in a cookie jar.

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By Doug Ireland
He even looks a little like Cary Grant. Anthony Scotto, dapper, well-connected boss of the Brooklyn docks, could be called the Apple's Mr. Lucky. For two decades, he has been clearing himself of allegations of organized-crime links. Now he's being probed again but is still hobnobbing with mayors, governors, and the city's power brokers.

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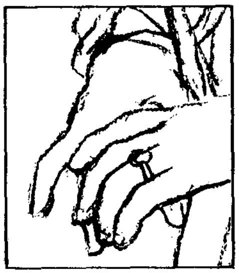

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MOMA is celebrating Parisian art dealer Ambroise Vollard with a show of his ex-clients' work.

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By John Simon
Don't be fooled by the title; *Outrageous!* is a charming small Canadian film, loving and compassionate and full of tasteful observations.

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By Alan Rich
The great soprano Lotte Lehmann died a year ago; now Angel offers a souvenir of her art. Our rock-bound Tom Bentkowski also writes about girl vocalists, of a somewhat different breed.

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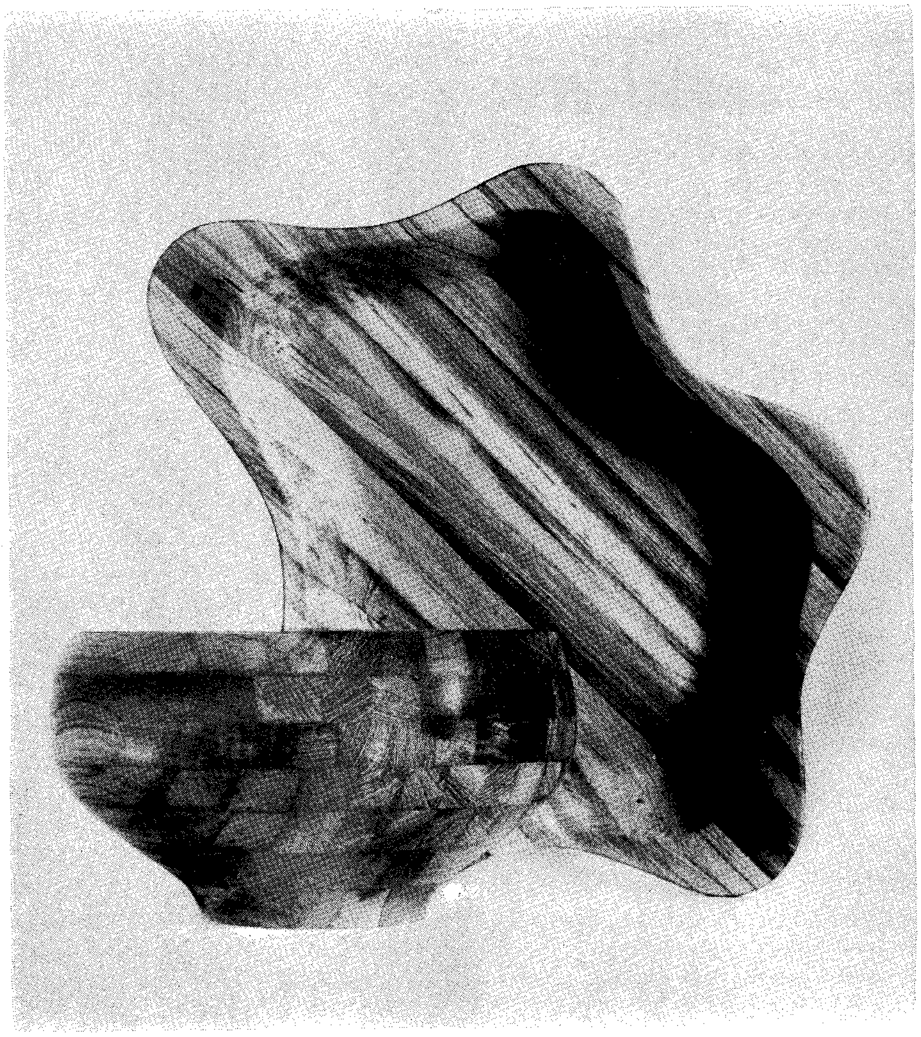

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LETTERS

Powerless

Many people interviewed for "Who Gets the Blame?" [August 1], on the looting and rampaging during the New York City blackout, said much the same thing: Senator Javits, Robert Wagner Sr., and Anthony Bouza mentioned unemployment, miserable ghetto life, and disadvantaged youths.

Brooklyn Supreme Court Justice Irwin Brownstein "estimates that of 400 cases he handled, about half had decent jobs, some earning up to $300 a week. A number of those were city, state or public employees." A spokesman for District Attorney Eugene Gold said, "About one third of those arrested were employed in steady, well-paying jobs" (Daily *News*, July 21, 1977).

Our elected officers, politicians, writers, and psychologists had better start rethinking the causes and possible answers.

Mrs. Berenice Gerstman
Brooklyn

Out of twenty people interviewed on who should get the blame, surely you could have gotten the opinions of more women! One out of twenty sounds pretty sexist to me.

Joanne M. Onufrak
Manhattan

In what amounts to a new, textbook example of *chutzpa* (cynical effrontery), Con Edison's chairman has announced that the recent blackout will be the occasion for rate increases to offset the costs of investigating and repairing the cause of failure. It is as if the patricide in the adage had sought not only mercy because he was an orphan but also child support for having eliminated his only source of income.

Only in a state in which the Public Service Commission so abjectly grovels before the (literal) power elite could a company like Con Edison be so confident that it will be able to capitalize on the misfortunes it midwived, rather than be in fear of penalties to stockholders, in the form of a prohibition on dividends or an outright takeover by the state.

Harvard Hollenberg
Manhattan

After reading Tom Plate's article "Why the Cops Didn't Shoot" [August 1], I get the feeling that we weren't in the same city during the recent blackout. I saw scores of police officers standing by with their arms folded while hordes of thugs were looting freely. Con Edison employees meanwhile were working feverishly to restore service. I am not trying to condemn the police officers or congratulate Con Edison's employees, but for Mr. Plate to blame Con Edison for the looting is unfair to Con Edison and even more so to its employees.

Edward Handler
Brooklyn

Elin Schoen's "Twenty Bright Ideas for the Next Blackout" are all well and good. But the *best* idea is for the city of New York to see to it that *everyone* knows that the police are instructed, in the event of another such occurrence, to shoot looters first and to ask questions later. Everyone already knows that looting is a crime, so why concern ourselves with the hair-tearing, breast-beating, and howling of the liberals whose congeries of idiotic society-managing schemes are to so great an extent responsible for the sad state of things today? Let 'em tear hair, beat breasts, and howl until they're bald, mastodynic, and hoarse.

C. W. Morrison
Savannah, Ga.

Plains Speaking

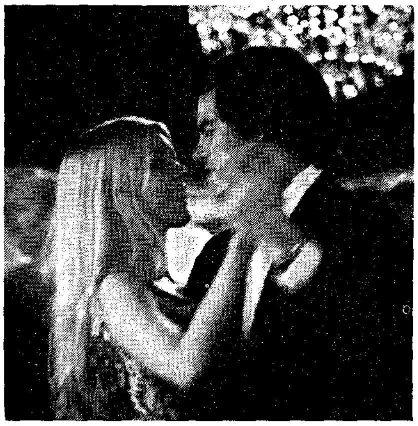
We thought you ought to know that contrary to what Jack Cafferty says ["New York Intelligencer," August 1], no one in Iowa says things like "It sucks" on television. Des Moines, in fact, probably would be the last city in the world where that would be said. And instead of twenty calls, the station most likely would receive many more.

People out here, though, are surprised at New Yorkers' peevish reaction to all of this. "I thought they'd say things like that all of the time back there," one person said.

Keep in mind, of course, that what might be said off the air is an entirely different thing, even out here in "the farm belt."

Eileen Ogintz, Diane Graham
Staff writers
Des Moines *Register and Tribune*
Des Moines, Iowa

Correction: In last week's issue, the dimensions of the Noah's Ark durrie from the Pillowry ["Indian Summer Treasures," by Suzanne Slesin] were incorrectly given. The carpet is actually fourteen feet by sixteen feet.



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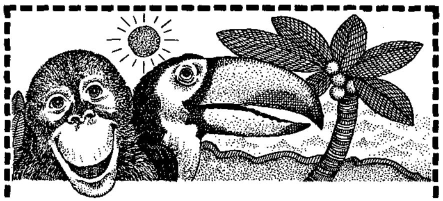

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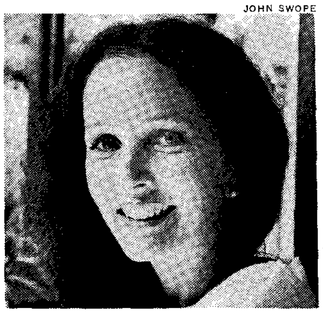
NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

TV 'Haywire' Deal Goes, Well, Haywire at CBS

JOHN SWOPE



Hayward: Book's a hot property.

That big made-for-TV special based on Brooke Hayward's best-seller, *Haywire,* is already controversial, and filming hasn't even started.

CBS was originally going to air the Warner Communications production, but for mysterious reasons, *Haywire* may appear on NBC instead.

The CBS problem, it's rumored, is chairman Bill Paley's somewhat belated realization that *Haywire* tears patches of flesh off certain pals of his, one being Pamela Hayward (Mrs. Averell) Harriman. So NBC is now negotiating for the special.

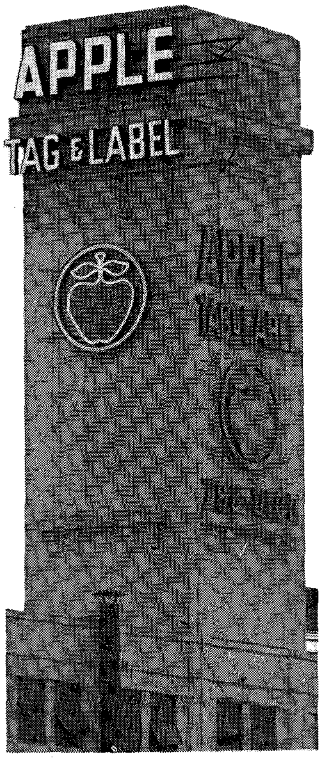
Warners, we're told, is handling the material in a semidocumentary way. Bill Hayward, Brooke's brother, will be the producer and Frank Pierson the director, and Peter Davis, who wrote *Hearts and Minds,* is writing the script. They want Jane Fonda (as Margaret Sullavan), Jimmy Stewart, and Henry Fonda to co-star, which could make this the top-dollar TV movie of all. Oh, yes, just keeping it in the family, Hank Fonda was once married to Maggie Sullavan.

Jets Commit Highway Robbery

Quel outrage! The Jets are charging $9 and $11.50 for tickets to their exhibition games in the Giants Stadium at the Meadowlands. A last-place team, shorn of its single bauble—the departed Namath—and playing a meaningless practice game, ought to charge senior citizens a buck, let the kids in free, and give away a Jet T-shirt to any adult innocent enough to wander in and pay the tariff.

Company Upset by Beame No-Show

Just how well are the mayor's office and the Economic Development Administration doing in their effort to keep businesses in New York?



Sign: Still not dedicated.

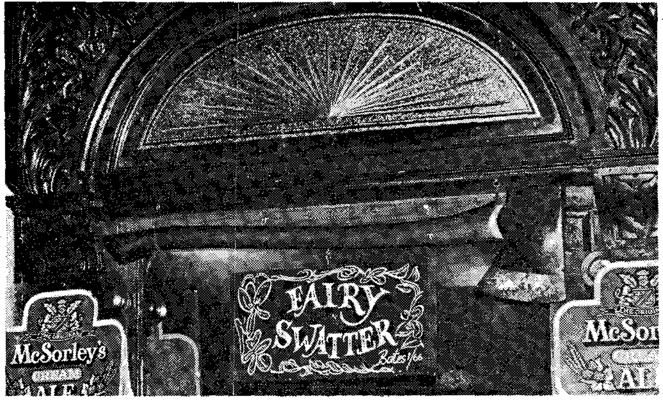
One success story has turned sour lately. The EDA helped convince the Applebaum Tag and Label Corporation, a 12-million-dollar Queens company that was considering relocation, to stay. To celebrate the decision the company and its Apple division put up a sign on Northern Boulevard, which will cost over $140,000. Mayor Beame and the EDA promised to come and dedicate the sign and hold a press conference—all good publicity for the firm. Two dates this summer were set up and the mayor—on short notice—canceled both. A third date was set for July 20. The company claims it spent several thousand dollars in preparing for the big event. Two days before, Beame backed out. This time he had to meet with business leaders about the blackout. The company's vice-president, Karen Sands, says she's just disgusted. "We're out this money. I have no faith in the mayor." EDA will reschedule but the company says no. EDA Commissioner Frank Corbin says, "I'm just caught in the middle; the mayor's appointments office does the canceling."

'Daily News' Supports Jersey Move

What in the world has happened to the *Daily News*'s loyalty to New York? We noticed a curious thing recently. In a July 28 New York edition, there was an editorial titled NO OTHER CHOICE, about hiring new firemen. In the New Jersey edition that same day there was an editorial substitution in that space, titled HOME OF THE NETS, which read, "The New York Knicks agreed out of court this week to drop opposition to the Nets' big move from Long Island to the Meadowlands Sports Complex in New Jersey. We're pleased to be spared a lengthy legal wrangle, and of course we're delighted to welcome the Nets to our side of the river. The Meadowlands family already includes the pro football Giants, the pro soccer Cosmos and a transient herd of fast horses. So welcome aboard, Nets. May a happy home inspire you to win, win, win." That's certainly not New York boosterism.

Militant Gays Aren't Kidding Around Anymore

PETER A. MELILLO



Bar accessory: Gays decide it's not a sign of the times.

In the old days, police raided gay bars. Last week, it was a group of whistle-blowing, militant gay activists who raided a straight singles bar, Geordies, on Third Avenue at 82nd Street. The protesters demanded that the bar's owner remove a sign labeling a huge ax hanging over the bar a "fairy swatter." About 100 demonstrators, mobilized by the Gay Activists Alliance, drove paying customers from the bar while several carloads of police looked on. There were no arrests. "The owner has promised us the sign will stay down," says a GAA spokesman, adding, "If it goes up again, we'll be back." Well, Anita's not the only target.

A Howling Night on Broadway

It's a doggy tale, all right. At a recent performance of the Broadway comedy *Same Time, Next Year*, two blind men were seated in the front row, along with their Seeing Eye dogs, which were lying under the seats. The dogs were well behaved throughout the play until one of the final scene changes. To indicate the passage of time, music or radio excerpts of each period are played—including Richard Nixon's Checkers speech. When Nixon's voice came over the loudspeakers, the dogs began howling and barking. The audience and actors were convulsed with laughter. After Nixon's voice stopped, the dogs stopped too, and were quiet for the rest of the show.

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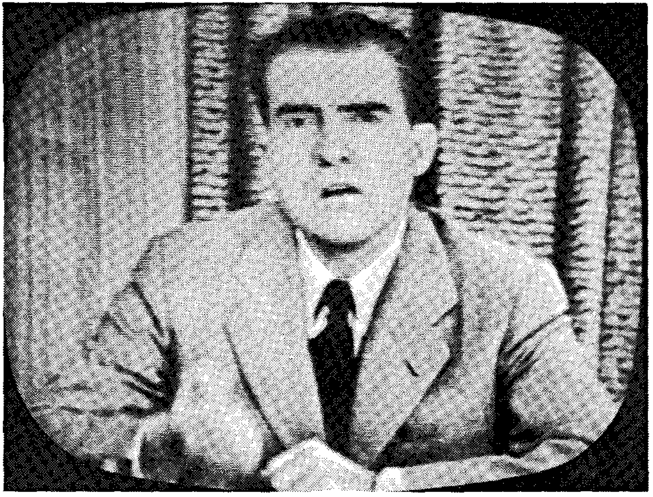

Nixon: Unforgettable Checkers speech elicits unusual response.

We've Heard That Tune Before

Streisand: New lyrics, but old music.

There's something familiar about one of the tunes on Barbra Streisand's newest album, *Superman*. Trying to find out more about the song "I Found You Love," we discovered a clue: Substitute the words "Country Kitchen egg noodles" for "I found you love." Yes, Barbra's latest song is indeed the same melody used to advertise Country Kitchen egg noodles. If Barbra likes these catchy melodies, who knows, her next hit single might be a love song to a new roll-on deodorant or a TV dinner.

'Sunday' Is No More

WNBC-TV (Channel 4) is dropping its long-running Sunday-morning public-affairs show, *Sunday*, and will replace it this fall with another public-affairs program, probably dealing with older people, their problems and activities. Marciarose, the Philadelphian who hosted *Sunday* for two years, will be dropped, but there's no word yet on a host for the new show.

The Ubiquitous Mayor Abe

Abe Beame learned one lesson from the blackout: He blew his advantage of incumbency by staying indoors and issuing statements. But now, with the Son of Sam and the midtown bombings, Abe is doing a wonderful La Guardia act, showing up everywhere amid the flashing lights of the police cars, and the TV cameras. He's got Bella et al. whipped to a frazzle on visibility.

Can a Wisecracking Space Dog Turn Newspaper Readers On?

With the current *Star Wars* craze, science fiction is back in the limelight. And the newspaper-syndicate business, as usual, is attempting to capitalize on it. Although there are two sci-fi newspaper comic strips ("Jeff Hawke" and "Flash Gordon"), add another to the list: "Star Hawks." In October, Enterprise Features will syndicate the strip, about the planet Esmeralda and the Star Hawks, who enforce international law. We're told that one great thing about this strip is the wisecracking of a space dog. So far, no New York newspapers have bought the idea.

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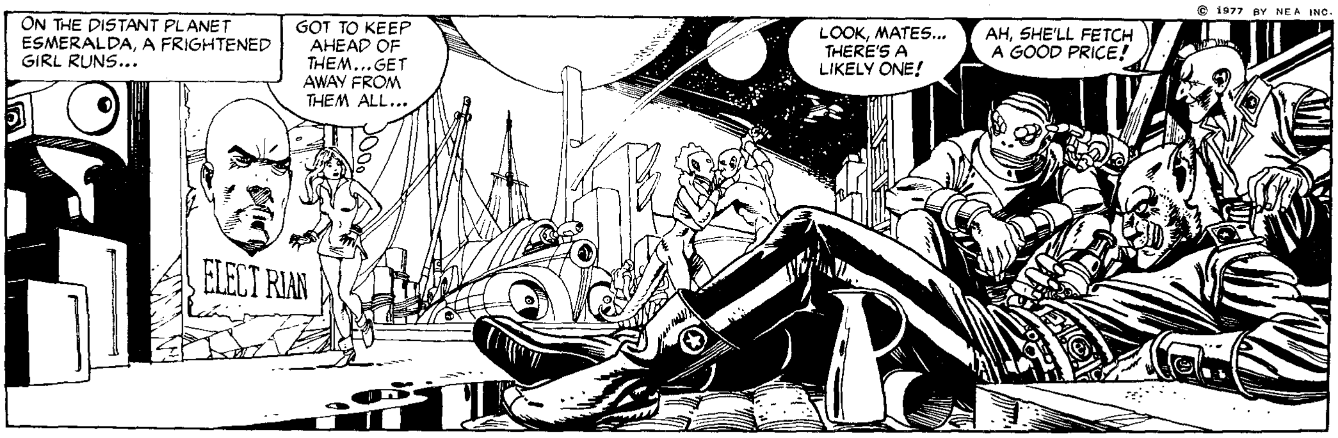
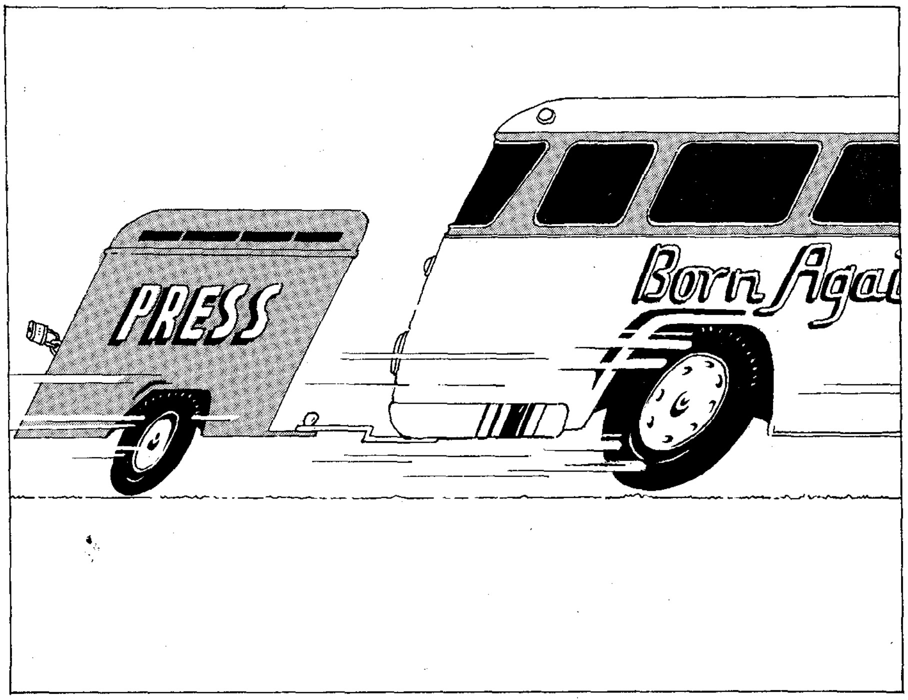

ON THE DISTANT PLANET ESMERALDA, A FRIGHTENED GIRL RUNS...
GOT TO KEEP AHEAD OF THEM...GET AWAY FROM THEM ALL...
ELECT RIAN
LOOK, MATES... THERE'S A LIKELY ONE!
AH, SHE'LL FETCH A GOOD PRICE!

"Star Hawks": New comic strip riding high on sci-fi wave.

The Capitol Letter/Diane K. Shah

SHADES OF RON ZIEGLER AND OTHER WHITE HOUSE GHOSTS



Jody Call

It was late on a Friday afternoon when the red light flashed on Jody Powell's phone in the West Wing of the White House. It was the president. Judging from Powell's face, the president was angry. Powell listened in sickening disbelief.

"I guarantee," Jody replied earnestly, "I never said anything to them about Congress in the whole briefing. No, sir, I never came out and blamed Congress." A pause. "All right."

Powell banged down the phone, swore, and hollered out the door for someone to bring him the Washington *Star.* Sure enough, there it was, a nine-column headline dragged out across the entire top of the front page, spelling out the message he had worked so hard *not* to convey. CONGRESS CAVES IN ON ENERGY, CARTER SAYS, it read in bold black letters. Resignedly, Jody dropped the paper onto his desk and hurried down the hall to the Oval Office.

Only a few hours later, Powell—live and in color—led off the *NBC Nightly News* with Carter's side of the story. It was the final strategic move of the day in the ongoing battle of wits between the president and the press. And it showed that for all the media's muscle-flexing since Watergate, they can still be outclassed by a fancy piece of presidential footwork.

Although Powell insists the president is the underdog—"If the press makes a mistake, two hours later who's going to give a damn?"—the fact that he can schedule himself into the network news suggests the media are still the lightweights taking on the heavyweight, with predictable results. Says Fred Barnes of the Washington *Star:* "They still have all the information. And we still want it."

Covering a president is always tricky business, a little like living in a haunted house. Already Carter has proved himself an apt ghost. Curtis Wilkie of the Boston *Globe,* who often spoke with candidate Carter, admits: "I have yet to address him as Mr. President." Nor has Charles Mohr of the New York *Times,* who maintains that Carter is as inaccessible as Nixon, and even more aloof. Says Mohr: "He made a fundamental decision in January, 1975, that he would talk only on the record. As a result, you can't have any conversation with him at all."

Lately, however, Carter has decided to at least try. At Powell's urging, he agreed to hold informal rap sessions with selected groups of journalists. The idea is to have a drink and get to know each other better. Wine and beer are served, cheese passed round. But the press goes after Carter as if he hadn't held a news conference in months. Deep background or not, reporters are afraid *not* to produce a story. Sighed one participant who had hoped to talk about auto racing, "There's no way in this day and age you can just bullshit with the president."

Perhaps nowhere else in journalism do reporters have so little contact with the person they are covering—or quit when they are told to. At the White House they even find themselves obeying orders not to file stories. When deputy press secretary Rex Granum recently found himself trying to explain why Carter's 1975 tax returns were being audited—and couldn't—he said he'd run out and get some more answers if everybody stayed right there in the pressroom and promised not to even phone their editors. For one hour and eighteen minutes, the White House press corps didn't budge. Said one reporter with a sigh: "Well, they've got us where they want us. We promised not to file and they're never coming back."

If doubt remains that the president's men still have the upper hand, one need only spend time in the White House pressroom. Just around the corner from the Oval Office is the briefing area, a large rectangular room where photographers and cameramen sit around mindlessly watching whatever's on TV, waiting to be summoned to the one or two "photo opportunities" permitted by the president each day. Reporters walk on through to another room—designed, it should be noted, by the Nixon people—which contains two glassed-in booths (cages?) for AP and UPI, three closet-size rooms for the networks, and nineteen typing cubicles for the nation's big-city dailies. Stuck in the basement are reporters for radio, newsmagazines, and smaller newspapers. There is absolutely no sense that the president of the United States is hard at work just around the corner. Says Sam Donaldson of ABC: "For all I know, he could be in Kentucky."

Several times a day, however, reporters get to see for themselves. Like children on a field trip, they are led through the White House corridors by a press-

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Diane K. Shah's new novel, The Mackin Cover, *will be published by Dodd, Mead this fall.*

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

office person who lets them look at the president, but not touch. Generally what they get to see is Carter greeting a visitor, though not just any visitor. Everyone was invited to see him pose with the national cystic fibrosis child, but not with Andrew Young the day after the U.N. ambassador called two former presidents racists in *Playboy* magazine. UPI reporter Helen Thomas declares: "Frankly, I'm indignant at being made always to stand behind a rope. I also find it demeaning when they won't tell us where we're headed."

Thomas is referring to the times when a notice goes up on the bulletin board saying the president is going out and the pool can tag along for the ride. Rarely has anyone the foggiest notion where Carter is going.

Reporters have always had to watch a president through an opaque window, of course. But after Johnson's lies about the war, and Nixon's about Watergate, they are continually wanting proof that Carter is keeping both hands on the table. And although nobody really expects him to pull a fast one, everybody's ready just in case. When Powell told reporters there would be no briefing last Thanksgiving, Helen Thomas objected. How, she demanded, would anybody know what the president-elect was doing that day?

Well, said Powell, Carter planned to take it easy and hoped the press would too. Thomas persisted. How would they know what he ate for Thanksgiving dinner? "I've been interested in politics for 25 years," responded an impatient Powell, "and I never much cared what a president ate for dinner."

Says Curtis Wilkie: "With Jody you have to be very precise in your questions. Otherwise, he'll give you an answer, but it won't be responsive to the question." Fred Barnes says: "He gets away with murder by just being so witty and funny. You can see it happen, but you also see it works."

The specter of Watergate haunts both sides. When deputy press secretary Granum said Carter's taxes were being audited because he wanted it, reporters took off like O. J. Simpson on third and long. "They're not about to let another tax evasion get by after missing the last one," said one amused magazine reporter. "They know Carter's probably clean. They're just covering their ass."

But then, so was Powell when he finally came out to say that no, that wasn't quite right. Actually the IRS had *asked* to see Carter's returns. Said Powell: "It's probably hard for you to understand how something like this could get this far from the truth in two hours without its being intentional. It

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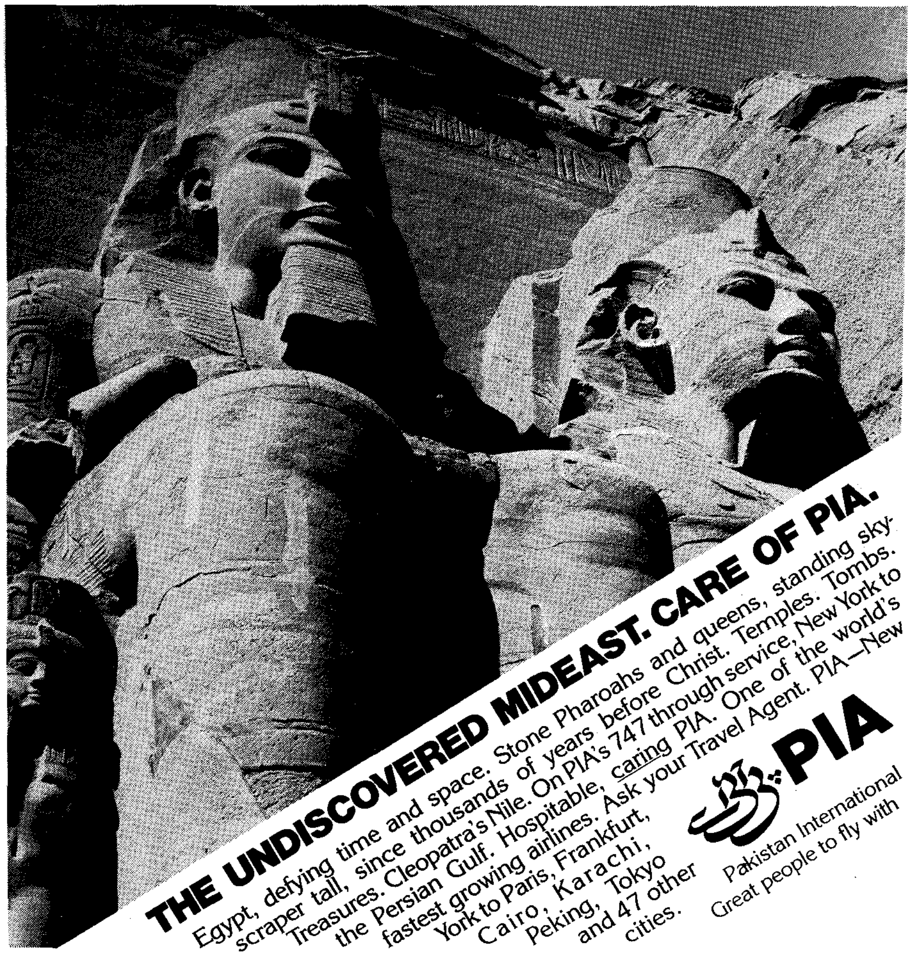

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comes with the infatuation that you can indeed speak for the president."

Two days later, Powell sat fretting in his office. He'd just learned, he said, that the IRS had made up its mind a year ago that it would audit whoever became president. "So why don't you announce that?" he was asked.

Powell smiled ruefully. "Because," he said, "I can't just walk out there and volunteer it. Nobody would believe me. I have to figure out a way to get it out so that it will be believed."

In another fancy piece of footwork, he did.

Cagey Carter

Carter is becoming very cagey in his use of polling advice from Pat Caddell (whose other clients range from Mario Cuomo to columnists Evans and Novak). The president isn't using polls to adjust his positions as Johnson did, but to maintain his favorable image.

Take energy, for example. Says Boston pollster Rob Duboff, "Caddell reported to the president that a hard-line policy would hurt his popularity. Instead of softening up, Carter let drop a comment to the press that his upcoming speech on energy would drop his 'favorability rating' by ten percentage points, but he boldly would risk the drop. In fact, this 'prediction,' as Caddell anticipated, helped keep the rating at the same high level after the April speech."

The almost Nixonian exercise in reverse mass psychology proved once again that style among politicians is now more important than substance. Says Duboff, "No matter how much confusion may exist about his ideology, he can ensure that there will be no confusion about his character."

Nickel Odium

Supporters of the consumer-protection-agency bill now before Congress are sending lawmakers money to buy their support—a nickel for their vote. That's the projected cost of the new agency to the average American.

Ten of the 83 representatives targeted by the consumer-labor letter campaign are New Yorkers. Not all are happy. John Murphy of Staten Island, who rarely gets 50 letters on an issue, received more than 500 nickels before announcing his support of the bill. Sam Stratton of Albany, however, announced he was returning all 350 coins he received because the lobbying effort, cooked up by Congress Watch director Mark Green, was "highly improper." Green's response? "Stratton hasn't kept up with how inflation has affected the price of a bribe." ▬

The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

GOOD NEWS FROM DU PONT—BUT DOES ANYBODY CARE?

Bad Chemistry

When a third of a multibillion-dollar company's business is sick, an exuberant outlook from the chief executive hardly seems in order. Nonetheless, Du Pont boss Irving S. Shapiro fed me one morsel of optimism after another at a recent three-hour dinner interview in Du Pont's home territory, Wilmington, Delaware. Fibers is Du Pont's biggest business—33 percent of the company's 1976 sales of $8.4 billion. And this business, reflecting worldwide overcapacity and weak prices, is a major headache for the world's largest chemical company. But Shapiro offered a powerful argument—a snappy gain of nearly 26 percent in second-quarter profits—to support his case that all is well at Du Pont.

Moreover, a relaxed, friendly Shapiro, winking at me throughout dinner, departed from Du Pont's conservative stance toward making earnings projections. Though he wouldn't make any specific forecasts, Shapiro—responding to one analyst's projections—indicated that Du Pont's earnings could shoot up nearly 35 percent this year, followed by another 12 percent gain in 1978. And since Du Pont pays out roughly 50 percent of its profits in dividends, this kind of earnings progression could be awfully appetizing to a more yield-oriented Wall Street.

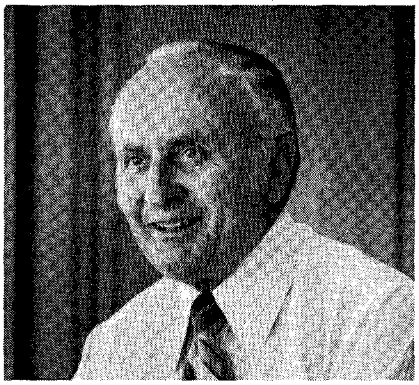
WIDE WORLD

Shapiro: *"Washington's become uncivil."*

"Fibers aren't going to be a dead dog forever," said Shapiro, who was decked out in a paper bib to protect his clothes from being spritzed by a hearty $11.75 sizzling steak. "And if we can earn $3.28 a share [in the second quarter] with a third of our business on its back, imagine what we're going to do when the fiber business improves." Added Shapiro: "I think we're at the bottom of the pit in fibers business . . . and our second-half results in this area should be better than in the first half."

It sounds lovely, but, alas, a skeptical Wall Street doesn't share Shapiro's enthusiasm. Du Pont's shares, at a recent price of 118, were selling near the low of their 1977 trading range (112¼–135). And even more significant, the stock, based on some analysts' 1977 profit expectations, is selling at a paltry (for Du Pont) price-earnings multiple of less than 10. The reason for the low price is simple enough: fears of a slowing economy, in turn raising serious questions about the vigor of consumer spending. Underlying this is a threat of a minor soft-goods recession, which

Alexander: *Won't take no for an answer.*



Morison: *Wants no part of Sun Chemical.*

Giant-Stalking

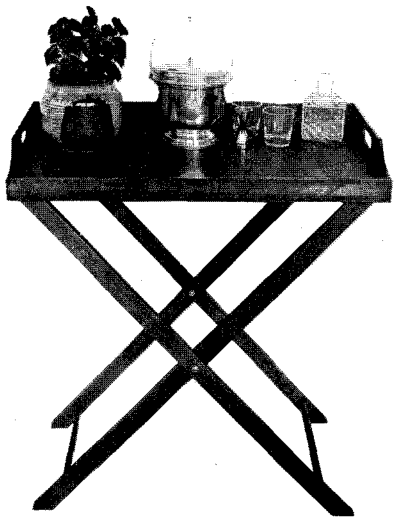
Foremost-McKesson, the San Francisco-based food, drug, and chemical giant (1976 sales: $2.7 billion), can't seem to elude wheeler-dealers. After shelling out $2.6 million to stop a recent takeover bid by Victor Posner, Foremost may now be prey for another wheeler-dealer—Sun Chemical chief Norman Alexander.

I've learned that acquisition-hungry Alexander has made two recent overtures to Foremost management to get its blessings for much tinier Sun Chemical (1976 sales: $291.7 million) to buy the single largest block of Foremost shares—the approximately 9.5 percent held by Posner-dominated Sharon Steel Corporation. Foremost's management wants no part of Alexander, and, in fact, has said so twice. Apparently, though, Alexander won't take no for an answer.

Alexander, who has already felt out the Posner interests on buying the Foremost block, made his first pitch to Foremost about seven weeks ago. A Sun Chemical board member approached the company through a leading San Francisco banker, Tom Wilcox, head of Crocker National Bank. Wilcox relayed the offer to Foremost's chief executive, William W. Morison, and told him that unless Foremost thought it was beneficial, Alexander would back away. Morison said no, explaining: "It's not in the best interests of our stockholders." Morison thought that was the end of it, but he was wrong. About three weeks ago, Alexander was back—this time using a brokerage-house partner as a go-between. Morison was asked to meet with Alexander, but he rejected the offer.

Alexander, all along, is insisting he's interested in acquiring the block only for "investment purposes . . . and that the stock [which late last month hit a 1977 high of 19⅛] would be going into friendly hands." But no one in Foremost's management believes it. Accordingly, Foremost isn't taking Alexander lightly. For one thing, it's quietly trying to learn as much as it can about Alexander and his company. It's also exploring the possibility of buying the Posner block itself. The asking price is about $25 a share—described by sources close to Foremost as "too high a premium."

Alexander's next step remains to be seen. He could, of course, buy the Posner block without Foremost's approval. But he'll have one heck of a fight if he goes for control. A source familiar with Foremost made it very clear Alexander is unacceptable as a bed partner, declaring, "We seem to have a knack [in corporate wooers] of attracting trash."



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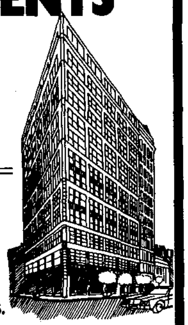

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could put additional pressure on Du Pont's fibers business.

And even Shapiro is frank to admit that the fibers business won't truly be back on its feet until the 1980s.

As one top chemical analyst put it: "Du Pont's a great company, but for now it looks like a market deadbeat."

This is precisely the kind of talk that gets Shapiro's dander up. "We get judged as a fibers company," complains Shapiro, who personally owns 2,003 Du Pont shares. "Yet, two thirds of our business is nonfibers, and it's very healthy." Adds the 61-year-old Du Pont chief: "We've demonstrated [in the second quarter] that the heart of our business, agricultural chemicals and pharmaceuticals . . . and industrial chemicals, X-ray film, electronics materials, instrument products, plastics, and finishes . . . are all doing very well. And they continue to do very well. But Wall Street doesn't seem to understand."

It may well be that Wall Street's sour assessment of Du Pont's shares led Shapiro to give me a clue to the strong earnings progress that he sees for Du Pont. At first, all Shapiro would say about earnings is that "we hope to do as well in the second half as we did in the first half" (net for the first six months added up to $5.73 a share). This statement indicated that Du Pont's 1977 earnings should run at least $11.46 a share, up from 1976's $9.30 a share.

Moments later, though, he indicated even higher figures when I told him that one well-regarded chemical analyst, Donald Hamilton of F. Eberstadt & Company, was projecting Du Pont's net at $12.50 a share in 1977, followed by a jump to $14 in 1978. In response, a smiling, confident Shapiro described Hamilton as "a pretty sensible guy." He termed the analyst's estimates "reasonable," indicating the prospects of the 35 and 12 percent gains I talked about earlier.

He also didn't quarrel with Hamilton's sales projections of $9.5 billion in 1977 and around $10.4 billion in 1978.

Shapiro, frequently tapping two spoons together as he spoke, told me that his expected improvement in 1978 profits was based on "a good economy . . . functioning at 5¼ to 5½ percent growth in real gross national product." Shapiro sees this growth spurred by capital spending and decent gains, though no boom, in housing. He also insisted the economy is better than most people will admit. "More people," he said, "are employed. More companies are doing well. The rest of the world is coming to the U.S. with its capital. And no labor movement is tearing the government to the left."

Shapiro, one of Jimmy Carter's closest business advisers outside the administration, told me there's only one really major problem at this time: inflation. He attributes this to the printing of too much money, excess government spending, and bad government regulations (such as in the environmental area).

With oil giants moving more aggressively into chemicals, one could begin to make a case that Du Pont is likely to run afoul of growing competition in some major product areas. Shapiro strongly disagrees, asserting: "Oil companies may be a threat to some people in the industry—but not to us. Our research capabilities give us a measure of protection against the competition, and by and large we're in sophisticated chemicals, not the commodities sector." Some chemical analysts, though, think Shapiro may be overly optimistic in this assessment.

There's been a lot of speculation that Shapiro—because of his close ties to the administration—could be headed for a job with Jimmy Carter. And Shapiro's name, in fact, was bandied about at one point for the treasury secretary's post. Shapiro, who was paid $457,752 last year for running Du Pont and who would obviously have to take a major cut to work for Carter (who earns a lesser $200,000 a year), made it clear he wants no part of Washington. "It has become an uncivil place to be," he said. "Men are destroyed even if they're right . . . or by a simple mistake. Everybody is suspect. There's an emphasis on finding something wrong . . . and why should someone put himself in that caldron and take the pain? It worries me because able people will choose not to go to Washington."

When Shapiro took over as Du Pont's chief executive in 1974, he became the very first Jew ever to run the company. People still talk about it even today. I asked Shapiro his feelings on the matter. "It's a different world today," he said. "The question of religion is no longer relevant in business."

Relevant or not, one would be hard-pressed to imagine that this savvy business executive is so naïve as to be unaware of his importance as one of the rare Jews to head up such a major industrial company, or, for that matter, his growing influence in the economic policy formulated in the "uncivil Washington" of his pal Jimmy Carter—the very place he so professes to despise. Further, it's hardly a secret that a man named Shapiro (even *Irving S.* Shapiro) would find it near impossible—even today—to head up many major companies I could think of, particularly some of the very big New York banks that corporations the size of Du Pont consistently do business with. ■

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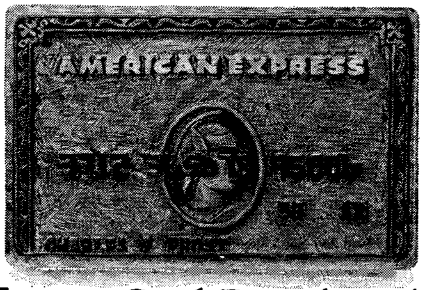

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

August 9 through 16

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Tuesday, August 9

Satan's Brew–Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film, both written and directed by him, is his first comedy and tells of a so-called revolutionary poet who has not written a line in two years and will do anything to get money or inspiration to continue his work. Waverly.

Wednesday, August 10

The Kentucky Fried Movie–A film directed by John Landis that spoofs 50's TV shows, disaster movies, sexploitation flicks, commercials and martial arts films. Eastside.

The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane–Jodie Foster stars as a cool, calculating, highly imaginative young lady, whose abnormal lifestyle has aroused the curiosity of the townspeople. With Martin Sheen, Alexis Smith, Scott Jacoby, and Mort Shuman. Directed by Nicholas Gessner. Quad; thru 8/10, RKO 86th St II.

Thursday, August 11

LET THERE BE RAIN!

Pedro Tiez, a Tzeltal Indian from Tenejapa in Chipas, Mexico, plays the father in Rolando Klein's **Chac,** which opens today at the New Yorker. Film, a Mayan tale of ritual and magical power depicting the struggle for power between the chief of a village and a mysterious diviner, was filmed in Mayan and Tzeltal dialects and is subtitled in English.

Friday, August 12

Suspiria–Directed by Dario Argento, the film uses satanism and witchcraft to explore the transgressions of the soul and body. With Jessica Harper and Stefania Casini. Criterion; 86th St E.

THE MOVIES

The Battle of Algiers–Film was prepared from actual documents and eye-witness accounts with a script by director Gillo Pontecorvo and Franco Solinas, set in Casbah locations. (Received eleven awards and citations.) 8/10, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. Paris.

A Bridge Too Far–Richard Attenborough's film about an attack on the Dutch Rhine bridges in W W II never makes the subject clear. We don't get to fathom and follow who is doing what to whom, or exactly where and when. And however good it may be for your box office to stud your cast with 24-karat stars, it militates heavily against basic believability. This is an all-star martial disaster, and almost an insult to the dead, the survivors, and the truth. Loews Triplex; from 8/10, Greenwich; Columbia II; thru 8/9, Eastside; Rivoli.

A Clockwork Orange–Stanley Kubrick at his splashiest, most superficially aggresive and effect-ridden worst, with neither the verbal values of the Burgess novel, nor the human values inherent in the story captured and created on screen. Sensation-seekers may derive some simplistic satisfactions. Others are likely to lament the waste, the *waste*, the WASTE. 8/13, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. D.W. Griffith; thru 8/9, Gramercy; thru 8/10, New Yorker.

Cria–The best of Carlos Saura's latest three films, in all of which he is concerned with apprehending the continuity between the past and the present, and if possible, finding a resolution for the civil war. Geraldine Chaplin plays the mother of the child (Ana Torrent) from whose viewpoint the story is told, and both have, along with sensitive faces and suggestions of ample inwardness, a limited acting style that borders on monotony. Cinema III.

The Deep–Based on Peter Benchley's follow-up to Jaws, this film advances the cause of underwater cinematography almost as prodigiously as it retards the cause of filmmaking. None of the plot holds water half as well as the brain of the scenarists. There is indeed an eerie beauty about the world of the deep, but for this sort of thing one still prefers Captain Cousteau at the helm. Victoria.

Family Plot–Alfred Hitchcock, still chipper at 76, is back with his fifty-somethingth picture—even the experts seem to have lost count. This one, about kidnappings and ransoms and chases, is hardly worth counting in any case. Much goes wrong, starting with the overlong initial expository scenes. And what the film does not provide is interesting clues. Embassy 72nd.

The First Nudie Musical–Cindy Williams and Stephan Nathan co-star in a story about a young producer who has decided to make a quickie porno flicker in order to save his ailing studio. 68th St Playhouse.

For the Love of Benji–The dog Benji stars in a story of kidnapping, secret agents and international suspense and intrigue. Guild.

La Grande Bourgeoise–Directed by Mauro Bolognini, and starring Catherine Deneuve, Fernando Rey, and Giancarlo Giannini, this is the sort of film that leaves a bad taste in the soul. The script is poor and based on a scandal that lit Bologna at the turn of the century which dealt with the destruction of the Socialists by the Christian Conservatives. The horrendous cinematography of Ennio Guarnier, while making too few demands on the mind, strains our eyes beyond endurance. Beekman; Paramount.

Homage to Chagall: The Colors of Love–A film inspired by the life and works of one of the world's greatest living painters, written, produced and directed by Harry Rasky, narrated by James Mason, with Joseph Wiseman as the voice of Chagall. Quad.

Hour of the Wolf–Ingmar Bergman at his second- or third best, but still full of arresting bits and pieces. The plot, a murky bow to the great German romantic E.T.A. Hoffmann, concerns a tormented artist, haunted by people who seem to be evil spirits, who finally goes to his ruin. Much great acting as usual, and dazzling black-and-white photography by Sven Nykvist. Thru 8/9, Thalia.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden–A sincere and, at times, affecting film version of the popular novel about a 16-year-old girl, suicidal and schizoid, who spends three anguished years in a psychiatric hospital and is finally apparently cured through the ministrations of a wise and humane woman psychiatrist. There is the flawless performance of Kathleen Quinlan as the girl, and a very solid one from Bibi Andersson. Directed by Anthony Page. Cinema I.

In the Realm of the Senses–Oshima's "art film" about sexual obsession suffers from the facts that Oshima is not very strong on art, less than secure with film, and wholly unconvincing about sex. The film does not even work as pornography, only as something weird and unwholesome, on the border between the repellent and the ridiculous. Plaza.

The Island of Dr. Moreau–H.G. Wells's story of a deranged scientist on a remote island who converts animals into men and vice versa. Burt Lancaster is the medical meddler, and Michael York, as the castaway engineer whose righteous indignation becomes Moreau's nemesis, is remarkably authentic. The humanoids, led by a transmogrified Richard Basehart, are rather likably innocuous. Thru 8/9, Quad; RKO 86th St.

Jaws–For pure adventure, thrills, technical effects, genuinely scary moments (and never mind the logic), this is all you could ask for. Some juicy performances, and slickly resourceful direction from young Steven Spielberg. He is not good on land, where things tend to go soft or stagy; but on or in the water things work swimmingly. RKO Cinerama; from 8/10, Olympia.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste–There is something mildly repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste,* either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman. Marty Feldman's film is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. In this version we have Feldman and Michael York as identical twins, orphans whom Trevor Howard, lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Beau and Digby. The result is mirthless straining. Sutton.

MacArthur–Gregory Peck plays the controversial figure in Joseph Sargent's film, with Marj Dusay as his wife, Ward Costello as General Marshall, Ed Flanders as President Truman, and Dan O'Herlihy as President Roosevelt. Radio City Music Hall.

Man on the Roof–A civilized, understated thriller, of a kind that is all too rare these days. Bo Wilderberg's film is made with a wary intelligence all the way, showing that however spectacular police work can get, it is seldom if ever romantic. This is no bogus epic, nor is it a lurid ominous *film noir.* If anything, it is a *film gris.* The scene is set in Stockholm, and the cinematography by Odd Geir Saether is just right. Embassy 72nd, from 8/10, Art.

March Or Die–Gene Hackman, Terrence Hill and Catherine Deneuve star in a film that deals with the French Foreign Legion "as it really was". 34th St. East; Loews Tower East; Loews State II.

New York, New York–A thoroughgoing disaster for all the people involved with it, from which they will have to be dug out like the remnants of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is hard to say whether the acting of DeNiro and Minnelli or the direction by Martin Scorsese or the script by writers whose names do not deserve mention should take top dishonors. The original songs by Kander and Ebb are also strong contenders. Ziegfeld; Trans-Lux E.

Next Stop Greenwich Village–Paul Mazursky continues his career as a slick sentimental self-serving filmmaker, here waxing nostalgic over his youth in the Village of the 50s where he came from Brooklyn to become an actor. Larry (Paul) is a nice Jewish boy surrounded by crazy Village characters, a kooky acting coach, a loveable luncheon-counter owner for whom he works part-time, a decent but breathless girl friend who becomes pregnant, a fierce mother who descends on him with food and lamentations and many more soggy platitudes. Lenny Baker, and especially Ellen Greene, are fine. Shelley Winters is horrendous. Mazursky's direction is obvious, and the cinematography poor. Thru 8/9, Quad.

Orca–Charlotte Rampling and Richard Harris star in a film about a killer whale which relentlessly tracks down the slayer of his mate on sea and, believe it or not, on land. For nasty snickers, this movie is as good a dog as any in these dog days. There is some fine underwater work under second-unit directors Folco Quilici and Ron Taylor, and good photography by Ted Moore and J. Barry Heron. 86th St E; Loews Triplex; thru 8/9, Greenwich.

The Other Side of Midnight–What the producer Frank Yablans is selling here is luxury and voluptuousness, fancy sex in sumptuous settings. The story is of unleashed passions—of a French girl turned model-movie star with a little whoring in between, and the dashing and debonair American flying ace who knocks her up and leaves her. All this against a turbulent background of the German occupation and postwar prosperity. Coronet; National.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Cinema II.

Pardon Mon Affaire–An endearing little French comedy with serious overtones. It's about friendship and marriage, trust and its abuses, intrigues and their tragicomic consequences. The movie manages to be both madcap and firmly rooted in human experience. Baronet.

The Passion of Anna–One of Bergman's two finest films since *Persona*, incomparably superior to *Cries and Whispers*, and prefiguring (and surpassing) much of *Scenes from a Marriage*. Aside from being a profound document about the impossibilities of love relationships, this film is a veritable compendium of technical achievements, and contains some of the most marvelous color cinematography, in the subtlest tones, ever seen. 8/14,15, Bleecker St. Cinema.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Thru 8/9, Playboy.

Sandakan 8–Kei Kumai's film based on a true story about young women sold into prostitution in the colonies by their families in the early part of the 20th century. Fine Arts.

Slap Shot–An amusing movie as long as you don't look at it very closely, and forget it as fast as you can. George Roy Hill's film about the ice-hockey scene had no point of view or even consistency of style. It fluctuates between realism and absurdism, cynical casualness and manic exaggeration, moral indignation and total indifference. Embassy 72nd.

The Spy Who Loved Me–Roger Moore is the James Bond in this version of Ian Fleming's novel; directed by Lewis Gilbert. Loews State I; Loews Cine; Columbia I.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill.

Stroszek–Werner Herzog's film about a simple gentle man who is released from prison and returned to a world which he confronts with bewilderment. He and two other misfits arrive in the United States and before long, the mechanics of American capitalism catch up with them. Cinema Studio.

Swashbuckler–A movie about evil governors and noble buccaneers in a bygone (or never-was) Jamaica that might better have been called *An Ill Wind in Jamaica*. The screenplay is magisterially moronic, and cannot even make up its minuscule mind whether to play it straight or as a spoof of the pirate genre that might be called *Captain Ketchup*. Director James Goldstone hasn't a clue about how to direct sword fights, derring-do, crowd scenes, or much of anything else. From 8/10, Olympia.

Tentacles–John Houston, Shelley Winters, Henry Fonda, Claude Akins in a film, directed by Oliver Hellman, about a dread monster (an octopus measuring 80 feet across when its tentacles are extended) which causes consternation, havoc, and dismay at a beach near San Diego, until a young marine scientist who maintains close communication with two killer whales he has befriended enters the picture. RKO Cinerama I.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud*, alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. 8/10-16, St Marks Cinema.

We All Loved Each Other So Much–Ettore Scola's fuzzy, untidy affair, with a script by Age and Scarpelli, who seem to be responsible for (or should I say guilty of?) half of Italy's screenplays, and tell of three World War II buddies who all loved the same girl at various times and sometimes simultaneously. Film is founded on a major lie, the assumption that three close friends can lose track of one another for years in Rome, which as everyone knows, is a village. Thru 8/9, Art.

Welcome to L.A.–About a lot of people in Los Angeles fornicating, which, even if it were well done would be dull, but in this case it is not well done. Banal writing, terrible tunes with worse lyrics. Direction by Alan Rudolph is as minimal as his script; offensively arty photography; submerged performances; some of them not enough. Thru 8/9, Quad.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 8/9, *We All Loved Each Other So Much; Swept Away.* From 8/10, *Man on the Roof.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Pardon Mon Affaire.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 8/9, *La Prisonniere; La Religieuse.* 8/10,11, *Breathless; The Graduate.* 8/12,13, *Baby Doll; The Rose Tattoo.* 8/14,15, *Persona; The Passion of Anna.* 8/16, *Staircase; The Queen.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 8/9, *The Seven Year Itch; Love in the Afternoon.* 8/10, *Burn!; The Battle of Algiers.* 8/11, *Safety Last; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.* 8/12, *Casablanca; The Petrified Forest.* 8/13, *A Clockwork Orange; The Manchurian Candidate.* 8/14, *Our Town; Alice Adams.* 8/15, *The Damned; Sandra.* 8/16, *Witness for the Prosecution; Some Like it Hot.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Outrageous.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *Cria.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Stroszek.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). From 8/9, to be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 8/11, *Orca.* From 8/12, *Suspiria.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 8/9, *A Bridge Too Far.* From 8/10, *Kentucky Fried Movie.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *Greased Lightning.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). Thru 8/11, *Orca.* From 8/12, *Suspiria.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2490). *Smokey and the Bandit.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Family Plot; Slap Shot.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Sandakan 8.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Bridge Too Far.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 8/9, *Cousin, Cousine;* from 8/10, to be announced.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). Thru 8/9, *Orca.* From 8/10, *A Bridge Too Far.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *For the Love of Benji.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The Spy Who Loved Me.* II. *March or Die.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *March or Die.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Orca.* II. Thru 8/9, *Greased Lightning.* From 8/10, *A Bridge Too Far.* III. *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *The Other Side of Midnight.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 8/10, *Cousin, Cousine.* From 8/11, *Chac.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 8/9, *Race for Your Life Charlie Brown; The Three Stooges Follies.* From 8/10, *Jaws; Swashbuckler.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *La Grande Bourgeoise.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 8/9, *Rocky.* From 8/10, to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *In the Realm of the Senses.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *Homage to Chagall.* II. Thru 8/16, *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.* III. Thru 8/9, *The Island of Dr. Moreau.* From 8/10, *Kentucky Fried Movie.* IV. Thru 8/9, *Next Stop Greenwich Village; Welcome to L.A.* From 8/10, *Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). *MacArthur.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 8/9,10, *Captains Courageous; The Red Badge of Courage.* 8/11-13, *The Pirate; High Society.* 8/14-16, *Dinner at Eight; Blonde Bombshell.*

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). Thru 8/10, *The Great Madcap.* From 8/11, *Daughter of Deceit.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). Thru 8/9, *A Bridge Too Far.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. *Tentacles.* II. *Jaws*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo.* II. Thru 8/9, *The Island of Dr. Moreau;* from 8/10, *The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 8/9, *Annie Hall; Blackbird.* 8/10-16, *Three Women; M*A*S*H.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 8/9, *Annie Hall;* from 8/10, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The First Nudie Musical.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 8/9, *Hour of the Wolf; Persona.* 8/10,11, *The Decameron; A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* 8/12,13, *State of the Union; The Lady Eve.* 8/14-16, *An Evening with the Royal Ballet; Specter of the Rose.*

Theatre St. Marks–80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 8/9, *This Is the Army; Private Buckeroo.* 8/10, *Rules of the Game; Pepe Le Moko.* 8/11, *The Spoilers; Santa Fe Trail.* 8/12,13, *Murder, Young and Innocent.* 8/14,15, *Anything Goes; We're Not Dressing.* 8/16, *North Star; A Farewell to Arms.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *March or Die.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *New York, New York.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Annie Hall.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). From 8/10, *Greased Lighting.*

Victoria, Bdway & 46th (354-5636). *The Deep.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). From 8/9, *Satan's Brew.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54 (765-7600). *New York, New York.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, August 9

Hair–The first revival of Tom O'Horgan's production of the Gerome Ragni-James Rado 1968 tribal love-rock musical. Previewing: Tuesday thru Saturday at 8; Wed and Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Biltmore Theater, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

CURRENT

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Against what could have been, however, the show must be reckoned a slick, sloppy cheat. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–The first in David Rabe's "trilogy" about GIs in Vietnam, this 1971 play lacks the tautness of the later *Sticks and Bones* and *Streamers,* but the power at its core remains intact. That power is harrowingly realized in Al Pacino's searing portrayal of the name role, and in David Wheeler's excellent direction. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the stars. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

Chicago–Lust and chicanery in the Windy City, circa 1925, with book (Bob Fosse and Fred Ebb) from the same play (Maurine Watkins's *Chicago)* that inspired the fabulous movie *Roxie Hart.* John Kander's best songs are little more than neat ripoffs from twenties' razzmatazz, but Bob Fosse's virtuoso staging makes them look better than they sound. The show has been around for a while, however, and some of Fosse's stage gadgetry has begun to creak, but Jerry Orbach's work as a slick lawyer is wondrous to behold. Thru 8/27. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed, Sat & Sun mat at 2 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, with words (Michael Stewart) from old sit-com discards, music (Cy Coleman) that is mostly plasticized ricky-tick, and acting (Lenny Baker, et al) that would make Bugs Bunny cringe. A show, in other words, that achieves the impossible: to make life in New Jersey even worse than it is. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

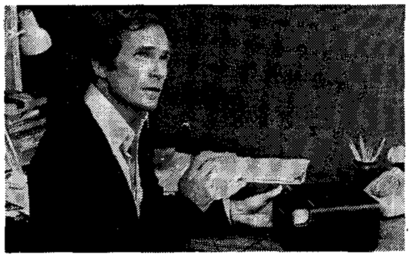
The Importance of Being Earnest–There have been better productions of this flawless jewel of a play: a more resonant Bracknell than Elizabeth Wilson, a less twitchy Cecily than Kathleen Widdoes, more stylish sets than Zack Brown's (which are festooned with *white plastic* flower pots!). But Stephen Porter has given Wilde's comedy an intelligent staging, and there is the Gwendolen of Patricia Conolly, deserving inclusion among the authentic Wonders of the World. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3, through 8/28. Circle in the Square, 50th St W of Bdway (581-0720).

The King and I–Fuzzy, slovenly revival of a show that isn't as good as it used to be, and probably never was. Yul Brynner is the star, but he has aged since 1951 and it shows; surrounding him is a cast of nobody in particular, including Constance Towers as a dull Anna and some children who merely make faces. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Next week, Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Mat Wed at 2 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

UNINVITED GUESTS



Dick Cavett has taken over the lead in **Otherwise Engaged,** wherein, with words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communications with humanity. As directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. At the Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Now that it is being performed (by Hope Lange and Don Murray) more for jokes than for wit, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play, which won a 1977 Pulitzer prize and a best-play Tony Award, is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving work, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars John Cullum. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Mark Hellinger, 237 W 51st (757-7064).

Side by Side by Sondheim–Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and Larry Kert sing to remind us of the words-and-music genius of Stephen Sondheim. Their contribution is nothing more than a long, generous song recital, but it all turns into an inspired, implied drama of sheer delight. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone.* Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'.* Robert Preston is the Fox himself, without benefit of trombones. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, and a poor substitute for either the original L. Frank Baum books or the Judy Garland movie. The problem here is lack of tone exuberant jive one minute, patchy bathos the next *Bargain-hunter note: the cheaper the seats, the less* depressing the tacky, gimcrack sets and sloppy routines are likely to look. Tues thru Sat at 7:30 Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Absurdities in Black–A new musical by Ed Bullins and Mildred Kayden. Thurs thru Sun thru 8/28, at 8, $3. Stage 73, 321 E 73 St (490-0077).

Actors Consort–Mon, Tues, Wed, thru 8/31, *People We Thought We Knew; He Said, She Said.* Thurs thru Sun, thru 8/28, *Reno* and *Alchemy DaVinci,* $2.50 The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Agamemnon–Fragments of the Aeschylus classic intrude from time to time to interrupt Andrei Serban's dazzling display of self-indulgent theatrical trickery. If you care about the play, the show is a horror. If you like circuses, go to the circus. Thru 8/28. Tickets free, distributed nightly at 6:15. Delacorte Theater in Central Park (677-1750).

Blythe Spirit–By Noel Coward. Thurs thru Sat, 8/11-13 at 8; Thurs thru Sun, 8/18 thru 21 at 8. Lincoln Square Arts Guild, 150 W 68 St (595-4767).

Camp Meeting–Al Carmines's musical revival meeting set in Southern Illinois in 1846. Fri thru Mon, 8/12-15, 19-22, 26-29 at 8. $3.50 Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq So (SP 7-0033).

The Caretaker–The Harold Pinter play, directed by Eve Adamson. Fri & Sat at 10, thru 9/3. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

A NEW MUSICAL

Gene Bua stars in Stan Satlin's new work, **Children of Adam,** which describes the journey of a love relationship through twenty-five musical numbers. John Driver directed, and also in the cast are Elizabeth Lathram, Karen Philipp, Robert Polenz, Roger Rathburn, and Carol Schweid. $6. From August 9th, at the Chelsea Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd Street (541-8394).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Consider the Roaches–A new comedy by Len Seaberg. Wed thru Sat at 8:30, thru 8/20. Vandam Theatre, 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Double Bill–*The Loveliest Afternoon in the Year* and *I Can't Imagine Tomorrow*—Two one-act plays. 8/19, 20, at 7:30. 8/12,13, 26,27, 9/2,3, at 9:30. $3.50 Academy Arts Theatre, 330 E 56 St (486-1431).

Double Bill–*Transitions for a Mime Poem* and *That All Depends on How the Drop Falls—(Part II and III The Soledad Tetrad)*—written by Owa, directed by Stephen D. Agins. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 5:30, thru 8/21, New York Theatre Ensemble, 62 E 4 St (477-4120).

Double Bill–Gerry Holland's *Sins of the Father* and Nicholas B. Daddazio's *No Honey,* 8/10-12, at 7:30. Clinton YMCA Theater, 314 W 54 St (582-2691).

Drama Committee Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Getting Married,* Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *One Acts,* Thurs thru Sat at 10:30, thru 8/27. Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell,* Sun at 2:30 & 5, thru 8/28, *Three by Gorky,* Sun, Tues, Wed, 8:30, Thru 8/28. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Falling Free–A collective theater piece. Wed thru Sun at 8, Sat at 7 & 9:30. $3.50. Westbeth Theater Cntr, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

The Grass Harp–Truman Capote's play, directed by Jonathan Fey. 8/11-14, 25-28, 9/1-4 at 7:30, $4. Academy Arts, 330 E 56 St (486-1431).

Gulp!–Gay musical farce directed by John Glines. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. plus Sat at midnight. $5. The Glines, 260 W. Bdway (925-2619).

If This Be Madness–A musical by John Gilbert & Laurence Wyatt. 8/10, 11 at 8. Studio Theater, 32 Washington Pl (598-2921).

Miss Margarida's Way–Estelle Parsons stars in a play written and directed by Robert Athayde. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3; thru 8/28, Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

No Honey or **One More Life Saved**–A new play, written and directed by Nicholas B. Daddazio, concerning health food and exorcisms. Wed, Thurs, Fri, thru 8/12 at 7:30 p.m. Clinton Experimental Theatre, 314 W 54 St (582-2691).

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet–Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company boils Wagner's *Ring* down to 3½ hours. There are clever touches here and there, but more that's merely raucous, lurid, and self-indulgent; both Wagner's 20-hour original, and Anna Russell's 20-minute condensation, are more on target — and, incidentally, funnier. Sundays at 8. *Stage Blood,* written, directed by, and starring Charles Ludlam. Fridays at 8 & Saturdays at 8 & 10:30 p.m. Tues thru Sat. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (228-8558).

The Sleepwalkers–Satirical comedy on survival, written, produced, and directed by Charlotte Durham, with a cast of seemingly thousands. 8/12-14, 19-21, 26-28, at 8 p.m. with three Sun Mats, 8/14, 21, 28, at 3 p.m. $2.50. 333 Sixth Ave, at West 4th (925-1754).

Schubert's Last Serenade–By Julie Bovasso, directed by Frank Polakoff. 8/9-12, 15-19 at 1:15 P.M. $1.50. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43 St (Hotel Diplomat) (221-9088).

Soho Repertory–*The Killing of Sister George,* 8/12 at 8:30, 8/13 at 10:30. *The Real Inspector Hound,* 8/13 at 7:30, 8/14 at 7:30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Theater Uptown 77–*Trifles and Tomfooleries,* three one-acters by GBS, 8/9, 10, 11, 12. Doug Fallon's *Stars and Usherettes,* 8/9, 10. $2.50. Minor Latham Playhouse, Bdway & 120th (280-2079).

Unsung Cole–A musical entertainment of songs by Cole Porter, some receiving their New York premieres, infrequently performed, conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman; with Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Maureen Moore, Margery Cohen, John Sloman. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 7:30. Thru 9/4. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So. on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

Restaurants

A sampling of restaurants *New York's* critics have favorably reviewed. The prices listed are dinner prices. The code: **AE,** American Express; **V,** Visa; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge.

The Greats

The Coach House–110 Waverly Place near Sixth. The town's most glorious celebrant of the American kitchen. Tues thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun 4:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees approx $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (777-0303).

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd near Park. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set, a new grill menu: impeccable food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Sat noon to 2 p.m. Mon-Fri 5 to 9 p.m. Pool Room: Mon-Fri, noon to 2:30 p.m. Mon-Sat 5 to 11:30 p.m. Bar Room entrees $6 to $9. AE V CB DC MC (754-9494).

Hunam–845 Second Ave near 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat to 1 a.m. Entrees $5.25 to $7.95. AE CB DC (MU 7-7471).

La Caravelle–33 West 55th. Snobbish and good; all the joys and barbs of French dining in the classic New York style. Mon thru Sat 12:15 p.m. to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:15 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $25.75. (586-4252).

Le Cirque–58 E 65th near Park. An unstuffily elegant restaurant that can dazzle. Don't miss the spaghetti primavera, and explore the daily special. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 & 6 to 10:30. Entrees $7.95 to $12.95. AE DC (794-9292).

Le Cygne–53 East 54th. All around us, institutions crumble and good men compromise, but Le Cygne refines its glories. The chef's daily whims exalt the eye and the mouth. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Saturday 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $15, dinner $23.75. AE DC (759-5941).

La Grenouille–3 East 52nd. The place to greet, graze cheeks, hug, recognize, be recognized. La Grenouille proves that the kiss of chic need not be fickle or fatal; the staff strives admirably to maintain the standards of the perfectionist who created it. Mon thru Sat noon to midnight. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $27.75. AE (PL 2-1495).

Lutèce–249 E 50th near Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Mon thru Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Entrees $13.25 to $14.75. AE (PL 2-2225).

Nanni–146 E 46th near Lex. Homely little joint, but big-time gastronomes, Italian Division, will prize it. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Entrees $6 to $12. AE V CB DC MC (697-4161).

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Entrees $4.35 to $9.25. AE V CB DC MC (532-3888).

The Palm–837 Second Ave near 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $7 to $24. AE V DC MC (687-2953).

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th near Third. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Sun thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Entrees $2.95 to $10.95. AE CB DC (371-8844).

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank at Hudson. Pasta ten ways, and sublime vegetables, both properly al dente, with sauces of long, slow melding and fast last-minute subtlety. The food establishment hangs out in this charming store-front. Wed thru Mon noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $3.75 to $6.75. No credit cards. No liquor license. (929-4400).

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave near 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat noon to 11:30 p.m.; Entrees $5 to $11. AE DC (838-0850).

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. The menu is imaginative; with intelligence and luck, you may dine well. Call for hours. Prix-fixe dinner, $16.50. AE, CB, DC, MC, V (938-1111).

Wonderful Settings

Elaine's–1703 Second Ave near 88th. This lovingly seedy little joint is the playpen of the quality media set. A writer's reputation soars or stubs on how long he has to stand at the bar here before getting a table. The food is strictly tangential. Daily noon to 4 a.m. Entrées $4.50 to $10.50. AE (831-9566).

The Grand Café–28 E 63rd near Mad. The food (French and American) isn't memorable, but the gorgeous, near-perfect Art Deco-1930's setting is. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Thurs 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Entrées $9 to $14.50. AE CB DC MC (EL 5-2121).

Maxwell's Plum–1181 First Ave at 64th. Ambitious Continental menu in an Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Art Wacko setting. Uneven kitchen. Daily noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $4.45 to $13. AE V CB DC MC (628-2100).

One Fifth–1 Fifth Ave near Wash Sq. The dining room is the S.S. *Caronia* reincarnate. The food is Continental. Mon thru Thurs noon to 1 a.m.; Fri & Sat to 2 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 5 (brunch). Entrées $2.95 to $23.50 (for 2). AE V CB DC MC (260-3434).

Pronto Ristorante–30 E 60th. In this pasta palazzo one can sit long and late in the homey back room and see and be seen by a bustling urbane crowd all dressed up with somewhere to go. Mon thru Sat 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Entrées from $3.75 to $11. AE DC (421-8151).

Tavern-on-the-Green–at Central Park West at 67th. The Crystal Room is a glittering glass gazebo beneath a pink and yellow and aqua ceiling. Here's where flowers are brought to learn to run riot, carloads at a time. A kitchen that has not yet found itself. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Entrées $5 to $20. AE V CB DC MC (873-3200).

"21"–21 West 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Fall-winter-spring, Mon thru Sat noon to midnight; summer, Mon thru Fri noon to midnight. Entrées $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (582-7200).

W.P.A.–152 Spring near W. Bdway. Stunning Depression-era fantasy. The menu is limited but appealing. Mon thru Sat noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $7.50 to $12. AE DC (226-3444).

Commendable

Chez Pascal–151 E 82nd. Elegant French cuisine in a tiny brick-walled, flower-decorated place filled with beautiful people in flight from formality. The basse baked en croûte is wonderful; the bouillabaisse must be the best in New York. (Mon thru Fri); sittings at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Entrees from $12.50 to $18. AE. (249-1334).

Sea Fare of the Aegean–25 W 56th near Fifth. Praiseworthy virtuoso repertoire of fish dishes in a restaurant painted a regal Knossos red, like the palace in Crete. Mon thru Sat noon to 11 p.m.; Sun 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $6.95 to $18.95. AE V CB DC MC (581-0540).

Shezan–8 W 58th near Fifth. Beautiful, glittery place where the food—Indian and Pakistani—is of a commendable variety and authenticity. Mon thru Fri 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $5.50 to $8.75. AE V CB DC MC (371-1414).

Soho Charcuterie and Restaurant–195 Spring at Sullivan. An elegant, idiosyncratic place for lovers of art and experimentation. The menu is Continental and imaginative; some dishes fail altogether, some are exquisite. Lunch daily approximately noon to 3 p.m. Dinner Tues thru Sun approximately 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $9.75 to $24. V DC (226-3545).

Nice and Inexpensive

Excerpted from The Underground Gourmet

Castilian–303 E 56th near Second. A truly outstanding buy among the city's Spanish restaurants. Be sure to have the white-wine sangria. Daily noon to midnight. Entrées $3.95. AE V CA DC MC (688-6435).

Delphi Restaurant–109 W Bdwy at Reade. You'll be impressed with the freshness and authenticity of the Greek dishes (modestly priced) served in this airy white-walled room. And the portions are bountiful. Daily 10 a.m. to midnight. Entrées $2 to $5.25. No credit cards (227-6322).

Dosanko Larmen–423 Madison Ave near 48th. Japanese noodle cuisine; very attractive presentation. Mon thru Fri 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 8 p.m. Entrees $2.25 to $3.50. No credit cards (688-8575).

Gaylord–50 E 58th. The large rear dining room faces a glassed-in kitchen where Punjabi chefs perform at three clay ovens. Author's choice: the vegetarian lunch, a visual delight. Entrees $3.95 to $6.50. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sat & Sun, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. AE V CB DC MC (759-1710).

Le Yogurt–224 Columbus Ave near 70th. Yogurt, soups, salads, beef stew, frozen-yogurt desserts. Sun thru Wed 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Thurs thru Sat 11 a.m. to midnight. Desserts 60¢ to $2. No credit cards (724-7816).

The Looking Glass–325 W 11th near Washington. Relaxed, Villagy place serving homemade cannelloni and fettuccine and other Italian dishes with a Northern accent. Tues thru Sat 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $5 to $6.75. MC. (924-9867).

Manorah Thai–1668 First Ave at 87th. Richly seasoned Thai cooking. The appetizers are spicy palate-stimulators, the entrées more bland, the desserts only slightly sweet. Tues thru Sun 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees $1.95 to $6.95. AE V (860-8210).

Siamese Gardens–220 E 53rd near Second. First-rate cooking of Vietnamese and Thai specialties. No liquor license. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Entrées $4.95 to $7.25. AE V DC MC (935-1920).

323 West Broadway south of Grand–A deep room above a grocery store, this not-quite-all-Gallic restaurant has a long wall of windows and hanging plants and a red-tiled front area. The brunch menu offers more than the usual standards. For lunch, try the Black Forest ham and Jarlsberg platter. Dinner is more expensive than the Underground Gourmet limit allows, but your palate and purse can be pleased if you avoid the costly dishes. Entrees $5.25 to $12.95. Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to midnight; weekends noon to 3:30 p.m. (brunch) & 5:30 p.m. to midnight. AE V DC MC (966-6155).

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th & Lexington. Thru August, Chateau Tropicale 77, with The Collection, twice a night except on Saturdays when there are three shows. Juan Salazar and his orchestra play for the show and dancing. Closed Mondays (PL 2-8080).

Chez Z–320 E 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's–Broadway and 63rd St. Singer Bobbi Baird belts out her soulful lyrics at 9:30 & 11:30, thru 8/30. Right opposite Lincoln Center (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 10; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th, nr Fifth. Restaurant-discotheque. In the upstairs room, thru 8/9, song stylist Vicki La Viscount. Fri & Sat, dancing downstairs (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. The Four Aces, thru 8/13 (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 9/3, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio, nightly except Sunday, at 10, midnight, & 2 a.m. The Tomy Furtado Trio plays, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Mon thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. In the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11, on Fridays & Saturdays, they feature a whole slew of comediennes (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Julie Budd sings at 9:15 & 11:30 nightly except Sunday. In the Lounge, everything made out of avocados to eat and drink (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Bobby Rosengarden has put together a characteristic dance/swing band, with the smooth trombonist George Masso and an appealing vocalist named Sandy Stewart, which seems to fit the room as well as the looming chandelier. Thru 8/21 (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

ACTRESS-SINGER

Judith Cohen is at **Reno Sweeney,** 126 W 13th Street, thru August 27th. Accompanying her are Keith Avedon and his band, and back-up singers Kathy Ingraham and Lynn Simone. Tues thru Thurs at 10; Fri & Sat, 9 & midnight. For reservations, call 691-0900.

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hide away caves for private dining. Dancing to the Rom 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. t 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom ope Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnigh From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. America orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with din ing, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San an Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683 9409).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Thru August, pianist Teresa Kelly plays Mon thru Fri, from 7 to midnight—and sings, too.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** George Shearing is here thru 8/26. Mon thru Fri at 9 & 11 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Avenue at 61st Street (838-8000). **In the Cafe:** Tony Gorody featured at the piano from 8:30 p.m. - 12:30 p.m. Tues thru Fri; 9:00 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sat. Steve Weltner at the piano Sun and Mon.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly, thru 8/21, by The New York Strut, and then 8/22-9/17 New Life, featuring Joann Greco, from 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** The Peter Duchin Quartet, directed by Mark Shane, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
Call for latest information as to
when and where They're playing.

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Le Beau Pere–13 Eighth Ave, at 12th St. Rumanian-French restaurant, with entertainment by autoharpist-singer Kendall McKee, appearing Tues thru Sun from 7 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Beefsteak Charlie's–55 Fifth Ave. 8/10-13, pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa duet lightly and politely (675-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Teppanyaki-hibachi cooking, and Kuniko Kishiki plays 12th century Japanese love songs on the koto, Mon thru Sat, from 5 p.m. (682-7120).

Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 8/9 and 10, an amazingly inadequate flutist named Bobbi Humphrey plays shlock jazz of the most ineffable sort. Music of such

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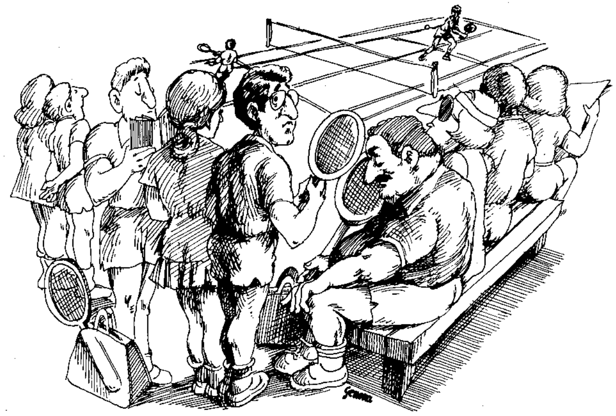

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inconsequence is rare and must be heard to be believed. 8/11-13, Doc Watson, a masterful folk singer with a silken authority on the Martin guitar, is joined by his son Merle and others (228-6300).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. John Bunch is here thru 8/13 and he's one of those modest pianists who engages with his deft touch and wily ideas; with the first-rate bassist Michael Moore (228-6440).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th. A musical divertissement called *Words*, with music by Martin Silvestri and lyrics by Tony Tanner. Tues thru Thurs at 10:30; Fri & Sat at 10:30 & 12:30 (756-7848).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and, for the month of August—Pamela Stanley & Steve Meissenhimer, Mon thru Wed. Thurs thru Sat, Tanya Harris and Jack Messano (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl & 8th St. Helen Humes, the queen of blues and ballads, always worth hearing, is away 8/15-27. Her spot will be filled by Gretchen Cryer & Nancy Ford (with great new material). On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price performs (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Tenor sax star Buddy Tate and his trio entertain at this New Orleans restaurant (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban, the owner of the joint, leads the nightly house band, which includes Vic Dickenson and Warren Vache. 8/9, Jam session. 8/14, the Scott Hamilton Quintet (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with Frank Luther on bass and Alicia Sherman on vocals. Mon & Tues, 10 to 3, Al Haig Trio. Al Haig, a favored pianist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, has been leading a trio here Mondays and Tuesdays for some time, but it's a mistake to take him for granted. He's playing with authority and insight, expertly accompanied by guitarist Chuck Wayne and bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon thru Sat, 5 to 10, Gene Roland Trio, with Loumell Morgan on piano, Morris Edwards on bass, and Lynn Crane on vocals (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave, at 11th. Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis are two of the best known Californian studio guitarists and they are emerged duets thru 8/21. Both are tasteful and fleet, Kessel can be inspiring (260-0250).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Peter Vamos plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (CO 5-9505).

Lone Star Cafe–61 Fifth Ave. Live country/western music nightly. 8/9, Noel Butler; 8/10, Happy Trails Dance Band; 8/11-13, Greezy Wheels. Showtimes 9:30 & 11:30 (242-1664).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Natalie Gilbert Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Excellent Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mondays, the Sizzling Syncopators; Tuesdays, the Ed Quinn Quintett; Thursdays, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storyville–41 E 58 St. 8/9-13, Sam Rivers is here with a quintet, the best setting in which to hear this tireless improvisor on saxophones, flute, and piano (755-1640).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Jazz room. 8/9-13, Jack Wilkens, an East Coast studio guitarist with plenty of technique and a lyrical sensitivity, leads a quartet (242-1785).

Third Phase–2864 Broadway, at 111th. A weekend menu of swing, with alternating groups playing with relaxed authenticity as only they can. 8/12,13, the boogie woogie pianist Sammy Price leads a quartet (749-0200).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. At the Top of the Gate, Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, a forever volatile jazz institution, alternates with Memphis Slim, who is something of an institution himself. From 8/12, the legendary pianist Earl Hines takes Blakey's place. When Hines stretches out, and leaves his singer at home, history is always made. Downstairs: 8/9-21, Memphis Slim. Mondays—Latin jazz. Tues from 9:30, Daphne Hellman jazz & baroque Trio. Sundays, 3 to 7, Bob January & the original Swing Era Big Band (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 8/9-14, Pharoah Sanders brings his unique siren song to this landmark cellar, accompanied by a quartet which usually offers a surprise or two. 8/15, Frank Foster and the Loud Minority 23 Piece Jazz Band. 8/16-21, The Lee Konitz Nonet. (AL 5-4037).

The West End–1911 Broadway. For August: Tues & Wed, The Tiny Grimes Trio. Thrus, The West Side Jazz Conspiracy. Fri, Swing-to-Bop Quintet. Sat, The Pony Poindexter Sextet. Sun, The Mitch Frohman Group (666-8750).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

Children

Children's Musical Theater, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533). *Young Robinson Crusoe,* 8/12 at 11 & 2.

Cottage Marionette Theater, CPW at 81st St. (988-9093). *The Reluctant Dragon,* Mon-Fri at 10:30; Children's film festival, Mon-Fri at 12:30.

Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.

East River Puppet Theater, South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Puppet shows Wed, Sat & Sun beginning at noon; thru August.

18th Street Playhouse, 145 W 18th St. (989-9228). *The Skylight Room,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Magic Theater, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.

Marionette Show, Union Square Park (460-4750), 8/17 at 12:30.

New York Aquarium, Boardwalk at W. 8th St., Brooklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-7, Sat, Sun & Hol 10-8.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Penny Bridge Players, Brooklyn Music School, 122 St. Felix St. (783-8293). *Robin Hood,* 8/9-11 at 10:30 & 1:30, 8/12 at 10:30.

Perry Street Theater, 31 Perry St. (255-7190). *Punch and Judy,* thru 8/15-16 at 1:30.

Stories and Songs, NY Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), Tues & Thurs at 2, thru 8/18.

Storytelling, Barnes & Noble Annex, Fifth Ave. at 18th St. (777-1465), Tues at 11.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* Sat & Sun at 1.

Washington Square Festival, Garibaldi's statue in Washington Square Park (473-8321). *Rumpelstiltskin,* 8/9 at 10:30; magic show, 8/16 at 10:30.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, SPORTS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Holiday on Ice, Madison Square Garden (563-8000); 8/10 at 2 & 7:30, 8/11 at 2, 8/12-13 at 2 & 7:30, 8/14 at 1 & 5. This year's edition features Peggy Fleming, Dianne de Leeuw, Mr. Frick, the Muppets, and many others.

Westbury Music Fair–(516-333-0533); *A Little Night Music,* Tues & Wed at 8:30, Thurs at 2 & 8:30, Fri at 8:30, Sat at 7 & 10:30, Sun at 3 & 7:30. Thru 8/21.

Custom and Culture: a series of arts events at the U.S. Custom House on Bowling Green. Art exhibits will be on display and music and dance works will take place Wednesdays and Thursdays starting at 12:30 and Sundays starting at 3. The festival will run thru 9/11 (425-4445).

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Concerts

Tuesday, August 9

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Roger Nierenberg conducts Haydn's *Theresienmesse* and *The Creation,* at 7:30.

Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Chicago Symphony Brass Ensemble, with Anthony Newman, organ, and John Cheek, bass, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow in Central Park (580-8700); Sarah Caldwell conducts. Works of Strauss, Bruch, and Berlioz, at 8:30.

Atlantic Players: *Hit Tunes From Flop Shows,* Fort Tryon Park Playground, Broadway at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

Washington Square Music Festival, Washington Square Park (473-8321), at 8.

Wednesday, August 10

VERSATILE ARTIST

Philippe Entremont will perform as both conductor and pianist with the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. In addition, the Thursday concert will feature the Tokyo String Quartet and violist Raphael Hillyer. Both concerts will take place at 8 in Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424).

Chico Hamilton & the Players, Exxon Park, Sixth Ave. between 49th & 50th Sts. (489-4306), at 4:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Sea Breeze Ave. at W 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Kerry McDermott, violin. Works of Beethoven, Paganini, and Dvorak, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Van Cortlandt Park (580-8700). Same program as 8/9, at 8:30.

Folk Music, South St. Seaport, at 7:45.

Dave Mason/Elliott Murphy, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Orquestra los Prospectos, Union Square Park (460-4750), at 12:30.

Juilliard Jazz Ensemble, Jazz Museum, at 2.

Thursday, August 11

Hazel Dickens & Jay Ungar, bluegrass, South St. Seaport, at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; the Tokyo String Quartet, with Philippe Entremont, pianist and Raphael Hillyer, viola, at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Starrett City, Bklyn (682-6567). Same program as 8/10, at 8.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Walter Klauss conducts Verdi's *Requiem* and Dvorak's *Te Deum,* at 7:30.

Clara Walker & her Musical Stars, gospel, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

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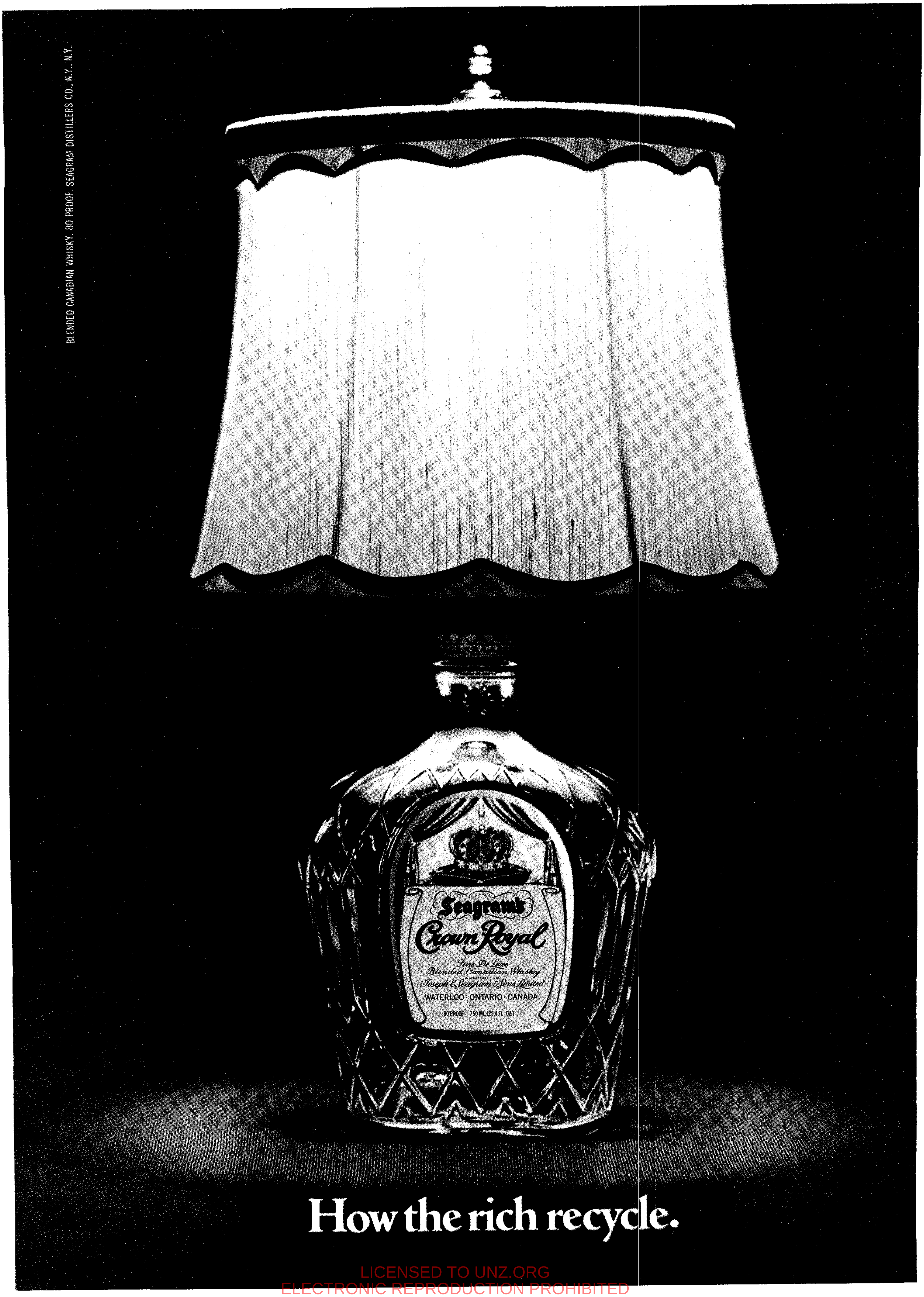
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Friday, August 12

Steve Miller, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

David Amram/The Jankry Ensemble, Summergarden of Museum of Modern Art, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St., Queens (682-6567). Same program as 8/10, at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Rafael Druian, conductor & violinist and Andre Watts, piano, at 8.

Popular Music of the Americas, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Bonnie Raitt/Garland Jeffreys, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Brass Construction, Felt Forum, at 7 & 11.

Saturday, August 13

New York Philharmonic, Crocheron Park, Queens (580-8700). Same program as 8/9, at 8:30.

Bluegrass & Old Time Country Music Contest & Crafts Fair, South St. Seaport, noon to 7.

Phoebe Snow, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Queens Theater in Flushing Meadow Park (582-0130), at 7:30.

Bronx Arts Ensemble, NY Botanical Garden, Southern Blvd. at 200th St. (549-1899), at 3.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 8/12, at 8.

Gene Borst Jazz Ensemble, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (360-8209), at 8.

David Amram/The Jankry Ensemble, Summergarden of Museum of Modern Art, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Bob Reid & the Emergency Sound, Jazz Museum, at 2.

Sunday, August 14

Bluegrass & Old Time Country Music Contest & Crafts Fair, South St. Seaport, noon to 7.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Rochdale Village Community Center, 169-65 137 Ave., Queens (682-6567). Same program as 8/10, at 2:30.

China Clipper, sea chanteys, National Maritime Historical Society, 2 Fulton St., Bklyn (858-1348), at 1:30.

Bronx Arts Ensemble, Van Cortlandt Mansion in Van Cortlandt Park, Broadway at 242nd St. (549-1899), at 3.

Brooklyn Philharmonia, Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (636-4123); David Amram conducts works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Stravinsky, and Amram, at 3.

Korean Cultural Festival, Central Park Mall at 72nd St. (360-8209), at 5.

Monday, August 15

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Leonard Slatkin conducts, with Emanuel Ax, piano and Jessye Norman, soprano, at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City (682-6567). Same program as 8/10, at 8.

Earl Scruggs Revue, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Tuesday, August 16

OPENING ACT

The Murray Louis Dance Company, featuring **Marcia Esposito** and **Robert Small,** will inaugurate this year's Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival on Tuesday, August 16 at 8 in Damrosch Park. The Festival will continue thru September 5 at various sites in Lincoln Center (245-4771).

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Emanuel Ax & Garrick Ohlsson, pianists, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow in Central Park (580-8700); Erich Leinsdorf conducts. Works of Beethoven, Haydn, and Dvorak, at 8:30.

Sea Chanteys, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Brooklyn Philharmonia, Cadman Plaza Park, Bklyn (636-4123). Same program as 8/14, at 7.

Summer Sings, CAMI Hall; Alec Wyton conducts Fauré's *Requiem* and *Pavane* and Honegger's *King David,* at 7:30.

Washington Square Music Festival, Washington Square Park (473-8321), at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

New York Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

South Street Seaport, Pier 15, Fulton St. at East River (766-9042).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Wollman Theater, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Naughty Marietta,* 8/10 at 2 & 8:30, 8/11-12 at 8:30, 8/13 at at 4 & 8:30, 8/14 at 4.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. (674-5243). *Tosca,* 8/13 at 7:30.

Dance

OTHER

Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center Mall, 33 W 42nd St. (354-4467). Ballet Hispanico of New York, 8/10-14 at 8.

Folk Dancing, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport (766-9042). Mondays at 7:30.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Bob Welter & Lavinia Plonka, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 8/12-13 at 8, 8/14 at 3 & 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Malvina Hoffman**–Retrospective of bronze dance and opera portraits, thru 8/30. Crider, 961 Mad Ave at 75th (879-4354).

SoHo

***Timothy Hare**–Sketches and watercolors of historic and vanishing architecture of the Village, thru 9/15. 190 Bleecker (254-4695). Daily 12-9.

OTHER

***George Rickey**–Eight stainless steel kinetic sculptures, thru 9/24. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by Goodman, King, Dove, others, thru 8/19.

Droll/Kolbert–724 5th Ave (541-6606). Tues-Fri 11-5. Drawings, paintings, and sculpture by Bishop, Crile, Gianakos, Mangold, Steir, others, thru 9/2.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Contemporary School of Paris, thru 9/1.

Genesis–41 E 57th (751-7220). Paintings by Antunez, Hartigan, Stefanelli, others; sculpture by Miniucchi; kinetics by Ayoroa; environments by Jenkins. Thru 9/3.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Tues-Fri 10-6./ Prints by Dine, Dubuffet, Kelly, Rauschenberg, others, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (PL8-0409). Works by 19th and 20th century French artists, thru 9/8.

Nobe–250 W 57th (581-7060). Mon-Fri 10-6, Thurs till 8. De Marino, Norgaard, Willis, others, thru 8/30.

Pace–32 E 57th (HA1-3292). Dubuffet, Krasner, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, others, thru 9/16.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. Works by members, thru 8/19.

Portnoy–56 W 57th (757-0461). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Works by teachers and students from New Paltz, thru 8/26.

René–6 W 57th (765-1330). Chryssa, Doltori, Indiana, Tanger, others, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Tues-Thurs 10-5. Small abstract wall constructions by Du Bois, paper boxes by Larese, dot drawings on silk by Lazar, others, thru 8/26.

Womanart–41 W 57th (421-2420). Tues-Sat 12-6. Drawings, etchings, and small paintings, thru 9/3.

Zarre–41 E 57th (752-0498). Fri-Sat 12-5. Works by Ajay, Koursaros, Walker, others, thru 8/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Fri 10-5. Works by Caro, de Konning, Frankenthaler, Kline, and Louis, thru 9/6.

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Fri 10:30-5. Weapons, masks, and figures from West and Central Africa, thru 8/30.

Black Enterprise–295 Mad Ave (889-8220). Mon-Fri 9-5. Works by Collins, Cowans, Koefoed, Rice, and Williams, thru 8/31.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues, Wed, Thurs 10-2. Works from $200 to $20,000, thru 8/30.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). Real and fantastic animals by Wolff, colorful oil and acrylic still lifes and cosmic essays by Nash, thru 9/6.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Works by Bellows, I. Getz, Hofmann, Sloan, Walkowitz, others, thru 8/30.

Flanagan–22 E 72nd (879-7392). Naïve and surrealist paintings, drawings, and sculptures, thru 9/1.

Galeria Venezuela–7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4. Prints and acrylic on paper by Venezuelan artists Guevara-Moreno, Moya, Palacios, and Perez, 8/11-9/30.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888). Mon-Fri 10-5. Contemporary Americans including Callahan, DeLonga, Hardy, others, thru 8/30.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Architectural drawings, including Aronson's magical medieval cities of Volterra and Montepulciano, Hasler's view of Atocha, Madrid's railway station plus Canina's (1795-1856) design portions of the Villa Borghese, others, thru 9/13.

Wauters–1014 Mad Ave (988-3447). 19th and 20th century European and American drawings, thru 8/30.

***Wildenstein**–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). Selections from their collection, thru 8/31.

SoHo

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9. Photographic images by Incandela, typewritten maps of NYC by Knowles, pencil and watercolor portraits on paper by Lyytikainen, others, thru 8/27.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Mon-Fri 10-5. Paintings by Faccinto, Hammond, Reich, others and sculpture by Kuehn, thru 9/7.

Schafer–71 Greene (354-0880). Erotic clothing, paintings, sculpture, thru 8/31.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Daily 1-6. Surface and depth in painting, sight and sound in poetry, weight and shape in sculpture, thru 9/30.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Wed til 9, Sun 1-6. Paintings, graphics, and sculpture by Collins, Rutner, others, thru 9/4.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Plaza (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 150 photos, paintings, and objects from Cape Verde; thru 9/10.

Co-Op City Bronx–(671-7777). Outdoor sculpture by Barrett, Castoro, FeBland, Reginato, many others, thru 8/30.

***Custom and Culture**–Bowling Green (425-4445). Wed-Sun 11-6. Sculpture, sound and light installations, plaster figures by Parker, 9' prisms by Ross, others, thru 9/11.

Equitable–1285 6th Ave (554-1234). Mon-Fri 10-5. Drawings by this 19th century American illustrator, Joseph Boggs Beale, thru 8/12.

Exhibitionist–92 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-6. Post-revolutionary posters from Cuba, photos of Cuban life and slide shows, thru 8/13.

***F.I.T.**–227 W 27th (760-7642). The changing look of costume, hairstyle, posture, and makeup from 1765 to the present, thru 9/24.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing (699-9400). Wed-Sat 10-4, Sun 11-5. Vintage fire helmets and badges from the 1790s to the 1920s, thru 9/4. The technology of NYC including models of city structures, bridges, subways, drawings of the Brooklyn Bridge by Roebling, and more, thru 8/31.

Light–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-3665). Wed-Sun 12-5. Beachscapes by Benno Friedman, 8/13-9/7.

Long Island University–Flatbush Ave Ext at DeKalb, B'klyn (834-6000). Mon-Thurs 9-5. Prints by Axelrod, Doyle, Sclafani, Sterrett, others, thru 9/13.

***New York Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Prints by Bonnard, Gauguin, Rodin, Toulouse-Lautrec, others, in Print Gallery, thru 8/30.

***New York Public Library** at Lincoln Center–Amsterdam at 65th (799-9600). Mon-Sat 12-6. Asian dance images from the Spencer Collection, thru 8/27.

Radio City Music Hall–The Grand Lounge (CI6-4600). 36 original posters of the Folies-Bergere and the music halls of Paris, thru 8/18.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***George Barnard/Edward Weston**–Sherman's Campaign during the Civil War/Fifty vintage prints from his life's work, thru 9/24. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593). Tues-Fri 10-6.

Louis S. Davidson–A sea cruise, thru 9/9. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

***Kodak**–1133 6th Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Shipboard life on early American sailing vessels, thru 8/30.

David Lipson–Color studies, thru 8/15. Donnell Library, 20 W 53rd (790-6551).

***Parsons**–2 W 13th (741-8900). Mon-Fri 10-5. Impressions of Cuba today, thru 8/31.

***Prakapas**–19 E 71st (737-6066). Landscapes by Adams, Annan, Bell, Barnard, Steichen, White, others, thru 8/13.

Lilo Raymond–Light-filled studies of everyday objects, thru 9/2. Port Washington Library, 245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400).

***Soho/Steiglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Sat, Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Nature designs by Dutkiewicz, color Xerox of Hoboken by Rolston, portraits by Stephens, others, plus the Big Apple by 60 Soho photographers, thru 8/30.

***Ray Witlin**–Daily life and disease in the village of Wayen on the Upper Volta, thru 8/31. United Nations General Assembly, The Main Lobby, (754-1234).

Bernard Pierre Wolff–Black men/Self-portraits by many, thru 8/25. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Natural History Illustrated:* Illustrated rare manuscripts from some of the first major zoological treatises of the Renaissance; thru 8/31. Over 100 specimens of cones and cowrie shells; thru 8/31. **Hayden Planetarium:** *Children of the Sun:* A look at the planets. Mon-Fri at 1 & 3, Sat, Sun & Hols at 1, 2, 3 & 4; thru 9/11. *The Cosmic Laser Concert:* An hour-long show of laser light and recorded music; Fri & Sat at 7, 8:30, 10 & 11:30 P.M.; Sun at 7, 8:30 & 10:30.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5. *Art in Process:* How art moves from idea to object; thru 8/12.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Lace: An Ornamental Art:* 120 examples of lace from the 17th to the 20th century; thru 10/31. *Two Centuries of Black American Art:* A historical survey of the black contribution to the art of America; thru 9/5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Palaces for the People:* An exhibition highlighting 100 years of resort and motel architecture; thru 9/11. *Andrea Palladio:* Models of Palladian villas and churches; thru 9/11.

Fraunces Tavern Museum–54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Major Battles of the Revolution:* Paintings, prints, and military artifacts highlighting the most significant events of the Revolutionary War; thru 1/31. *Pride of the Republic:* Historical American persons, places, and events, depicted on Stafford China; thru 1/31.

Frick Collection–1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Klee at the Guggenheim:* This select survey of Klee's development contains 67 oils, watercolors, drawings and prints; thru 9/5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Arp, Cézanne, Klee, Miró, Picasso, Seurat, and many others; thru 9/11. *American Postwar Painting:* Includes Dine, Brooks, Marca-Relli, Sander, and others; thru 9/11.

Hudson River Museum–511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Prints by Noland, Oldenburg, Dine, Stella, Olitski, Lichtenstein, and others; thru 9/11.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Symbolism of Light:* An exhibition featuring the photographs of Clarence H. White. *Wedding:* A photographic record of getting married in America (1850-1976). *Dog Days:* Photographs of dogs taken by Elliot Erwitt. All shows thru 9/11.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. **Degas** is seen in over 200 works in juxtapositions that bring new insight to his polymorphous genius—bronze dancers echo dainty pastels, horses rear in every position; thru 9/4. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* Covering 200 years (1709-1909); thru 8/30. *Liberty or Death:* An exhibition in commemoration of the American bicentennial and the 500th anniversary of the Swiss struggle for independence from Burgundian domination; thru 10/15. *Childe Hassam:* A study of his most important prints and their relationship to his painting style; thru 9/11. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Thracian Treasures From Bulgaria: More than 500 works of art, spanning 2,000 years* of Thracian culture; thru 9/4. *Maurice Prendergast's Large Boston Public Garden Sketchbook:* An exhibition of 40 full-page watercolors, almost the full contents of a folio album Prendergast used between 1895 and 1897; thru 8/21.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Closed Sun. Call for hours.

Museum of the American Indian–Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5. *Traditional Pottery of Mexico*: Ancient and modern; thru 10/15.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Object As Poet:* Examining the relationship of poetry to the poetic image in objects made by artist-craftsmen; *Bruno La Verdiere:* Clay sculptures; *American Crafts for the White House;* All shows thru 9/1.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Ambroise Vollard:* Devoted to works published by this famous Paris art dealer; thru 9/6. *The Graphic Revolution (1920-40):* A collection of modern graphics assembled by designer Jan Tschichold in the 1920s and 1930s; thru 10/31. *Extraordinary Women:* Recently acquired drawings by Alexandra Exter, Hannah Hoch, Susan Rothenberg, Dorothea Rockburne, and others, thru 9/15. *Universal Pictures:* Seventy-three enlarged film stills and posters representing the history of Universal Pictures. Shown in conjunction with the current film retrospective; thru 1/31. *Recent Acquisitions of Contemporary Art:* Paintings, sculpture, reliefs, and works in mixed media; thru 8/16. *Projects: Michael Vessa:* Environmental pieces created for individual rooms; thru 8/22. *Photographs by Chauncey Hare:* Pictures of public and private interiors; thru 10/23. The museum's **Summergarden** is open Fri-Sun from 6 to 10.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* Tickets, programs, manuscripts, portraits, and personal belongings and mementos of the great Swedish soprano; thru 11/30. *New York Then and Now:* Photographs of New York in the past and present; thru the autumn.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Keith R. Bowlby: Blown Glass;* thru 8/21. *Antarctica:* Photographs by Eliot Porter and paintings by Daniel Lang; thru 8/21. *Masked Rituals:* Masks, dance costumes, and photo enlargements of African, Oceanic, and North American cultures; 8/27 thru 11/13.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Sidewalk History:* An outdoor exhibition about the people and life of New York's seaport district around the middle of the 19th century.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/23. *Twentieth-Century American Masterworks;* thru 10/9. *Turn-of-the-Century America:* Paintings, graphics, and photographs, 1890-1910; thru 10/2. **Whitney Museum Downtown** - 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *Pop Plus:* Works from the 1950s and 1960s, including Indiana, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, others; thru 8/15.

Sports

BASEBALL

New York Mets, Shea Stadium (672-3000). The St. Louis Cardinals, led by All-Stars Ted Simmons and Garry Templeton, visit Shea for a brief series. Game times are as follows: 8/8-9 at 8:05, 8/10 at 2:05.

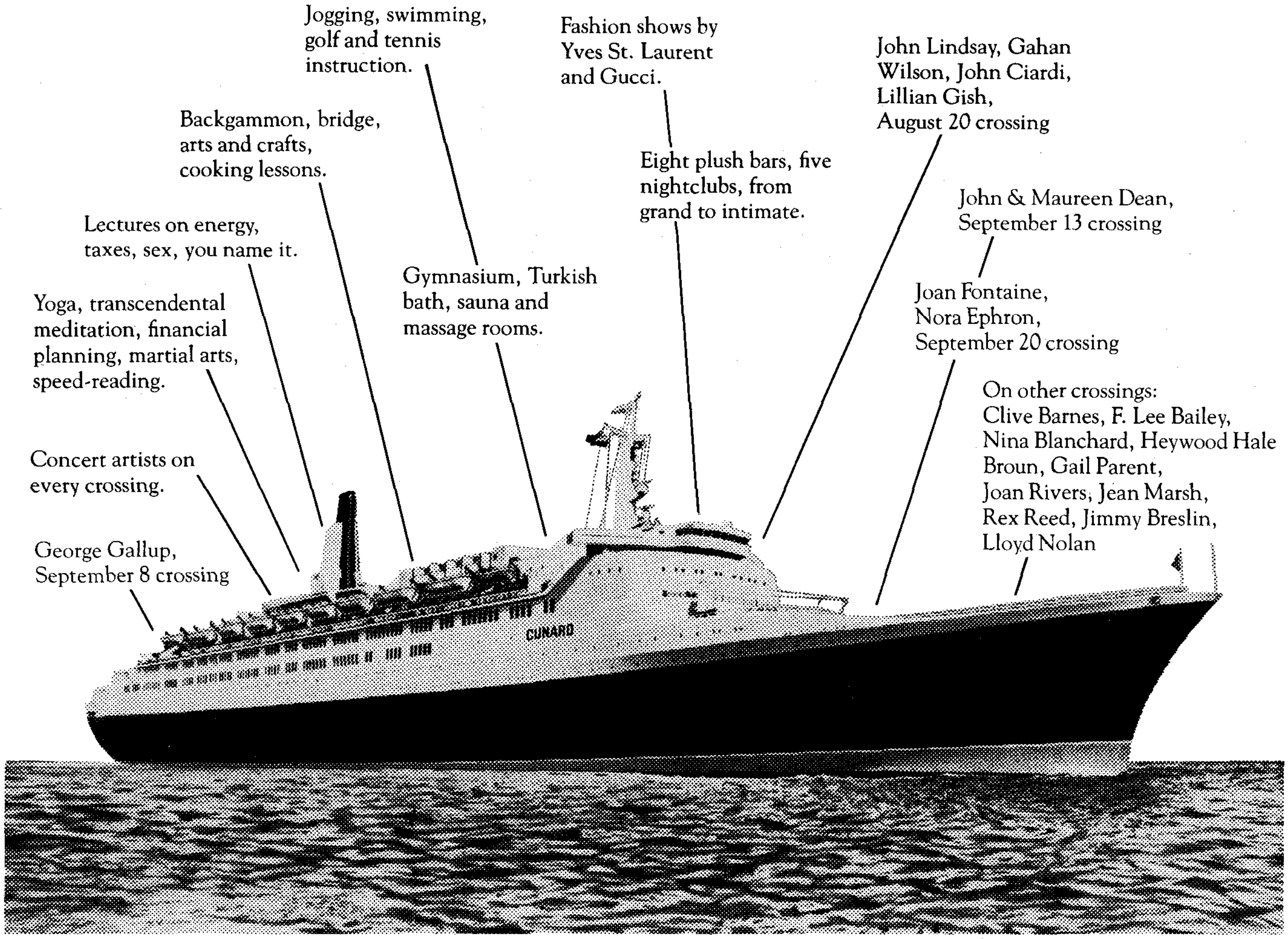
New York Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300). The Oakland A's, that once proud team, play a two-game series with the Yanks. Games are 8/10-11 at 8. Then the rebuilt California Angels arrive for a weekend series. Games times are as follows: 8/12 at 5:30, 8/13-14 at 2. The first-place White Sox close out this home stand with night games on 8/15-16. Prior to this Saturday's game with the Angels, the Yankees will honor the 1927 Yankee team on the occasion of its 50th anniversary in this year's Old Timers' game.

TENNIS

New York Apples, (725-0070); vs. The Soviets, 8/10 at Felt Forum; vs. Indiana Loves, 8/13 at Nassau Coliseum. Both matches at 7:30.

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.



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John & Maureen Dean, September 13 crossing
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Yoga, transcendental meditation, financial planning, martial arts, speed-reading.
Joan Fontaine, Nora Ephron, September 20 crossing
On other crossings: Clive Barnes, F. Lee Bailey, Nina Blanchard, Heywood Hale Broun, Gail Parent, Joan Rivers, Jean Marsh, Rex Reed, Jimmy Breslin, Lloyd Nolan
Concert artists on every crossing.
George Gallup, September 8 crossing
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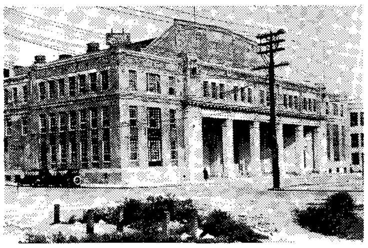
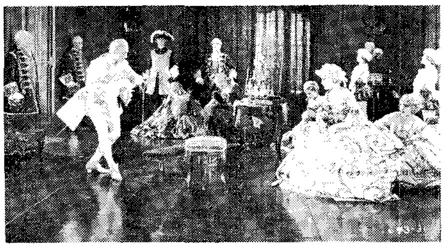


Astoria Studios in 1920— a year after it was built — when New York was the capital of moviedom.



Rudolph Valentino, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels in the 1924 French romance Monsieur Beaucaire.

W. C. Fields in It's the Old Army Game, *1926; the comedian made four silent films at Astoria.*

Gloria Swanson, Eugene O'Brien in Fine Manners, *1926; Miss Swanson made ten films at Astoria.*

New York

Astoria Is Reborn

By Paul Gardner

"...The studio of Lubitsch, Valentino, and Swanson in the twenties and thirties is hosting a $10-million production of *The Wiz*..."

Just across the Queensboro Bridge, Diana Ross, Richard Pryor, Lena Horne, and 800 singers and dancers are packing the old Astoria Studios as director Sidney Lumet prepares a $10-million version of *The Wiz,* described as the biggest black musical ever—a cinematic first. "Astoria has one of the best damn stages in the world," says Lumet, decisively. "Why should we be shooting out in California? I'm a New York freak. I've made nearly all my films here, and the exteriors are all in New York anyway."

Built in 1919, the studio, now a non-profit foundation, was the East Coast manse for Paramount Pictures in the twenties and early thirties. The Versailles-style building, with its imposing porte cochere for chauffeured screen goddesses, has seen a befurred Gloria Swanson arrive in her Pierce-Arrow, Claudette Colbert park her roadster on the cobblestone drive, and the Marx Brothers chase each other around its four pillars.

When Astoria was built, there were studios all over New York: Warner Brothers (Vitaphone) was in Brooklyn, the old Biograph was in the Bronx, D. W. Griffith had a studio on Long Island. There were sound stages in midtown. Mostly reachable by subway, the studios were closer to "the hub" than London's tinsel factories. Yet, like London, actors and directors had a chance to do a play *or* movie. or both at the same time. Jeanne Eagels and Fredric March, Ina Claire and Edward G. Robinson went from the stage to Astoria.

When all production moved west, where land was cheap and sunshine without smog was free, the grand old building aged silently, restlessly. The studio was occasionally rented to "independents" in the mid-thirties: Noel Coward crunched peanut-brittle dialogue there in *The Scoundrel,* Claude Rains lusted after Margo in *Crime Without Passion.* During World War II Astoria became a center for Defense Department films. Then it was forgotten, although not by looting teenage gangs and junkies of the seventies, who lit fires or crashed in pockmarked halls.

A face-lifting "save Astoria" operation began a couple of years ago with the filming of *Thieves* and *The Next Man.* City and borough officials hope to see the building named a national landmark, and the Astoria Foundation, which envisions its own museum, workshop, and lab for film students at the studio, was formed last January. In September it will receive $250,000 from both the city and the New York State Council on the Arts, and has asked the National Endowment for the Humanities to match these grants. Wanting to see more movies made in New York, where the infant industry first burped, the craft and acting unions have contributed about $30,000 toward the studio's restoration.

"We're gonna shake the hell out of the studio," Lumet says, throwing his booted feet across his office desk. "But it's probably even stronger than Versailles." He won't make any guesses about what will happen to Astoria after *The Wiz,* but, he adds confidently, "that studio can easily handle two big movies at once." Then he smiles secretly. "Yeah, I worked there once. As an actor. Sidney Lumet, kid actor. But I was a stage snob. I didn't think it was really acting to be in a movie."

In 1935, at age eleven, Sidney Lumet made his Broadway debut as one of the *Dead End* kids who shocked audiences with tough "Frig you" and "Ah, ya muddah's cooch" street talk. The socio-realistic drama about young slum savages led, four years later, to the Astoria sound stage. Lumet faced the cameras in one of the last "independents" made at Astoria—*One Third of a Nation,* which starred Sylvia Sidney. "Hollywood returns to New York!" burbled an overexcited press, which speculated that "a major portion of the industry will move east. . . ."

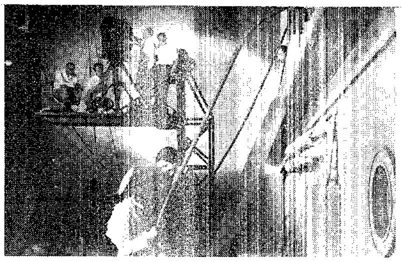
Ordering a "turkey on rye, hold the mayo," Sylvia Sidney admits that she really can't remember very much about the movie at all. "In those days, I got paid by the tear," she says. "It was still the Depression, wasn't it?—so everything was depressing. The title came from a speech by FDR. Of course, he gave so many. *Anyway,* I was the poor girl from the tenement, surrounded by the dead-end kids. Sidney Lumet played Little Brother. Now the tenement caught fire. I think Little Brother set the fire. I vaguely remember Sidney on crutches. Or was he in a wheelchair?" Her turkey sandwich arrives. It looks pretty depressing too. "The only good thing that came out of that film was Sidney," she says, taking a tentative bite.

Despite decent reviews from critics obligated to honor the socially conscious, *One Third of a Nation* did piddling business. "I set the *first* fire,"

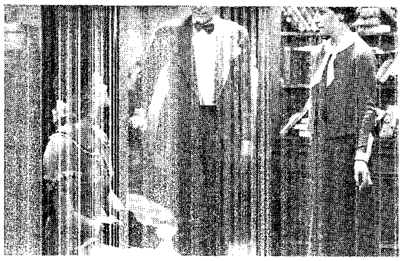
Paul Gardner is a contributing editor of New York *Magazine.*

PHOTO CREDITS: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART; COURTESY OF TOM HANLON; PARAMOUNT PICTURES; WILLIAM KENLY COLLECTION; BILL STEINER COLLECTIC

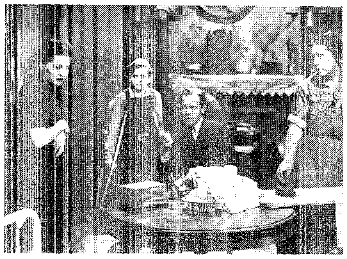
Fuller Mellish Jr., Helen Morgan in Rouben Mamoulian's first film, Applause, *1929.*



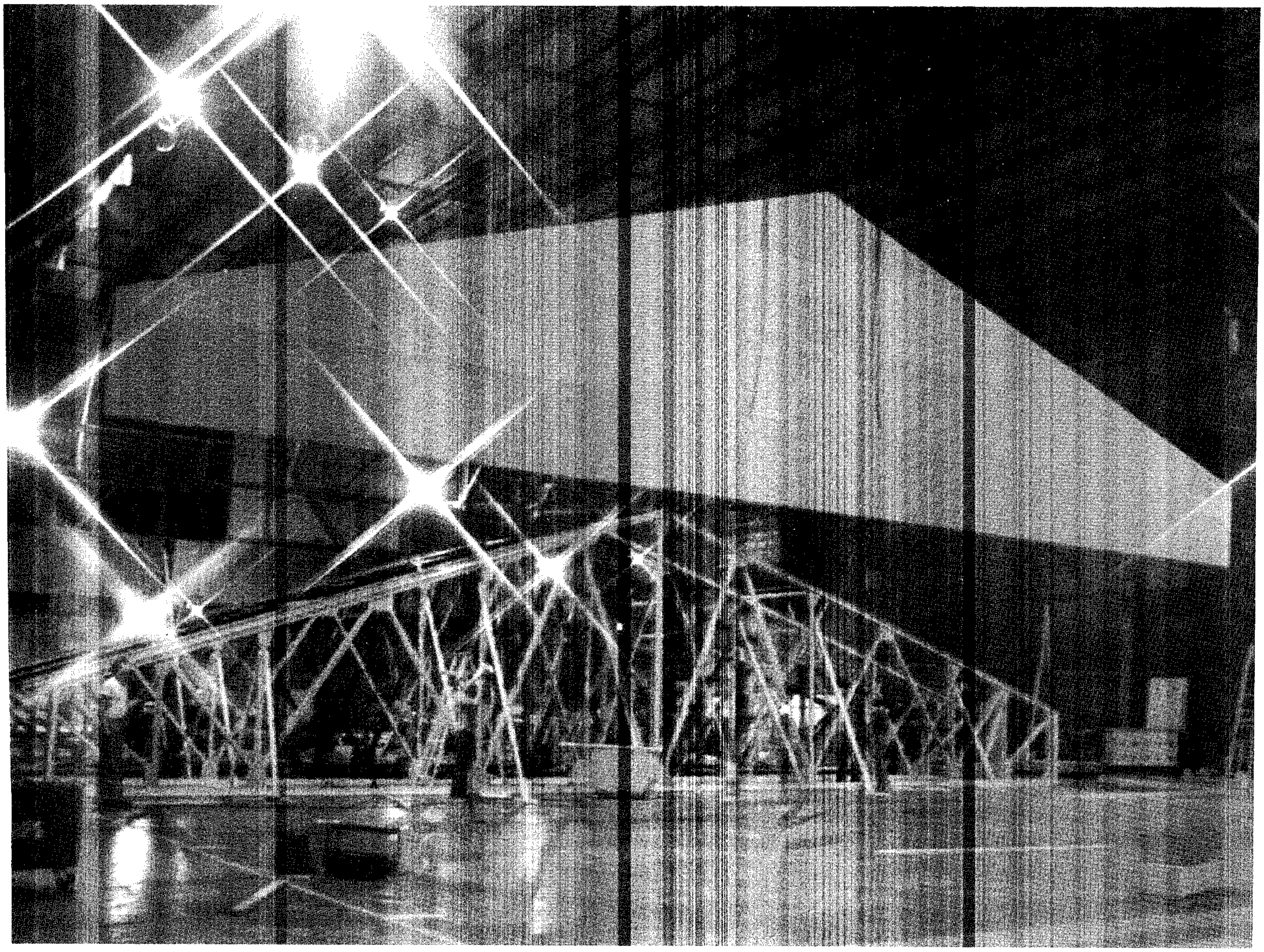
Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert in His Woman, *1931; Miss Colbert made ten films at Astoria.*



Julie Haydon, Noel Coward, Everly Gregg in Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's The Scoundrel, *1935.*



Sylvia Sidney, Sidney Lumet, Myron McCormick, Edmonia Noiley in One Third of a Nation, *1939.*



Witch hut: *On the set of* The Wiz, *carpenters build Wicked Witch Evillene's "sweat shop"; filming will begin on September 30.*

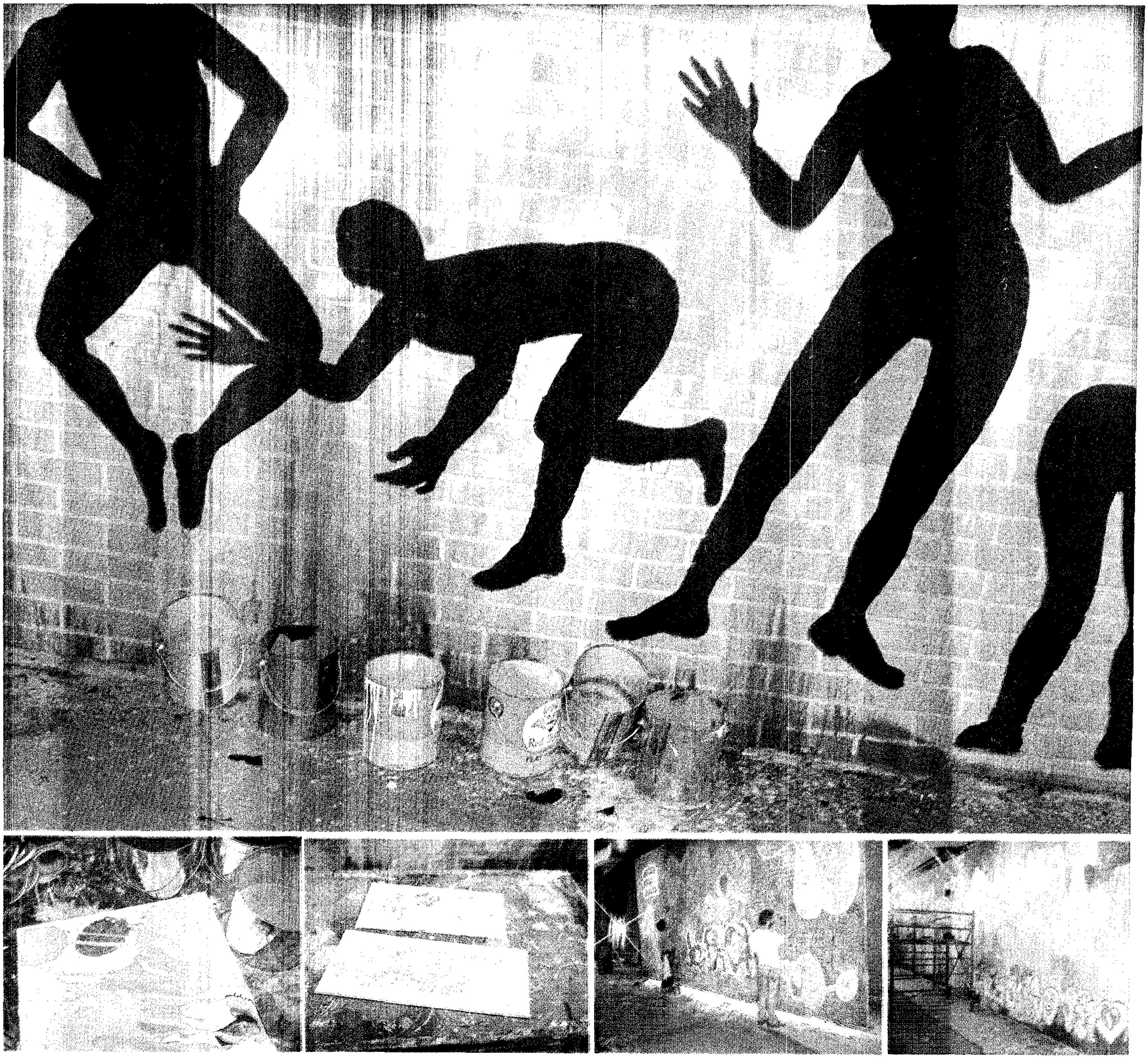
Lumet remembers. "I hobbled around on crutches, kind of crazy. Poverty, wow! Then Big Sister fell in love with the rich landlord. I set another fire. But I didn't survive. I died. The movie ended with this smiling face"—he smiles broadly—"superimposed on the building of what we'd call today's slums."

This tenemental tearjerker, you may be sure, was not typical of Astoria productions in the thriving twenties and early thirties. With its European talent and technicians, Paramount was a studio of style, sophistication, and sly comedy; of Dietrich, Lubitsch, and Chevalier.

Astoria's landmark movie is probably Rouben Mamoulian's backstage melodrama, *Applause*, filmed there in 1929. His muted mixture of image and music is considered one of the medium's important early sound innovations. Instead of one mike, Mamoulian daringly experimented with two. Helen Morgan, appearing nightly on Broadway as the mulatto Julie in *Show Boat*, created an effectively boozy burlesque singer-stripper, a performance that might not exist today if *Applause* had been filmed in Hollywood.

"Astoria wasn't as finely equipped as the Hollywood studios," says Mamoulian, "but it had an intimate quality; we all knew each other. There were no unions then. We worked late and hard and loved it. We weren't supposed to shoot exteriors in the city, so, for a scene at Penn Station, I cheated. I hired 300 extras and the crew hid the cameras in the station. The real passengers and taxi drivers couldn't understand why there was a crowd hurrying nowhere, as if on cue."

Astoria was also the studio of Gloria Swanson, who represented all that was extravagant and dangerously glamorous. Even the syllables of her name suggested an indolent figure outstretched



Gee Wiz: *Silhouettes of Munchkins who have escaped from Evillene (top); workmen paint 600-foot-long Graffiti City backdrop.*

on a chaise. Studio publicity described her as "the second woman to earn a million [Pickford beat her] and the first to spend it."

Swanson wanted more varied roles, so she left Hollywood in 1923 and moved back to New York. "I'd play a Balkan queen or a Parisian gamine, and I'd always wind up as a clotheshorse. My train was getting longer than the Super Chief." Her Astoria movies include *Society Scandal, Untamed Lady,* and *Wages of Virtue.*

The petite actress, just a whisper or two away from age 80, still has all the sass (and sashay) of her youth. "New York was the hub, a great stimulus. The studios were stupid to move out to California. You know, I don't believe all that sunshine is good for the brain. Creativity just dries out. I once told the Powers That Be that all creative people in Hollywood should be *required* to leave California for three months every year. I'm glad I settled here in the twenties. Broadway was a Great White Way, with 60 theaters. And the *Follies.* And the Roof Garden. Jazz in Harlem."

Swanson had three suites at the Gladstone Hotel—for her guests, for her children, and for herself. "Mornings, my chauffeur drove me to Astoria. It only took fifteen minutes across the bridge. In California the distances were just god-awful, and they still are. It takes 45 minutes to get anywhere. It's healthy to get movies back here, and I'm a health nut."

After eight years on the London stage, Tallulah Bankhead returned in 1931, carrying a $5,000-a-week Paramount contract and two Pekes. She reported to the Astoria lot, where George Cukor directed her first talkie, *Tarnished Lady.* "The executives didn't know what to make of her," Cukor says. "She was amazingly beautiful, with an equally amazing voice. They couldn't fit her personality into the traditional boy-meets-girl story." When the exodus to Hollywood came, she stayed in New York ("The movies were just learning to talk when I interrupted them"), but Cukor packed for California.

"Once I selected films over the theater, I knew I had to live in Hollywood, and I've never been sorry," Cukor says. "Today, actors and actress-

Photographed by Torkil Gudnason

"...'I want to show Oz as a hostile world, because that's the way it is. Ups, downs. Hits, flops,' says director Sidney Lumet..."

es can live anywhere. We had no choice. Under the studio system, you were immersed in movies, movies, movies. Day and night. And there were no distractions in California. I think it would have been very distracting to work in New York."

Moving from Central Park West to a house off Sunset, where she heard coyotes at night, was more difficult for Claudette Colbert, who acted at Astoria with Fredric March, Gary Cooper, and Walter Huston—while deftly balancing a Broadway career. Comfortably arranged now in the Park Avenue clouds, Miss Colbert looks, at 71, a dozen years older than the runaway heiress of her Oscar-winning 1934 hit, *It Happened One Night.*

"I must know every stone on the Queensboro Bridge," she reflects, stirring a cup of tea, "because at 6:30 in the morning, I wasn't asleep. I always started my film day with a splendid breakfast tray and then applied my own makeup. There's nothing worse than facing a studio dressing room at dawn. At Astoria, we had little cubicles with a table, a couch, and sink. I prepared at home, then sat back and enjoyed the ride over the bridge."

Unfortunately, when Paramount closed Astoria in the late thirties, she had to give up the ride and her double career. "It took five days to cross the country then, with a layover in Chicago. Sundays in California, I'd turn on the New York Symphony and cry. Finally I stopped crying. I had my own house, my own rose garden and lemon trees—it wasn't that bad. Just the psychological separation. Bogart and Tracy came west too. We got used to a suburban life. Dinner parties galore. Without the East-West split, both the American theater and films could have enriched each other."

The stage also lost W. C. Fields, that supreme balderdash clown who drank two martinis for breakfast and left his money to an orphanage "where no religion of any sort is to be preached." After Ziegfeld's *Follies* and George White's *Scandals,* the former juggler curled his bah-humbug lips before Astoria cameras. Four movies later he too tanked up for Hollywood. Driving across the Hudson, William Claude turned around for a last glimpse of the skyline. "I had an idea that I wouldn't see it again," he told a chum.

After Fields left, the studio snatched the funniest foursome on Broadway, the Marx Brothers, to film their stage smash *The Cocoanuts* in 1929. Talkies were still experimental, and microphones picked up every noise. Morrie Ryskind, who wrote the screenplay for *Cocoanuts,* said, "If a fly buzzed on the set, it sounded like an airplane."

Having polished each pun and non sequitur on Broadway for a year, Groucho and his brothers knew how to pace every pause and clause, often breaking up the crew with verbal antics. Astoria technicians had to keep their own laughter off the sound track when Groucho, wiggling an eyebrow, told the bosomy Margaret Dumont, "Did anyone ever tell you you look like the prince of Wales? . . . and I know a whale when I see one." In 1930 the Marx Brothers filmed another hit, *Animal Crackers,* and then, with the Depression making Broadway investments shaky, joined the Hollywood parade. Film buffs believe that the only "pure" Marx Brothers films—for ad-libs, improvised sketches, and vaudeville insanity—are the two made at Astoria.

For Universal's *The Wiz,* one city permit lets Lumet roam 39 approved exteriors. "This time, I'm gonna shoot at Shea Stadium, at the 42nd Street library, on top of the World Trade Center. But interiors will be done at Astoria. It wouldn't make sense to fly to Hollywood for interiors. That's asking for disaster, like *Cleopatra.* The feds turned Astoria over to the city, and *The Wiz,* frankly, is saving the studio." The foundation gets about $300,000 rental, and union labor will earn close to $1 million.

"I gotta give credit to John Lindsay, because, when he was mayor, he really helped the city and the unions and the producers get their act together," observes Lumet, legs still atop desk. "I prefer working with New York crews. Elia Kazan and I sort of trained them. They're actor-oriented. They aren't just keyed to technique. They know what it means to an actor, in an emotional scene, to wait a half hour, or only ten minutes, to move the camera from a medium shot to a close-up."

Dressing rooms have been carpeted and painted (Diana Ross has the suite that belonged to Paramount's founder, Adolph Zukor), new plumbing has been installed, screening rooms are getting cushioned seats, and the commissary where Valentino, in white wig and satin breeches, forked lemon sole on his $7,500-a-week salary during the filming of *Monsieur Beaucaire* may be restored to its Art Deco design. On the main stage, carpenters are finishing the "sweat shop" for *The Wiz*'s monstrously evil Evillene, who commands tired hookers and gypsy-cab drivers to fetch Dorothy and her weirdo friends. (She wants the silver shoes.)

Lumet and screenwriter Joel Schumacher reshaped the Broadway show, which follows *The Wizard of Oz* as Disneyesque fantasy, to the alluringly urban form of Diana Ross, who plays Dorothy. But Diana ain't no wide-eyed pubescent. Diana's Dorothy is a woman in her twenties who never wanted to go south of 123rd Street. Her odyssey ("It's an inner journey, for self-knowledge," explains Diana) is her trip downtown, which starts with Dorothy's being swept away in a blizzard and dropped in Flushing, of all places. The Yellow Brick Road leads to the Brooklyn Bridge and ultimately to Good Witch Glinda, a cameo for the legendary Lena Horne, the screen's first black beauty—and Lumet's mother-in-law.

"My movie career was betwixt and between racial changes," says Lena Horne philosophically. "When I went to Hollywood in the forties, they wanted me to play a maid. My father told the studios, 'She can afford a maid of her own.' I was put in nightclub scenes, stuck against a pillar, singing the blues. I really wanted to play Julie in *Showboat* [1951], but MGM said Ava Gardner had more box office. You can't battle for every role. I was still having a battle trying to find a place to live. It's great that, today, black stars like Diana Ross can get all kinds of parts."

Astoria, then, hasn't seen it all yet. In his Universal office, Sidney Lumet, telephone cupped to an ear, scans costume sketches for *The Wiz.* "Angel—these are going to be *ravishing,*" he tells the phone. Then he hangs up, sighs. "What a gig. I just directed *Equus,* which will be released when I'm in the middle of all this"—he rustles the sketches—"my first musical." He leans back, stares at the ceiling. "I want to show Oz as a hostile world, because that's the way it is. Ups, downs. Hits, flops."

Lumet is on a hit trip now, and this movie odyssey plunks him down in Astoria. "Yeah, it's strange to be working there, kind of nice too. Not because of the studio's past, but my own. I used to live three blocks away." ■

George Steinbrenner, Get Out of Town!

By Jeff Greenfield

"...It is the ultimate irony: a big-league team in a big-league town in the hands of a petty, arrogant bush-league owner..."

You cannot understand what it is about George Steinbrenner, and what he has done to the New York Yankees, unless you keep one fact clearly and unswervingly in the forefront of your mind:

George Steinbrenner comes from Cleveland.

It is really too bad for the city of Cleveland, which has been fighting its image as a benighted city of the bush league, but Steinbrenner is so visibly, unavoidably no-class. Were the president of Cleveland's chamber of commerce to come courting in New York with armloads of statistics and photographs from his city, he would take one look at Steinbrenner's performance here and grab the first flight home. How could anyone believe anything ennobling about Cleveland after they'd watched Steinbrenner shred that most enduring trait of the Yankees: the quality of class?

Of course, it's not fair to Cleveland. But is it fair to us to have the Yankees in the hands of George Steinbrenner? For decades we endured the hatred and envy of the baseball world as the Yankees ruled the game, the symbol of power tempered by grace. Now, after twelve years of bitter defeats, now, after a pennant last year and a team with the talent to conquer again, we have been afflicted with an owner who seems to have been installed by a coalition of out-of-towners and unreconciled Giant and Dodger fans to torture us with his homilies, his commandments, and his pettiness.

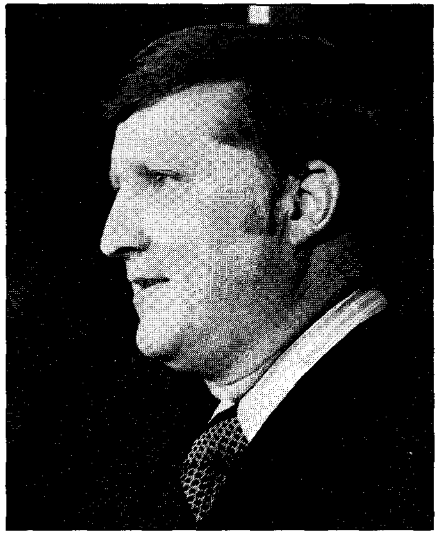
It is the ultimate irony: a big-league team in a big-league town in the hands of a bush-league owner.

How has George Steinbrenner so far thoroughly bluffed the Apple? He's used a mixture of big money, generously applied—and an inordinate amount of luck. The money started to flow when Catfish Hunter was declared a free agent and the Yankees picked him up in 1975; it poured out in a torrent for Reggie Jackson and Don Gullett this year. (Never mind that the Yankees won last year with a sore-armed Hunter and without Jackson and Gullett; never mind that it was players named Munson and Randolph and Rivers and Nettles and White and Lyle who brought home the first pennant for the Yankees since 1964; the money helped dazzle Yankee fans into dreams of a certain World Series title.) The luck was that Steinbrenner was working in the same town as those other clumsy management figures, namely Roy Boe of the New York Nets and M. Donald Grant of the New York Mets.

The ineptness of Boe and Grant was so openly avaricious, so guaranteed to alienate the New York sports fan, that Steinbrenner has until now gotten away with murder. New Yorkers were disappointed in the four-game collapse of the Yankees in the 1976 World Series, but they were outraged when Boe sold Julius Erving, the most exciting player in basketball, to Philadelphia just before the start of the Nets' first season in the NBA. The sluggish Yankee start this year caused rumblings among the fans, but the rumble was drowned out by the fury over M. Donald Grant's sale of Met star Tom Seaver. And just within the last two weeks, as the Steinbrenner–Gabe Paul–Billy Martin dispute was peaking, Net owner Boe dropped his latest bomb: His team was leaving for the sweeter, subsidized pastures of the Meadowlands in New Jersey.

Without the bumbling of Boe and Grant, New Yorkers might have had a few more questions for the man who has dealt away not a Yankee player or franchise, but something called Class. They might have had a few questions about an owner who has made a Yankee fan like myself, who first rooted for the team at Yankee Stadium in 1949, who stood fast through the dy-

UPI



In control: *Everything is roses when George Steinbrenner buys the New York Yankees for $10 million in January, 1973.*

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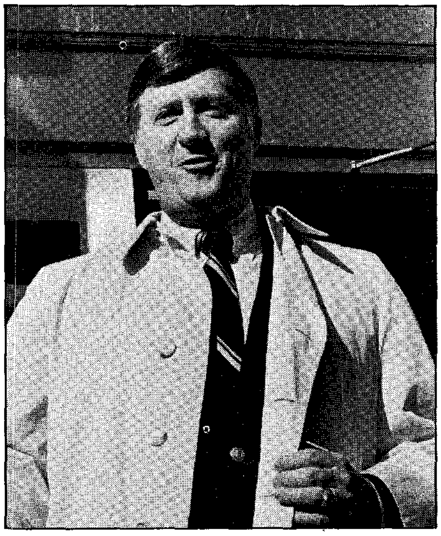


In exile: *George withdraws from club management temporarily in 1974, professing innocence in Nixon campaign payoff.*

Television: The First Fifty Years, *by Jeff Greenfield, will be published this fall by Harry N. Abrams.*

nasty and through the collapse a decade ago, almost ashamed to be rooting for his own team during what could have been a magnificent three-way race for the Eastern Division title. They might have asked about Steinbrenner's ideas about what makes a team win, or how you show loyalty to fans, or what the New York Yankees are all about.

They might have wondered, for example, how Steinbrenner has managed to become the moral arbiter for manager Billy Martin, setting down, as a condition for Martin's retaining his job, that he be "honorable." Steinbrenner's own highly developed sense of honor did not prevent him from contributing thousands in illegal funds to Richard Nixon's 1972 presidential campaign (Steinbrenner claimed he was the victim of political pressure).

UPI

In clover: *With the Yankees back on top after the 1976 pennant win, George, Yogi Berra, and Billy Martin take a victory bath.*

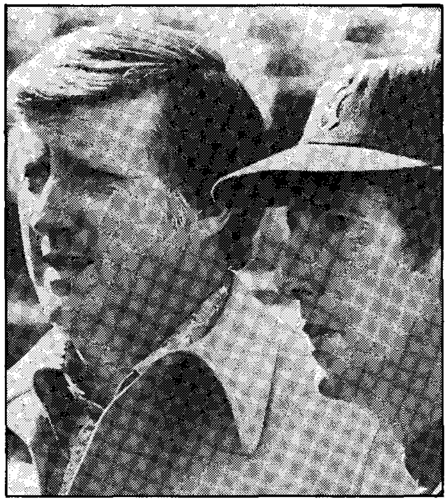
They might have gotten a lot angrier than they did about the Great Yankee Ticket Fix of 1977. One of the pleasures of baseball is that, because there are 81 home games in arenas that seat anywhere from 40,000 to 75,000, ticket prices can be kept low. It will cost you at least $7.50 to watch a football game in New York, and you can't get into a Knick or Ranger game at the Garden for less than $4. But a buck and a half would get you into a decent upper-deck seat at Yankee or Shea Stadium, and if you got there early enough, you could even get a seat behind home plate where the game spreads out in front of you like a movable feast.

Last year, their first in the new, taxpayer-rebuilt Yankee Stadium, the Yankees drew just over 2 million fans. The playoffs and World Series games put an extra quarter of a million fans or so into the seats. Now the only way you can lose money owning a team that draws 2.25 million people to the ball park is by shredding money and using it as infield grass in place of Astroturf. But Steinbrenner had other notions. All winter, we were hearing of multimillion-dollar deals for Jackson and Gullett, more money for Munson and Lyle, assurances that the money was being spent to bring the world-championship title back to New York, where it belonged.

Then, at the start of the 1977 season, Yankee fans found out just whose money Steinbrenner had been planning to spend. Virtually every seat in the stadium, except for the far-off bleachers, had been turned into a reserved seat, and the price had gone from $1.50 to $4.50.

There was no notice. There was no explanation. There was not even an apology. There was no explanation of how a kid from the Yankee Stadium neighborhood of the South Bronx—which has gone conveniently ignored by the franchise that took $100 million of our money to rebuild a ball park—was supposed to be able to see this team, short of charity. It was Steinbrenner's candy store, and the price of candy was going up. Once the story broke, the Yankee owner generously "rolled back" the price of the seats to $2.50, thus managing to make a price increase of 67 percent look like a gesture toward the fan.

WIDE WORLD



In conflict: *Club manager Billy Martin's running feud with his boss has earned Martin instant adulation from Yankee fans.*

And now there is the case of Billy Martin. Clearly the Yankee manager (as of this writing) is not blameless in the endless series of controversies that have surrounded the team. Three times before—in Texas, Detroit, and Minnesota—owners have dismissed the contentious Martin despite his on-field successes. So you have to believe that there is something in the way Billy Martin manages a team that deserves criticism.

But when you look at George Steinbrenner and Billy Martin, and ask which of them exemplifies the Yankee baseball team, there is no contest. Steinbrenner is said by the sports press to "envy" the pregame cheers Billy Martin has been getting from Yankee fans. What does he want us to do? Cheer his bank account? Billy Martin was helping the Yankees win titles when Steinbrenner was dreaming of his first polyester leisure suit. Martin was setting a World Series record for the most hits in a six-game series when Steinbrenner was playing with erector-set tax shelters. Along with coaches Yogi Berra and Elston Howard, Martin is the last unbroken link to the days of the Yankee dynasty, and his lust to manage this team has, according to newspaper reports, led him to sign a contract loaded down with covenants that deny him his severance pay if he commits such crimes as missing the team bus or failing to attend meetings called by the owner. When you sign a contract permitting the front office to take these kinds of liberties with your financial future, you want that job with your guts.

To some people, George Steinbrenner's feud with Billy Martin may appear a simple clash of two strong wills, and given Martin's past run-ins with the management of other teams, the explanation has a surface plausibility. The deeper truth, however, is that Steinbrenner simply cannot abide a lack of obsequious conformity on the part of the people whose salaries he pays.

Campbell Elliott, who was for three years the president of the American Ship Building Company, describes Steinbrenner's attitude toward those who work for him this way:

"George's attitude is that they're damned lucky to have a job—and if they don't like the way he treats them, they can just get the hell out."

As principal owner of the Yankees, Steinbrenner's bush-league bossism is best reflected by his insistence on dress and grooming codes: no long hair, ties on all road trips, and just-so uniforms. One story has it that during one of his first on-site looks at the Yankees, Steinbrenner saw a player wearing his baseball cap backward.

"Get that man's name," George ordered a subaltern. It was only after the disciplinary machinery had been oiled that a Yankee veteran informed the owner, "The kid's a catcher, George. They wear their hats backward."

And on opening day of the 1976 season, Steinbrenner called Billy Martin in Milwaukee—reaching him in the dugout—to demand that Thurman Mun-

> "...Billy Martin was helping the Yankees win titles when Steinbrenner was dreaming of his first polyester leisure suit..."

son be fined for not wearing his hat when he lined up for the pregame ceremonies (Munson, playing as designated hitter that day, thought only the helmet was required). Munson, who is fed up with Steinbrenner's capricious interference, was at last report growing a beard in hopes that the Yankee owner would trade him.

Steinbrenner's mixture of arrogance and sentimentality (one co-worker called him a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality) was best known earlier this year when he forced Yankee third baseman Graig Nettles to back down from a contract dispute.

"I was really itching for this battle," Steinbrenner was quoted as saying, "and I really licked their tails." And in the next breath, "I'm just trying to make a better man of Nettles."

But is Steinbrenner really out of line? One general manager of a troubled professional team told me that the single worst thing an owner can do is to establish a direct line of communication with a star athlete.

"Once that athlete knows he can go around the coach or the manager, that's it," he said. "It's like throwing a match into an ammunition dump."

Of course, managers are "hired to be fired," and of course Martin must be held to account for the failure of his team to perform. But an owner has some kind of obligation to his own manager to give him, in deed as well as in word, the unquestioned authority to run that team, and to preserve the chain of command which will enable a manager to exercise his power. Yes, Billy Martin blew up at Reggie Jackson in the Yankee dugout in front of a national television audience. Yes, it was bad public relations. But when Cincinnati Reds manager Sparky Anderson goes out to the mound to relieve a pitcher, that ball is in Anderson's hands and not one word is said. When Red Auerbach was coaching the Boston Celtics, one of the worst things a player could do was to ask Auerbach why he was being taken out of the game. Reggie Jackson was removed from that Yankee–Red Sox game for making a lazy play in a game of importance to the team. The way Martin did it may have been wrong, but his right to do it is what managing a contending team is all about—particularly when the athlete in question is paid more money than almost anyone in baseball history.

Steinbrenner & Watergate

While Steinbrenner pleaded guilty to a felony and to a misdemeanor involving illegal contributions from American Ship Building Company to Nixon's 1972 election campaign, charges made to the Senate Watergate Committee and the grand jury were broader. Allegations by AmShip employees and by special-prosecutor lawyers include:

☐ An attempted cover-up of a scheme to contribute funds through "bonuses" to loyal employees, specifically by destroying the list of those employees that had been drawn up as early as 1970.

☐ Attempts by Steinbrenner to convince colleagues to adopt his own "recollections" of the scheme.

☐ Obtaining back-dated statements asserting that employees' contributions to the Nixon fund were purely voluntary.

☐ A meeting between Steinbrenner and Maurice Stans, CREEP finance chairman, at which time Steinbrenner sought to get his brother-in-law, Jacob Kamm, named ambassador to Denmark.

☐ An abortive attempt to use expense vouchers to cover up a contribution to Senator Daniel Inouye in 1973, when Inouye was a member of the Watergate Committee.

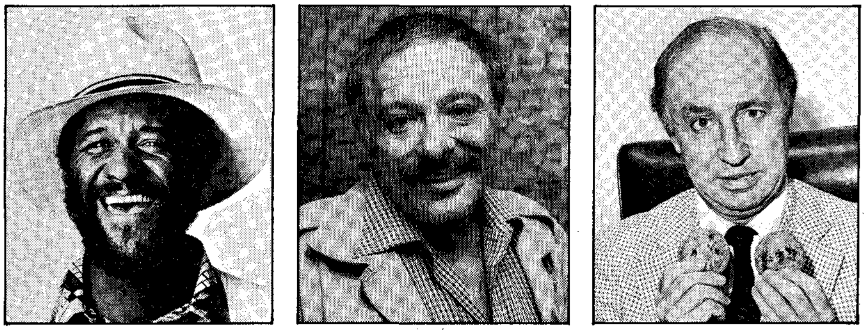
Steinbrenner was fined the enormous sum of $15,000, roughly equivalent to fining you or me the price of a hamburger. Without a sympathetic judge and a skilled lawyer, the Yankee owner might have been wearing his own set of pinstripes, courtesy of the federal government.

And George may be in new trouble. The Justice Department revealed in late June of this year that it was investigating American Ship Building to see whether fraudulent bills were submitted for labor and materials in connection with government contracts running into millions of dollars. —J.G.

When I read of Steinbrenner's "envy" of Billy Martin, I thought of other owners, from a different era of baseball. Once there were men who owned a baseball club not because of the glory it could bring to them but out of a love of the game. It was Phil Wrigley who would never put lights on his field, because it might disturb the neighborhood. It was Horace Stoneham who foolishly moved his team to one of the most hostile baseball climates imaginable, and who kept his team in San Francisco at the cost of losing everything, because he felt he had to live with his own judgment.

So Horace Stoneham does not own the Giants any longer, and the heirs of Wrigley may lose the Cubs because their father never constructed the kinds of elaborate tax deals to shield his estate from taxation. Somehow you know that this is the kind of thing that will never happen with George Steinbrenner. In my nightmares I see Steinbrenner gazing across the river at the Meadowlands, at those 15,000 extra seats, and in his calculations the cost to New York of losing the Yankees is never entered on the debit side of the ledger. Or else I see Yankee Stadium carved up into corporate boxes, rented out to IBM and ITT and Con Ed and American Ship Building, and I see the ordinary fan shunted out to the bleachers, where he can rent official Yankee binoculars to watch the game. I see Astroturf on the outfield where Ruth and DiMaggio and Keller and Mantle played, and a graphics-design firm replacing the pinstripes with something more relevant, more "now," and maybe celebrity softball games with Farrah Fawcett-Majors to draw the fans that somehow aren't going to the stadium anymore.

I have been a sports fan all of my life because for me sports is a moral holiday. The good guys are whoever I want them to be; in my case, they are always New Yorkers because this is my home by roots, birth, and choice. And when I root for a New York team, I want the right to root blindly, irrationally, without complexity or ambiguity. There is enough of those commodities in every other part of our lives: in our work, our families, our beliefs and heroes. What George Steinbrenner has done to the Yankee fan is to make us think twice before cheering the clutch hit of a Thurman Munson, the steady quality of a Chris Chambliss, the glove of a Graig Nettles, the sheer competence of a Willie Randolph or Sparky Lyle. He has, in a perverse way, accomplished what may be part of his hidden agenda: to force our attention away from the deeds on the field and toward the hands that hold the dollars. Perhaps there is comfort for him in that achievement; there is little for those of us who just want the chance to make fools of ourselves again on behalf of a baseball team.



CHUCK PULIN

The rivals: *Cookiemongers Wally Amos, Jerry Kates, Howard Effron (left to right).*

Cookie Chic:

The Great Chocolate-Chip Controversy

By Elin Schoen

"...'I'm not having a fight with Bloomingdale's,' Famous Amos said. 'A man who makes chocolate-chip cookies doesn't fight'..."

Famous Amos didn't start making chocolate-chip cookies to become famous. To the best of his recollection, Famous Amos went into the cookie business to make a living.

He was recalling this, among other things, on the phone from the twentieth floor of an Atlanta hotel recently. The weather in Atlanta was lousy, he told me between recollections. Just before I'd called it had been sunny, but now a hurricane seemed to be coming up. "If we're interrupted, you'll know I just blew off the twentieth floor," he said, then segued smoothly back into the subject of his cookies, the ones that, upon their arrival at Bloomingdale's last year, caused a stir in Upper East Side culinary circles unrivaled by anything since the advent of the Cuisinart. *The* chocolate-chip cookie had arrived.

Back in June, his face appeared on *Time* magazine's THE HOT NEW RICH cover. COOKIE KING FAMOUS AMOS, it called him. "I don't care what *Time* says," Wally Amos told me. "I'm not rich."

But he *is* famous. On June 28, when I wandered into Bloomingdale's Delicacies Department for the first time in months, I found it didn't look like the Delicacies Department anymore. It looked like a monument to Wally Amos. You could hardly find the madeleines or the julekake for all the Famous Amos paraphernalia. There were Famous Amos T-shirts and sweat shirts, silvery visor caps with matching Windbreakers, duffel bags, carryalls, aprons, umbrellas. There was a porcelain cookie jar, made in Japan in the image of the famous Famous Amos brown paper bag. It cost $22.50. And there were Famous Amos Lucite letter and notepad holders, not to mention Famous Amos jewelry—a "gold" cookie pendant—and a magnifying glass with a "gold" cookie handle. Amos even had his own cash register. You could tell it was his cash register because above it was this cardboard cutout of his torso and smiling bearded face. The cutout was wearing a Famous Amos T-shirt.

I managed to find a saleswoman lurking behind the counter where Bloomingdale's keeps its not-as-famous baked goods, the ones that don't come with matching visor caps. "I must be crazy or something," I said to her, "but . . . you have all these Famous Amos . . . things. And I was just wondering, where are the *cookies?*"

"Oh. We're not selling them anymore."

"Then what's all this stuff?"

"Oh, these are the accessories."

"But you're not selling the cookies? Only the accessories?"

"That's right. Sorry."

Stephen Fass has the pixieish quality you'd hope to find in the manager of Bloomingdale's Delicacies Department. He didn't quite know how to explain the Famous Amos problem. "Shall we just say," he said, "we're not happy with Famous Amos. We may never carry his cookies again." And Steve Fass, despite his twinkly eyes, looked like a man who meant business. But then, Bloomingdale's always does.

Wally Amos doesn't, according to the Bloomingdale's version of his departure from the Delicacies Department. It seems that Bloomingdale's had fallen in love with Famous Amos at first sight. Not with his cookies, mind you. "I told him they were stale," said Bob Gumport, the store's branch development manager, recalling his first bite. "I told him to get me some fresh ones. He was very insulted. But we were sold on *him.*" Amos was salable—in other words, laid back as all L.A., a man with the chutzpatic charm of Muhammad Ali and this totally brilliant approach to the business of cookies. His cookies, you see, were something above and beyond mere business.

Amos hates the word *factory.* His cookies are made in what he calls

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Elin Schoen is writing a nonfiction book about Brooklyn, Illinois, for Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and trying to cut down on her consumption of chocolate-chip cookies.

"...Wally Amos thinks Jerry Kates's cookie is 'a sad commentary on our times. People can't come up with their own ideas'..."

"commissaries" or "cottages" or "studios" or even "huts." And they are not "manufactured." They are "created." (In California, where The Cookie originated, 75 employees put out 43,000 pounds of cookies a month; at the Nutley, New Jersey, "commissary," 30 workers produce the same amount.) And he is not selling them. He is promoting them. He is their agent. His press kit lists "Personal Appearances of The Cookie," from Bloomingdale's to Neiman-Marcus, as well as its "Television Appearances" (*Good Morning, America,* for one). The Cookie is Wally Amos. Wally Amos is The Cookie.

And, when you think about it, Bloomingdale's has a lot in common with The Cookie. It, too, has a persona. It is cute and lovable. It thinks of itself as Bloomies, emblazoning its nickname on bikini panties, on burlap sacks of peanuts, on visor caps. The Cookie fit right into Bloomingdale's. Visor caps with The Cookie's logo followed, naturally. So did all that other Famous Amos stuff.

The romance between Bloomies and Wally Amos ended on June 10 of this year (just a year and a day after it had begun). That was the day Steve Fass stopped ordering The Cookie. Being cute and lovable was one thing, but Bloomingdale's did, after all, mean business. "We don't need promotion," explained Steve Fass. "We wanted to sell cookies." They *were* selling cookies, actually, but they were losing money on the 13,000 pounds of Famous Amoses that passed through the Delicacies Department each week; the markup the store was able to take was not contributing enough to the costs of running the department. Also, said Fass, Bloomingdale's "advanced" Wally Amos $70,000 over a period of six months. (Some of the "advance" was merely quicker-than-usual payment of the money the store owed Amos; some was in fact payment in advance of delivery of his cookies.) Fass sums up the situation: "We kept giving and he kept taking and finally we said, 'We're not giving anymore, so go take from someone else.' "

Wally Amos sees things differently. "The only thing Bloomingdale's did for us was arrange for us to buy an oven from one of their suppliers, and he overcharged us." Furthermore, Amos says, Bloomies was constantly late paying for his cookies; those "advances" weren't advances at all.

But the *real* reason for Bloomingdale's disenchantment, according to Amos, was, "I elected to sell my cookies to Macy's too. And I guess Bloomingdale's has this thing about how exclusive they are. I didn't see why I couldn't sell Macy's *and* Bloomingdale's. I mean, Godiva chocolates are sold everywhere. Bill Blass sells everywhere. But I'm not having a fight with Bloomingdale's. A person who makes chocolate-chip cookies doesn't fight."

"With or without Wally Amos," Steve Fass commented, "Bloomingdale's is going to be doing things with chocolate-chip cookies. Because chocolate-chip cookies have become a huge, huge business." Thanks to Wallace Amos, the 41-year-old show-business agent who bet, in March, 1975, that lots of people would pay $3 for a pound of chocolate-chip cookies that looked and tasted like his Aunt Della's, particularly if these cookies contained no preservatives and were packaged in the down-home glamour of a brown paper bag. This is the age of *au naturel,* after all. And singing the red-white-and-blues. It is appropriate that Wally Amos's arrival in Bloomingdale's took place one month before the climax of a year of Bicentennial commercials. And it was inevitable that by the time his East Coast debut took place, someone else was trying to cash in on the "homemade"-chocolate-chip-cookie concept. "I didn't care," Amos recalls. "That's the American way—competition."

This particular competition was one Jerome Kates, an ex-producer of TV commercials and movies. Kates visited Amos's Hollywood "studio" in September, 1975, having read about The Cookie and having decided it could be a hit on the East Coast as well as the West. Kates wanted worldwide franchise rights to Famous Amos cookies, but Amos (who, with four other shareholders, owned a majority of the corporation's stock) didn't want to sell. In January, 1976, he wooed Bloomingdale's on his own, opened a store in Tucson, and told Kates to "send back the $54 you owe me [for cookies] and leave me alone." Kates forthwith started the Famous Chocolate Chip Cookie Company, based in Roslyn, Long Island. His recipe, he says, was his own, not any aunt's. His first customer was B. Altman.

The average shopper might mistake Kates's product for Famous Amos's. Kates's, too, is in a fashionably plain brown paper bag. Both contain coconut, which makes the cookie extra crisp (a secret I thought was known only to my mother). Amos's slogan is "The finest in chocolate-chip cookies since 1975." Kates's is "The very best in

Illustrated by Karen Katz

chocolate-chip cookies since homemade." On Amos's bag is a photo of himself in one of the broad-brimmed hats he always wears, beaming up at his client, The Cookie. The Famous bag has a picture of a cookie, but not one of Jerry Kates.

"I'm at least as pretty as Wally," the 50-year-old Kates told me over the phone from Roslyn. "If you're gonna have a picture of Wally, you better give me equal time." Kates finds it amazing that anyone should think his cookie owes anything to Amos's. "We got opinions from the government," he said, "that our logo was different enough from Famous Amos's to make them two different pieces of, if you will, art."

Wally Amos thinks Kates's cookie is "a sad commentary on our times. People can't come up with their own ideas." His lawyer sent a telegram to Altman's saying that Kates might be in violation of the Famous Amos trademark. The telegram was retracted, but Amos now says he is planning to sue Kates "on principle." As for Altman's, George Gagen, buyer for the Delicacy Department, has no comment beyond "I do not have any chocolate-chip cookies in my department at this time."

The Famous cookie came to Macy's a month before Famous Amos opened at Bloomingdale's. Around a year later, Macy's decided that Wally Amos's cookies were "more promotable" than Jerry Kates's product. On June 13, only days after Bloomingdale's stopped buying Famous Amos cookies, Macy's discontinued Kates's cookies and started selling Amos's.

George Kinzler, buyer for the Marketplace in Macy's Cellar, remembers the happy occasion. "I wish we had him in every department. It's 'Here I am, I'm Wally Amos, and if I tell you these cookies are great, ladies, they are!' He kisses the women, autographs his bags . . . he even played the kazoo."

But Jerry Kates is undaunted. He is, he says, negotiating with "the largest food distributor in the country. We'll be in all states and all stores. With the possible exception of Macy's. . . . I've been talking to Bloomingdale's long, hard, and serious. We will be in Bloomingdale's. We will be."

Burton Wolf, one of Bloomingdale's consulting gourmets (the others being James Beard and Milton Glaser), lounged in the doorway of Steve Fass's office. He was tasting a chocolate truffle. "It's all right," he was saying, "but I'd like to feel I'd marry it, and, well, we *date* a lot, you know, but we'd never get married." Truffles, however, were not what Burton Wolf was there for. He was just warming up for the real business at hand—"The Bloomies Cookie." At first, Steve had considered letting the customers choose The Cookie (the store would have barrels of cookies all over the Delicacies Department and everyone would get to vote). But this project promised to be "such a mess" that he decided to "design" Bloomingdale's cookie himself, with the help of Ruth Eshel and Bob Gumport and the consulting gourmets. James Beard, however, was in Portland and Milton Glaser was in Paris.

So Burton, Ruth, Steve, and I gathered in Bob Gumport's office on the afternoon of July 8. On the desk were bags and boxes of cookies submitted by bakers in Manhattan, New Jersey, Brooklyn, and Chicago.

"Shall we begin?" asked Burton, reaching for a good-looking cookie. "Well," he said, nibbling. "There are two basic approaches to the chocolate-chip cookie—moist and dry. Which do you prefer?"

"Moist," I said immediately.

"Me too. But should we offer both?"

"Impossible," said Bob. "It's impossible from a marketing point of view. The customer wants to buy The Bloomies Chocolate-Chip Cookie. One cookie. We can't do a moist and a crisp."

"Do you have any statistics," asked Burton, "on which is more popular, moist or dry?"

"You want a hit on the head?" asked Steve.

The conversation got down to business: "Cookie A is blah." "Well, A is three weeks old. It's great for three weeks old." "This is P. We're very excited about it." "P has a good look. It's big. It's a lotta cookie."

"Here," said Steve, "try Q."

Burton tried it. "It's terrible," he said. "What is it?"

Steve laughed. "Famous Amos."

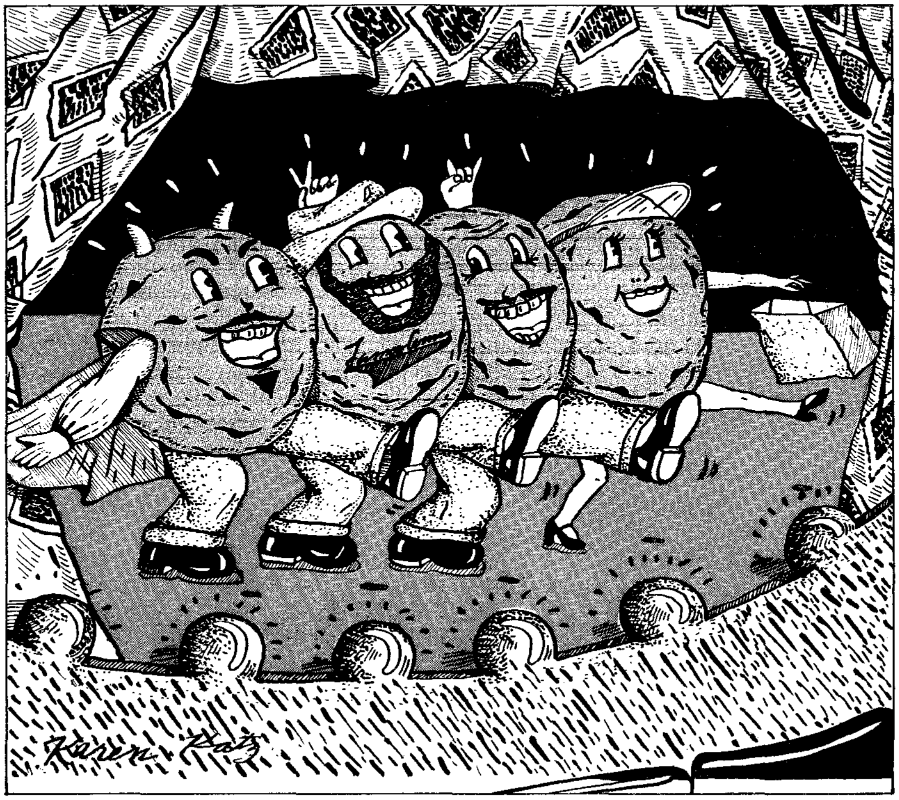
It took about six minutes to narrow the field down to Cookie A and Cookie 2D, and it was decided that the showdown between them would take place the following Wednesday at 10:30 A.M.

I was right on time. It isn't everybody who gets breakfast at Bloomingdale's. Burton, Ruth, and Steve were there, but Cookie 2D, it turned out, was still en route from Brooklyn. I went up to the Delicacies Department for a Bloomies blueberry muffin. All the Famous Amos accessories were reduced for clearance.

Back downstairs, I found that Cookie 2D still hadn't arrived. "Well," said Steve, "let's proceed with Cookie A."

We walked briskly to Bob Gumport's office. Bob was out handling an emergency in one of the branch stores. Milton Glaser was still in Paris, and James Beard was still in Portland. Burton reached for a Cookie A. "I think I'd like it a little nuttier," he said, leaning back in his chair. "This is really exhausting, you know. I think I'm gonna towel off and lie around the locker room for a while."

Ruth tried a cookie. "Mmm. Not too sweet and not too cloying." We all reached for seconds. Appreciative silence. By the time eight boxes of variations on Cookie 2D arrived, along with



"...Effron fantasizes a promotion with Vincent Price burglarizing Tiffany's and coming up with the *real* jewels—cookies!..."

several bottles of Evian water, the entire top layer of one box of A's had disappeared. "That's a damned good chocolate-chip cookie," said Burton. "I like the size, too. Now. I'd like them to dry 24 hours more. We'll have to eat them once a day for the next two weeks to see how they hold up. I'd also like to ship some to Jim. I'd like us to be able to sit here and say, 'This is the *best* damned brownie. . . .' "

"Cookie," said Ruth. "Brownie was last week."

"Cookie. I'd like to increase the pecans, and then if we're all agreed, this is the brownie . . . uh, The Cookie . . . we should eat our cookie against all comers, somewhere on the outside, maybe at my apartment. You decide who you want from your side. If Jacques [Pepin] is back from Paris, I'm gonna ask him. But the problem is, he's not really in the chocolate-chip tradition. . . ."

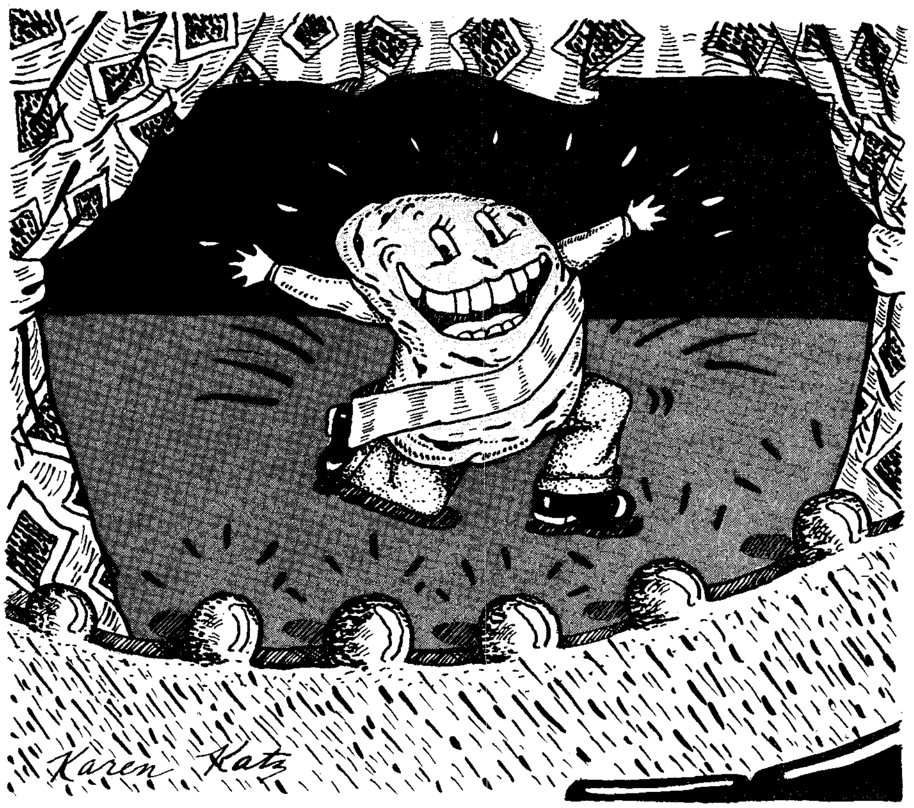
More plans were discussed. Cookie A was the one, all right. The consulting gourmets would add some virtues from another cookie recipe, then make more adaptations. At last, all they needed was the right baker.

As Burton departed for Chinatown to sample dim sum, Steve stood over Bob Gumport's cookie-cluttered desk. "Six months from now," he said, "we will be laughing and Famous Amos will be crying."

Jerry Kates's cookies are now in 43 states. He has a "licensing arrangement" with Fairfield Foods, which has cookie stores in five Pennsylvania and New Jersey shopping centers, doing for the chocolate-chip cookie what Baskin-Robbins did for ice cream. There is even a "cookie of the month." One month it was tutti-frutti (chocolate chip with fruit).

At this point, Kates feels he can afford to be magnanimous about Wally Amos. "There has to be a reason why Jackie Onassis buys *my* cookie," he told me, "but I would never say Wally doesn't make a good cookie. There's room in the world for Wally's cookie and mine and Keebler's and Nabisco's."

Not for Howard Effron's cookie, though. According to Jerry Kates, Effron is "a salesman I fired in January. He found a bakery in Chicago and they're baking this cookie for him. He calls it the Infamous Cookie. Infamous! Charlie Manson is infamous. Sirhan Sirhan is infamous. Effron's cookies are certainly s--t. Call him. He's good copy. . . ."



"I've got a story for you," said Howard Effron when I called him. "It's great copy. Meet me at Orsini's tomorrow at 12:30."

Effron is a *mensh*, the kind of guy with whom you instantly discover you have friends in common, from Allentown, Pennsylvania, to Beverly Hills, and from whom you get, during a single lunchtime, an entire lifetime: "I've been in the turkey business from the day I got out of Princeton. Dutchess Farms. We're the largest suppliers of turkeys for corporate gift-giving in the world. . . . I fed the Bay of Pigs invasion army. When my daughter liked stuffed animals, I started the first of the monster stuffed animals. I've produced bad Broadway plays. . . ."

Of the chocolate-chip-cookie situation, Howard Effron said, "It's a war. Of idiots." He claims that Jerry Kates was never his direct employer and therefore couldn't have fired him. Effron says he was employed by Suggesta Sales Corporation, a selling agent for Famous cookies, which no longer sells for Kates because Kates owes the company commissions for its sales.

Effron can't understand how Kates could have put out a cookie called "Famous." Kates, who just stopped J. C. Penney from calling *its* cookies "Famous," wonders why Effron couldn't have called his cookies "Howard's Cookies, or Grandpa's, or something."

Both Kates and Effron are great admirers of Wally Amos. However, Kates does point out that " there's a Famous Ramos in Florida. They do restaurants or something." And Effron advises, "Before you have Wally Amos walking on water, check out the Nathan's Famous logo."

At any rate, in February of this year Effron decided to go into the cookie business "to teach that sonofabitch [Kates] a lesson."

"Now," Effron told me, "I got a problem. I had to come up with something completely *new*. I said, 'We gotta have chocolate so big it's not a chip, it's a chunk.' So I call my cookies 'Chocolate Chunk Cookies.' Now, my slogan for my turkeys is 'lazy, pampered birds, good for nothing but eating.' So I decided to use that same philosophy with the cookies. They're so good that you *have* to eat them even though they'll make you obese.

"Then I said to myself, 'Who represents all we're saying—Mister Sin and Infamy *and* a gourmet? Vincent Price!' " Effron flew to L.A. to get Price's endorsement. "Vincent flipped over the bag," Effron recalls. "And the cookies. He's a *lovely* man."

Effron aimed for a crisp cookie, having had an advertising agency conduct research, mainly among women at a local tennis club, that proved "the adult market likes a crisp cookie two to one. And this is an adult market for the young marrieds, the singles, the older people. This is not a kid's cookie. . . ."

"I'm working on a T-shirt," Howard Effron went on. "I want to take a cookie and have a big chunk out of it—like in the Big Apple—and this will go over the left breast. All it'll say is 'Sinfully Good.' You can read it as the breast or the cookie. . . . It may be too risqué, so I'm having them come up with what I call a proper T-shirt too."

As for the actual appearance of The Infamous Cookie in the stores, "We're gonna open at Bullock's Wilshire with a class promotion. I'll sell Broadway. I'll open San Francisco with I. Magnin. It's a fancy city, so why not open in the fanciest store? We're the best in the business. Why not I. Magnin?"

When I left Howard Effron, his thoughts were on Tiffany's. "Imagine a promotion with Vincent Price—and Truman Capote—burglarizing Tiffany's and then coming up with the real jewels—the cookies!"

He called me several days later to report that Saks Fifth Avenue had "flipped" over his "Scenes of Infamy Cookie Caddy," an idea inspired by the limited-edition art plates which he manufactures. He's using eight-and-a-half-inch-high tins and decorating them with "infamous women like Eve, Cleopatra . . . in original art from the Met. But instead of Eve giving the apple to Adam, she's gonna give him a cookie. Maybe I'll do Venus coming out of the shell, but instead of having her hand over here, she'll have her hand on a cookie. The caption will read something like 'Botticelli . . . courtesy of the Met. Cookie, courtesy of Infamous.' " Saks chose two scenes for its Christmas catalog. Also, Effron had sent a salesman to San Francisco. He won over I. Magnin and, while he was there, he stopped by Macy's. "They flipped," said Effron. "They're gonna put me in." [Macy's San Francisco hasn't decided about that yet.]

"The weather is pretty here every day," Wally Amos told me over the phone from Honolulu, where he is now living and opening another store. "Yesterday I went to the beach. It's hard to believe I'm working. I just did a big promotion last weekend. I sailed over to Maui on a friend's yacht and they had all these girls come out and meet us in a canoe and a band was playing and I brought 20,000 cookies and 500 cartons of milk. We had a Cookielau! I'm having a ball!" And Famous Amos laughed.

How the Cookies Crumble

There was once a time when only two schools of chocolate-chip cookies existed: store-bought and Mother's. Anybody's mother's. Now, of course, there is a new breed of chocolate-chip cookies, the you-could-swear-it's-homemade variety, close enough to anybody's mother's to cause paroxysms of *déjà mangé.* At least that's the goal of the new cookiemongers, who are all trying to produce cookies that can meet the exacting standards of the true chocolate-chip-cookie expert. A true chocolate-chip-cookie expert is any American over the age of teething, or, for the purposes of this little survey, me—and my friends Vanessa, Marty, and Bill, plus my mother, my father, my Aunt Buddy, and my parents' friends Millie and Dave.

It *was* my opinion that there really is nothing like a genuine, homemade chocolate-chip cookie. But it turned out that some of the new breed could fool even my mother. This is the way the cookies crumbled:

The Infamous Cookie (Two seventeen-ounce "Scenes of Infamy" tins for $15 at Saks Fifth Avenue in the beginning of October; $3.50 for seventeen ounces at Embassy Gourmet, 1431 Broadway; $3.69 at The Basket Shop, 21 Barclay Street). Infamous is too sweet, and mealy and hard rather than crispy. Also, the "chocolate chunks" are more like dabs, and the chocolate itself is totally without character.

O.G. Dining Rooms, Inc., Handmade Chocolate-Chip Cookie (40 cents each [takeout] at the O.G. Dining Room, 113 Thompson Street; two for 90 cents at Bloomingdale's Delicacies Department, and two for 79 cents at Zabar's). A zaftig cookie (about three inches in diameter), but the thickness makes it more caky than cookielike. Futhermore, of two packages bought at Zabar's and three cookies from the home base, all were underbaked. There are plenty of chocolate chips and bits of walnuts, though.

Balducci's Chocolate Chip Cookies by Philip ($1.75 for eight ounces at Balducci's; this cookie is also sold at specialty stores around town as Chocolate Chip Cookies by Philip). The appealing tawniness, due to chocolate in the batter, also makes for little contrast between the cookie and the chips. This is not an authentic chocolate-chip cookie, although it's a nice cookie—"the other cookie," as it became known during one tasting.

The Famous Chocolate Chip Cookie (approximately $3 a pound at Zabar's, A & S, and all Bagel Noshes). The Chocolate Chip with Pecans is a very good, crunchy cookie reminiscent of Famous Amos's but skimpy on the chips and lacking an addictive quality, for some reason (I suspect it's textural—this cookie is harder than Famous Amos's). The Butterscotch Chip With Pecans is the top of the line, heavily brown-sugared and delectable.

The Famous Amos ($3.50 a pound at Macy's and Zabar's). These are not just happy cookies. They're delirious—light and airy, redolent of pecans, with a whisper of coconut. And they're bite-size. As with salted peanuts, one is not enough. Famous Amos has converted me from the moist to the crispy camp, and from a size 5 to a size 7.

The Well-Bred Loaf, Inc. (40 cents each at the Well-Bred Loaf, 301 East 91st Street; at other shops also). Meal-size, and very chewy, with a rich, sweet butter-and-brown-sugar flavor that plays perfect counterpoint to an abundance of semisweet chocolate chips and walnuts. Several of my experts detected oversaltiness, but this is altogether a great cookie.

Bellamellio (25 cents at Bellamellio, 168 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn). No nuts at all, but who needs them? There are chocolate chips in every bite, and the total taste is incredibly Toll House, as good and old-fashioned as the price. This is the best giant, chewy chocolate-chip cookie in the city (maybe even the best cookie, period). Forgive me, Mother, but you've met your match. (While in the shop, by the way, try one of the Wheaties & Brown Sugar cookies, which manage to be both chewy and crispy and cost only 15 cents apiece.)

The Cooks' Kitchen Cookie Collection Beard-Glaser-Wolf Chocolate Chip Cookie (due at Bloomingdale's in late September; the price is not yet set. This, "The Bloomies Cookie," will be sold in the 70-odd Cooks' Kitchen shops across the country). The working title is quite a mouthful—but then, so is The Cookie (judging by the final round of samples I tried). It's moist, chewy, and chock-full of pecans and a custom-designed chocolate which makes all other chocolates taste, relatively, like wax. "This is a really *involved* cookie," said one of the few experts who wasn't rendered speechless by the exquisiteness of it all. Even John Simon approves. The chocolate-chip cookie has arrived—again. —E.S.

New York's Mr. Lucky

By Doug Ireland

"...Anthony Scotto, drinking with governors, dining with mayors, is a shrewd power junkie who takes care of business first..."

Few public figures have seen the inside of as many grand-jury rooms and committee halls as Anthony Scotto, boss of the Brooklyn docks. His comings and goings have been recorded in minute detail by countless newspaper "exposés"; for twenty years the man has been talking on a bugged phone.

The purpose of all this surveillance? To prove once and for all that the mob controls Scotto . . . and that Scotto controls the waterfront.

So why is this man drinking with governors, dining with mayors, sipping dry white wine with cold bass at La Grenouille with the people who matter? Because two decades of investigations have yet to lay a glove on Tony Scotto. Because he says he's clean. But, most important to the town's power brokers who court his favors shamelessly, because what Tony promises, Tony delivers.

Powerful men are usually not very attractive men, but Anthony Scotto is an exception. Tall, handsome, virile. Well built and well clothed (by Carter Burden's tailor), part of the city's invisible power elite usually peopled by those paunchy, nervous men who draw in their wake ravenous, sleek women in Geoffrey Beene chic. Oh, Tony Scotto draws the women: instinctive rapture when he walks into the room—the way it was, and is, for that other urban charmer, John Lindsay. When Lindsay first spotted Scotto across a crowded banquet room, he understood at once that there was another *mensh* in town. And it was none other than the Honorable John Vliet Lindsay who brought Anthony Scotto, president of the tough Brooklyn longshoremen, from political insider to social darling of New York's inner circle. So came the Tisches, the Rudins, the Wagners, the Salomons, and the rest of the uptown set that runs this town to give Tony easy access to their world, drawn in, perhaps, by the man's Jay Gatsby qualities: understated power, deftly wielded with a shrewd sophistication. The Apple's new Mr. Lucky.

There was a time when Anthony Scotto was not so well received by the town gentry. But, social graces and southern European sensuality aside, Tony Scotto is an extremely shrewd, hardworking power junkie who takes care of business first, last, and always. You won't find him dancing till dawn at Le Club. But you would have found him as the only labor leader at a recent Association for a Better New York breakfast for Bert Lance (Jimmy Carter's main man for management). Even the powerful wait, however, when union matters press. Scotto was a sudden no-show at posh parties at William vanden Heuvel's and Arthur Krim's when the recent, brief national dockworkers' strike broke out. Mr. Lucky, though only one of a dozen vice-presidents, was sitting in as number-two man on the union's national negotiating team.

No small part of the man's appeal comes from whom he married—in the words of Jimmy Breslin, "a history book." His wife, Marion, is the daughter of Anthony "Tough Tony" Anastasio, the former Brooklyn longshore boss who built the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA), the union Scotto now heads. She is also the niece of Albert Anastasia (the brothers spelled the name differently), who ran an untidy little business known as Murder, Incorporated. You may remember Albert. He came to a sudden end in a barbershop chair one afternoon. An acute case of lead poisoning.

Scotto has been linked in public print and private testimony with organized crime. In 1969, days after he had been named a member of John Lindsay's reelection committee, the New York *Times* front-paged a story with the headline SCOTTO IS CALLED CAPTAIN IN MAFIA.

Still it goes on. Three months ago, the *Times* reported that the Justice Department and the Federal Bureau of

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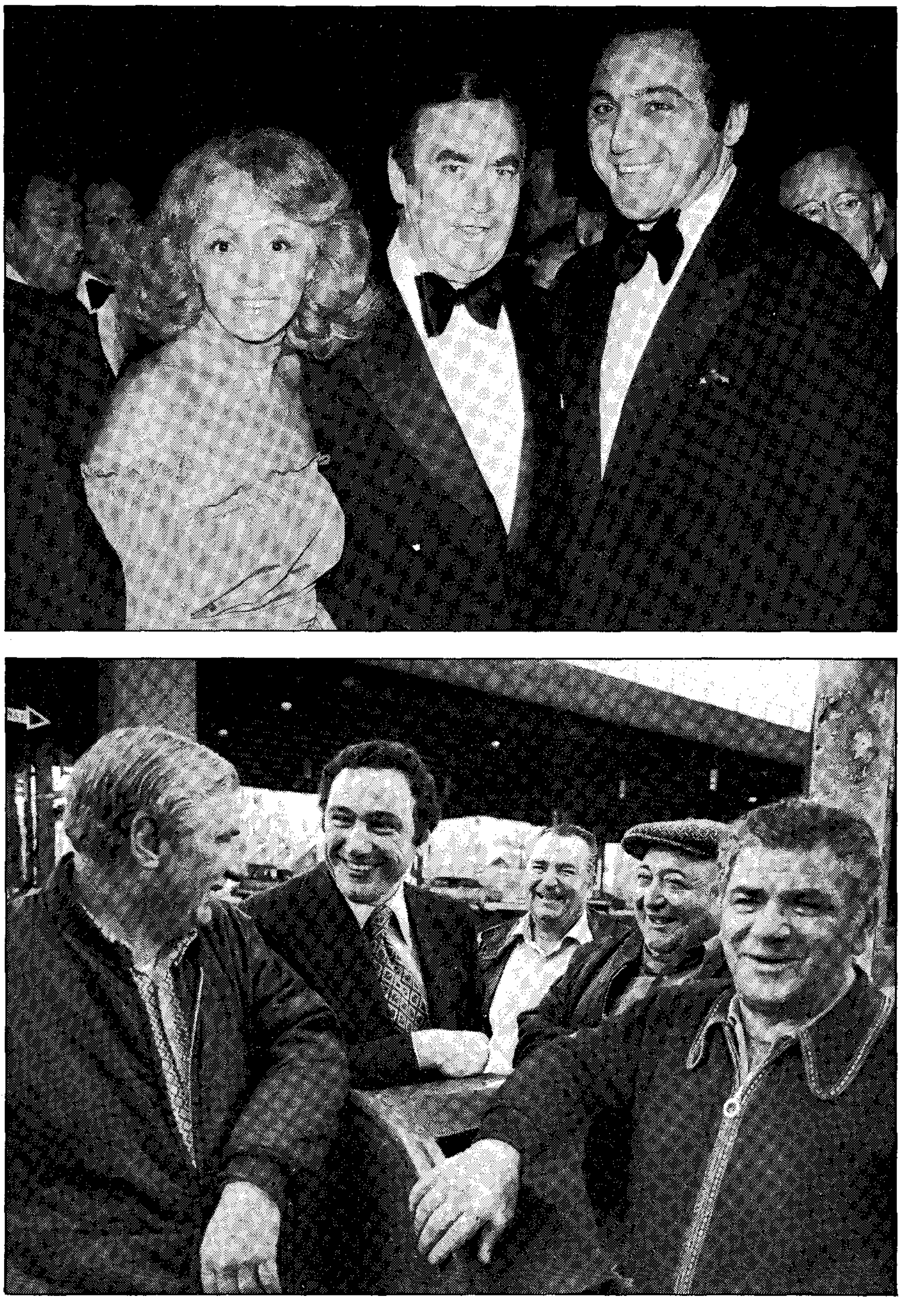
Doug Ireland writes about politics and public affairs.



Two of Mr. Lucky's worlds: *Partying, with wife Marion at Carey's birthday party. Working, down on the docks with his longshoremen in front of the hiring hall.*

Investigation were conducting a major investigation of kickbacks from shipping companies to ILA leaders, and called Scotto "a major target of this investigation." However, Justice Department sources now say that Scotto is actually the "primary target" of the probe, which includes investigation of possible kickbacks from insurance companies doing business with union welfare and pension funds. Over 300 subpoenas have been issued in the Southern District in recent weeks. While Scotto and his Brooklyn associates have not yet been subpoenaed, his union records have (as have those of all ILA locals and the international union as well).

You can't fault the feds for not trying. The Justice Department requires three "independent" sources in listing someone as an organized-crime figure. Two of its sources for naming Scotto were informers: Freddie Sanantonio, a Gambino-family loan shark, and the infamous Joe Valachi. Two FBI wiretaps, possibly illegal, formed the third source. One tap was on the apartment of Rosario (Saro) Mogavero, an ex–ILA vice-president with a record of convictions for homicide and tax evasion; the other was on the house of Big Mike Clemente, a travel agent and former pier boss whose record of convictions for rape, assault, extortion, and tax evasion dates back to 1925. Law-enforcement sources say the two mobsters were overheard discussing Scotto in terms the FBI felt linked him to Carlo Gambino.

Remind him that he is a target of the current federal investigation into white-collar waterfront crime and the man explodes. "Nobody can say I ever received a nickel. You know, when they said I was in the Mafia in 1969, during the Lindsay campaign, you had to wonder. Rockefeller hated Lindsay, and he wasn't too fond of me either. Mitchell was attorney general then. We've seen a lot of things since then that were done by the Watergate crowd to innocent people. . . ."

Anthony's roots on the docks are in the largely Italian Red Hook section of South Brooklyn, where many longshoremen live and where Scotto grew up. His father, John, a former longshoreman, helped organize the sanitation union, now headed by John DeLury, while working as inspector for the Department of Sanitation. Later, John Scotto was hired as an ILA organizer by "Tough Tony" Anastasio, the Brooklyn ILA boss.

Like many young men in the Depression, John Scotto acquired a record. In 1929 he was arrested for petty larceny—for stealing pigeons—and paroled by the court of special sessions. In 1932 he was shot in the left side while trying to pry the bars off the window of a candy store at 74 Rapelye Street in South Brooklyn. He received a suspended sentence of three years and probation. But the Scottos were, in comparison to many of their neighbors, a middle-class family.

"We lived in an apartment in a building owned by my mother, at 606 Henry Street. As a matter of fact, Assemblyman Mike Pesce and his wife, Rose Ann Scamardella [of WABC-TV's Eyewitness News], lived in that same apartment. It's around the corner from where some of the nouveau Brooklynites like John Zuccotti live," Scotto smiles.

The young Scotto was typical of the new breed of Americanized Italians that "Tough Tony" Anastasio cultivated in his later years. Scotto attended St. Francis Preparatory, then went to Brooklyn College for three years while working on the waterfront as a longshoreman.

"I went to Packer Collegiate Institute on Joralemon Street, and Tony was active in the CYO [Catholic Youth Organization]," Marion Scotto remembers. "We met at a coffee shop across from school." Both families encouraged the courtship, and soon they were engaged. Tony left school and went to work for the union's welfare fund as an investigator. Three years later Marion and Tony were married, the same year Scotto was named by Marion's father as the first administrator of the union's medical center.

Photographed by Carroll House Communications, Inc.

On the Waterfront, Then and Now

To understand the rise of Anthony Scotto, one must go back to the origins of the modern Brooklyn longshore union. The waterfront was a much different place in the Depression, when Scotto's father-in-law, "Tough Tony" Anastasio, was made a hiring boss thanks to his brother Albert Anastasia's "in" with the mob goons who ran the waterfront then.

"When I worked on the waterfront," recalls City Council President Paul O'Dwyer, "you loaded every bag of jute by hand on handcarts at 3 cents per 100 pounds." The backbreaking labor was matched in intensity by the constant struggle for the work itself. The hiring boss dominated the pier. The dehumanizing shape-up—portrayed so vividly in *On the Waterfront*—fostered a peon psychology among the hard-bitten dockworkers.

Then, too, the ILA was balkanized. "In those days there were a lot of s--tty little storefronts, eight or nine locals in Brooklyn alone," Anthony Scotto says. "Joe Ryan [then ILA president, later indicted on 51 counts of misusing union funds] was good at that. He'd issue a charter for almost every pier and keep everybody fighting. As you gained power in the union, you got a job. That's how my father-in-law made his way up."

Today, a visit to the hiring hall on Brooklyn's waterfront at 60th Street and Third Avenue reveals a scene far different from that dirty little bar where Johnny Friendly used to put out his cigars in the stevedores' faces. Now, Scotto's men calmly wait in line, check in at a series of booths like bank tellers' windows, register in a fully computerized system. This modern setup, run by the New York Shipping Association under its contract with the ILA, contains a full profile of each ILA member's working history. No longer do the men rove in gangs from pier to pier in search of work. Computer terminals tell the hiring agents where the work is and where the crews are short, and, under the guaranteed annual income, checking in for work at the hiring hall brings in nearly as much money as working does.

The hiring hall—now called an "employment center"—is supervised by the Waterfront Commission of New York Harbor. Established as a temporary bistate agency in 1953, in the days when corruption, kickbacks, and thievery on the docks were still commonplace, the commission has a $5-million budget paid for by assessments on employers. In the beginning the commission played an important role in helping to clean up the waterfront. It established a licensing and registration setup that ended the shape-up system, which fostered bribery to obtain jobs, and it helped break the back of mob control of the docks. However, says one assistant district attorney who feels the commission has outlived its usefulness, "we call them the Keystone Kops. They spend most of their time busting little guys for snagging a bottle of hooch. Pilferage is less than $500,000 a year, and the cops and customs people catch most of it." Scotto himself is under constant, and obvious, surveillance whenever he visits the docks; with wry amusement he points out, as part of the local scenery, the Waterfront Commission detectives in an unmarked car.

The real crime problem on waterfronts throughout the country today is white-collar, not strong-arm. Instead of direct shakedowns, one finds shippers leasing equipment from companies "friendly" to unions to ensure an absence of labor problems. Big Mike Clemente, a former pier boss with an arrest record dating back to 1925, used to rent for $45,000 a year a piece of machinery you could buy for $50,000. Box cranes for going inside container ships, generators placed in the holds of ships to create light, fuel for those generators and for the trucks which haul away the freight—all these can be the vehicles for sweetheart arrangements. But no one has yet been able to link Scotto to this sort of "businesslike" crime.

Allegations about Scotto's crime connections are the last thing the rank-and-file dockworker seems to be concerned about. Indeed, on the piers there is an easy camaraderie between the union leader and his members. In the hiring hall or on a working pier most of the workers greet him by his first name. Growls Tommy Puma, a rotund, thick-armed ILA member, "You remember when I was your monitor at P.S. 142? What a pisser you were." "You're getting too fat, Tommy," smiles Scotto. "Lay off the zitis."

Says another veteran longshoreman, "Scotto's been good for us. I been onna docks 39 years. In the old days we had no pension, no nuthin': You work or you die. It was like that. Now we got the best any workin' people got." —D.I.

When "Tough Tony" Anastasio died in 1963, the 28-year-old Scotto, already the youngest vice-president of the union, took over the presidency of Local 1814. In the years since, his union—and its members—have made great strides. When Anastasio built the modern Brooklyn ILA in the mid-fifties, the average longshoreman made about $2,500 a year. By 1963 the average wage had increased to only about $5,000 a year. And there were few if any benefits.

Now, in 1977, the average annual wage is over $16,000. This is one of Scotto's proudest accomplishments: a guaranteed annual wage, which he won from the shipping industry as the price it agreed to pay for the containerization (the use of boxcar-size, oceangoing containers to simplify the loading process) that has drastically cut the need for longshoremen. In 1952, 50,000 longshoremen worked on New York's docks. Today that number is down to 12,000, of whom 7,000 or so work on any one day. But whether they work or not, dockworkers are guaranteed 2,080 hours a year at $8 an hour. Before containerization, longshore productivity averaged one ton a man-hour; now productivity reaches 200 to 300 tons a man-hour.

Health and welfare benefits are extensive. The modern ILA Medical Center, run by the union for its members and their families, has telephonic monitoring of pacemakers, and there is even a Department of Nuclear Medicine that is used by hospitals in the area. Located in South Brooklyn directly opposite the Brooklyn ILA headquarters, the spotless facility is the most impressive testimony to the service-oriented unionism which has made Scotto a popular leader with his members, whether Italian, Irish, or black.

Scotto promotes the industry, his union, and himself from an office on the top floor of the modern three-story building at 343 Court Street in South Brooklyn that serves as headquarters for ILA Local 1814. The office is as secure in its look as the man who occupies it is in the way he projects himself. Furnished in deep, rich browns, expensive textured carpets, chrome-and-leather chairs, chrome-and-imitation-wood Formica desks, wood paneling on the walls—the atmosphere of a forties movie set brought up to date by an Italian director with an unlimited budget. RKO could have used the office for Cary Grant when they made *Mr. Lucky* in 1943. Scotto even has Cary Grant's cleft chin, good looks, suave manner—and Mr. Lucky's colorful retainers.

Lunch is served in the dining room adjacent to Scotto's office. An FM radio

Washington Car Pool.

"How Effective is Carter's Anti-Limousine Policy?" by Phil Stanford

March 27, 1977 issue

White House parking has not yet come to this. Nor have staffers been getting to work on a thumb and a prayer.

Still, as President Carter's anti-limousine policy settles in, Chevy Chase may become more than the name of a Washington suburb; it may describe the ride to work.

Already, the Chevy or Checker is replacing the customary Cad. Though there remain many members of Congress who have not yet been reborn.

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"...'Some people have difficulty using power. I'm not afraid of it. I don't procrastinate'..."

on low volume beats out Garland Jeffries's "Wild in the Streets" as Scotto's cook and office manager, Ciro Gambardella, a former female impersonator ("They called me the Great Ciro when I did Carmen Miranda in Palm Beach"), offers a choice of Perrier water or imported Soave. Ciro, a roly-poly man with a Truman Capote voice, runs office errands and also often cooks for Scotto and his luncheon guests.

"Most of the people you see around here either worked on the waterfront or had family who did," Scotto says as he enters the room in double-pleated cotton slacks with wide cuffs, his jacket off and his tie loose at the neck. "Ciro had two brothers on the docks and worked there himself for a while."

Ciro serves an exquisite mushroom omelet and salad whipped up in Scotto's office kitchen, and the conversation turns to the power which sits so comfortably here. "My power base is first the union, then the labor movement, then the politics," Scotto says firmly. "It's the network of relationships in the labor movement that gives me my power in politics. I realized long ago that we didn't have too many friends, and I've put my energies into making them."

He's succeeded. He's part of Hugh Carey's inner circle and a close adviser to Abe Beame. His support is being wooed by all those, candidates and fat cats alike, who wish the mayor would retire from City Hall. They remember Scotto was key to the making of a mayor once before—Lindsay in 1969—and will be again.

The phone next to the dining-room table rings softly, with the first in a series of calls Scotto has asked his statuesque secretary, Calista Bryant (a ringer for Pam Grier), to place during lunch. Scotto, who headed Governor Carey's labor committee in the 1974 election, is making sure his trade-union brothers know he's still team captain.

First to be reached is United Federation of Teachers president Albert Shanker. "Hey, Al, how are you today? Yes? Good. Listen, you're going to be getting an invitation for next Thursday from the governor; he's having a birthday party at the Waldorf. You should get yours in a day or so, but I wanted you to know. Well, I'll give him your regards."

Scotto picks up his fork. "If you work at your trade and broaden relationships, you really don't need a big base. We only have 6,000 members, not counting retirees. Power is like money—it's no good if you don't know how to use it. It's like a muscle which atrophies with disuse."

The phone rings. It's Teamsters leader Barry Feinstein. "Hey, Barry, how are you today. Yes? Good. Listen, you're going to be getting an invitation for next Thursday from the governor. . . ."

"Some people have difficulty using power," Scotto continues. "I'm not afraid of it. I never had a problem making a decision, even as a referee at a CYO basketball game. I don't procrastinate and I don't like people who do.

"Carter? You know, this was his last campaign stop. October 28, in New York City, right here at our union hall. But I'm becoming afraid he's more the conservative businessman that his background suggests. I feel I may be in a position soon to influence the entire political situation. We're doing nationally in the ILA what we did ten years ago in Brooklyn—building a political-action fund. Right now I'm calling more shots. I'm on the national COPE operating committee. Sure, I'd like to be president of the ILA, when and if Teddy Gleason retires. That's a way off; he's in pretty good health."

Scotto's office reflects power. The artifacts decorate the walls. Pictures. Scotto sitting between Carter and Carey. Carey—signed "Warm thanks for your primary support"—at the governor's 1974 victory celebration, held downstairs in the ILA union hall that September night. Scotto and Humphrey and Jerry Wurf. Scotto and Charles Goodell. Scotto at the White House in 1964 with Lyndon Johnson. Letters. From LBJ. A warm note of gratitude, signed "Bob," from Robert Kennedy.

Does he ever get tired of being called Mafia? "I'm stoic, but I don't want to get to the point where it doesn't bother me. It's been rougher on my family."

Marion Scotto agrees. Blond, vivacious, charming, blunt, Marion serves as a dollar-a-year coordinator of community and cultural affairs for Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden. "I remember when Daddy appeared before the Senate Crime Committee. He didn't tell us he was going to be on TV, but everybody watched those Kefauver hearings in the fifties. All of a sudden, here he was! My mother said, 'What should we do?' Uncle Frank said, 'Throw the phone out the window.' And do you know, she did! . . . But the worst was in 1969, when they called me before some local committee [the Dunne State Senate Committee on Crime and Correction]. Right before me they called a man who was in jail for murder. All the other witnesses were people with terrible criminal records. And they put me in the middle! What could I possibly tell these people that they didn't already know? It was the publicity that killed me. I put myself in the house for a month and cried.

"The next day, my son Anthony got in a fight in school. My son John was sent home by the principal. He was five. He came home and said, 'Mommy, somebody said you were in the Muffins Club, and I said you weren't. Are you?' I couldn't figure out what he was talking about and then it hit me—Muffins Club. Mafia. Oh, my God!"

Marion Scotto is considered by some to be one of Anthony's biggest assets. In 1976 she was asked to head Senator Henry Jackson's slate of convention-delegate candidates in Brooklyn's 15th Congressional District. The slate won. "They wanted me to run for the Assembly, but I didn't want to leave the family. I'd love to run again, though. Tony's a male chauvinist; in the beginning he didn't want me to get a job. But he came around, and now he's my biggest inspiration. We're all ambitious in our family. Tony, sure. But the kids too. Nobody in our family wants to be a *nothing*. When they lack ambition, then I get nervous."

Where does all this ambition come from? Perhaps, as a good friend of the Scotto family says, "it's part of the search for respectability. It's a way to get out of the old stories about Marion's Uncle Albert and the days when her father was 'Tough Tony.' It's a way to overcome the stigma of the Mafia label. That's why Anthony, who is a liberal at heart, moves with the power brokers and plays with the Establishment. He wants that respectability." Just like Mr. Lucky.

Is Tony Scotto a mob-connected wise guy? His witty flak, John Scanlon (who used to perform the same job for Felix Rohatyn and Big Mac), says, "Look, they've been after him since his honeymoon with Marion. He's been audited by the IRS twelve times. They've been all over him. Anthony's pretty smart, and they're pretty dumb. But he's not that smart and they're not that dumb. If there were something to get, they would have to have it by now."

Meanwhile, as yet another investigation of Tony Scotto continues, there he is in the Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room, dancing with his wife, at the governor's birthday party, surrounded by the cream of New York's respectables and worthies. Who needs Cary Grant anyway? ▬

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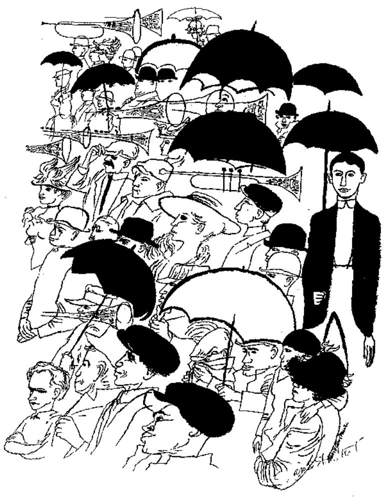
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

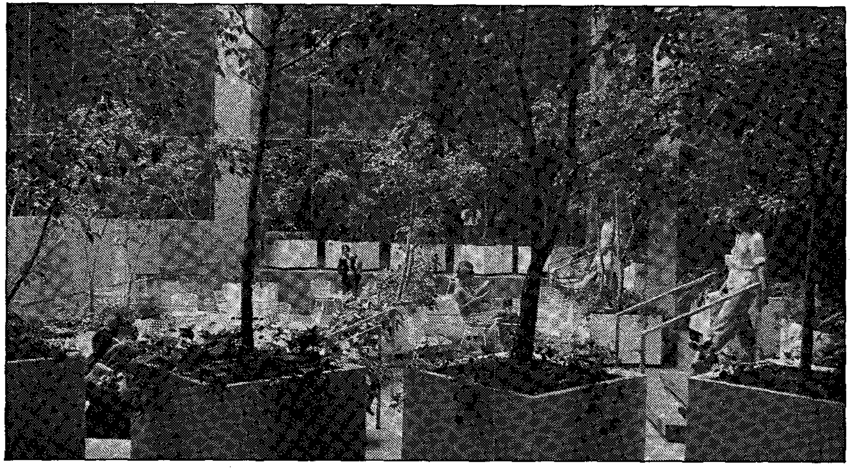


Notes From Underground

"They were fine in their time, then went through a period of looking dated and inappropriate, and are now charmingly reminiscent of the illustrative style of the forties and fifties," says one graphically explicit observer. He is talking about a series of black-and-white prints of musicians—Pee Wee Russell, Jelly Roll Morton, Baby Dodds, among others—which were done 25 years ago by David Stone Martin. The prints were deposited in a cellar someplace and the plates destroyed. Now the prints are found and being sold for $150 each. There are 76 of them, each hand-signed by the artist. This one, showing Jelly Roll Morton on the right, is called *The Concert*.

ROADS GALLERIES/*400 East 57th Street*
486-1441/By appointment only

JIM LAPINE

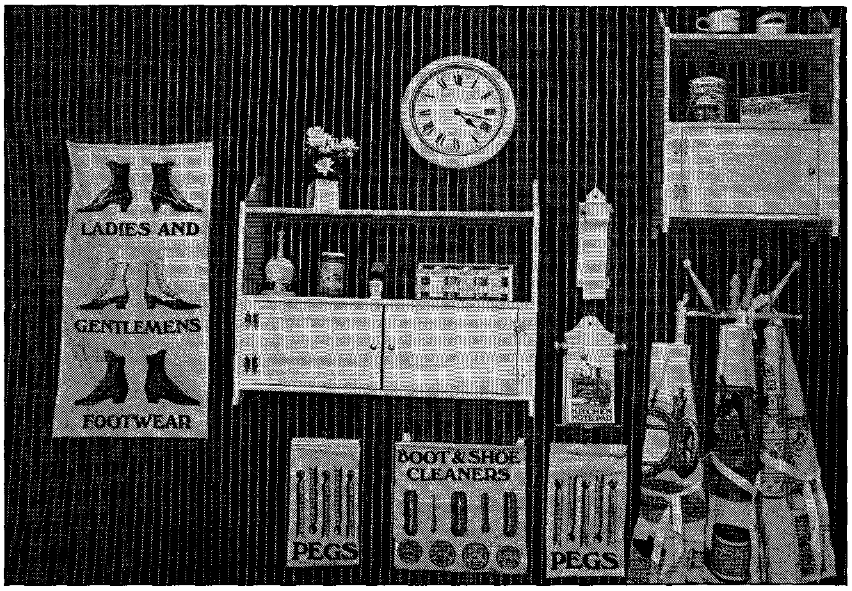


Open Secret

If you're neither a mad dog nor an Englishman and prefer to stay out of the midday sun to brown-bag it or just relax, Olympic Place is just the air-conditioned midtown oasis. Although it is enclosed, you still have the feeling that you're out of doors. There is a skylight above, trees and bushes all around, and a waterfall that so far, alas, has suffered from a drought. There are six small, Saarinen-like tables with comfortable chairs, and an upper and a lower level to choose from. It's all here because the city swapped some air rights with Olympic Tower in exchange for this pedestrian amenity, an exchange that so far seems only to have benefited Olympic Tower. Despite the discreet signs on its marquees which declare OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, 7 A.M. TO 12 P.M., hardly anybody seems to realize that Olympic Place is not just a nice entrance to Olympic Tower but is another vest-pocket park, like Paley Park, and that it is indeed open to the public for whatever we want to do with it. Peanut butter and jelly, anyone? **—John Tauranac**

OLYMPIC PLACE/*645 Fifth Avenue, just off the avenue, between 51st and 52nd streets*

CHARLES BAUM



Matters of Import

Oh, to be at Diversions, now that England's there! By which we mean pine medicine and kitchen cabinets ($85 and $130), a hanging clothespin bag that says "Pegs" ($4), others that say "Boot and Shoe Cleaners" ($6.50) and "Ladies and Gentlemens Footwear" ($8.50), hanging note and roll pads on pine holders ($8.50 and $12.50), all sorts of aprons ($7–$8.50), a pine clock ($125), and a pine gewgaw that dispenses string and Scotch tape ($8).

DIVERSIONS/*905 Madison Avenue near 73rd Street/737-7073*

The Big Pineapple

She stands on the sidewalk behind a kitchen table all day from 8:30 to 6:30 carving pineapples. Her name is Charing, she's from the Philippines, and the pineapples—which are the most consistently sweet and juicy ones we've ever tasted seven in a row of—are from Hawaii. A whole one is, unbelievably, only $2; a sculpted slice on a stick is 25 cents.

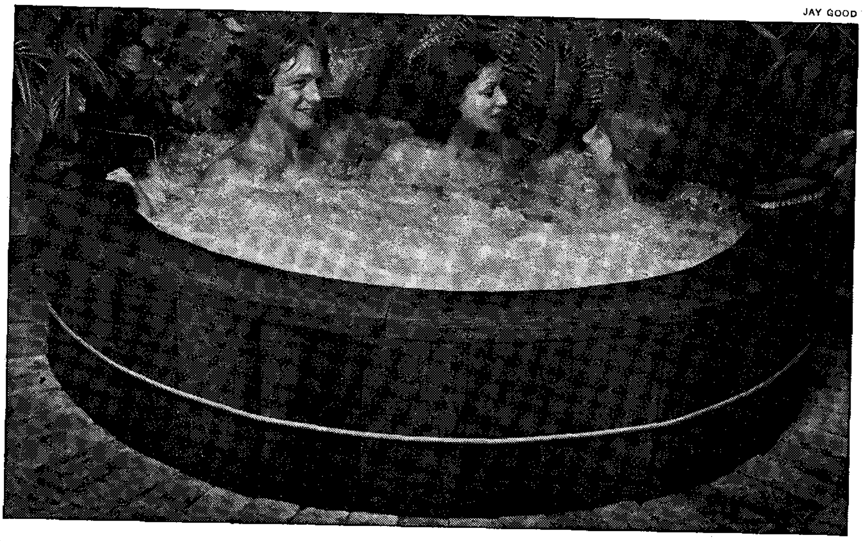
CHARING/*231 First Avenue near 14th Street*

The Old South

John Grafton's *New York in the Nineteenth Century* and Clarence P. Hornung's *The Way It Was* are awesome albums of New York–in–engravings, if engravings are your thing. They are not ours. But photos are, and so *South Street*—with dandy photos by Edmund Gillon and text by Ellen Rosebrock (who has proficiently and prolifically been chronicling the Seaport)—is. Above: Belgian-block paving on Fulton Street.

SOUTH STREET/*By Ellen Fletcher Rosebrock and Edmund V. Gillon Jr./Dover/$4*

JAY GOOD



Best Wet

"It's not a bathing tub, it's a soaking tub," says the fellow at California Hottub, as he watches us paddle our fingers through the seductively warm and whirling water. The Hottub, which can hold one loner or fifteen friends, is constructed of redwood and comes with a filter, heater, water pump, and dear little interior bench. In kit form, it runs from $1,280 (for a tub three by three) to $2,770 (for a tub five by eight); installed, it's $1,445 to $2,970. Extra accessories include a cover, inside lights, and an "aqua-jet" air ring (the Jacuzzi-like item that keeps things moving). Fill the tub once every two or three months; the water is circulated and cleaned automatically. A nice plaything for the penthouse terrace, perhaps; absolutely ideal for the loft.

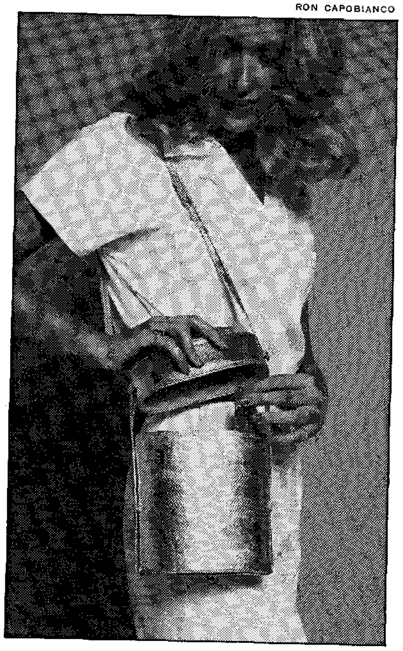
CALIFORNIA HOTTUB/*60 Third Avenue near 11th Street/982-3000*

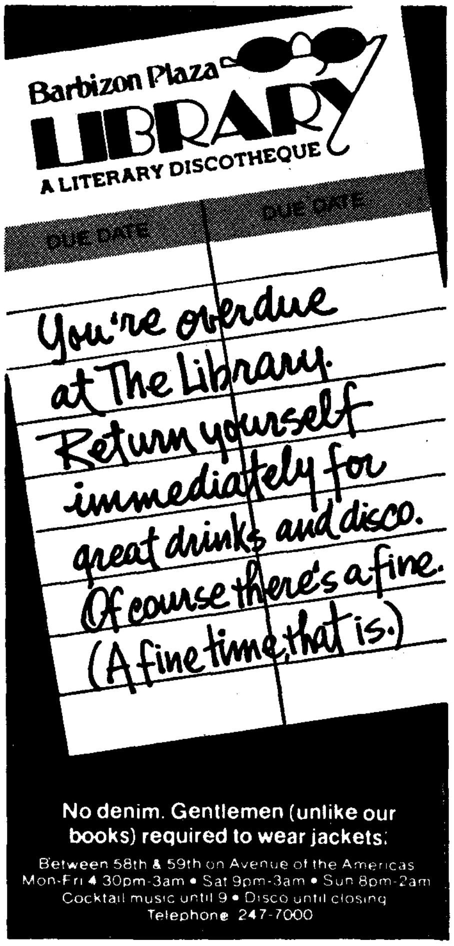
Upper Case

It would hardly protect your binoculars, and it costs a lot for a handbag, but it is snakeskin and is handmade by Christopher Trill in England; in gold, red, green, violet ($115). **—Priscilla Tucker**

RIDING HIGH/*1143 First Avenue near 62nd Street/832-7927*

RON CAPOBIANCO

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BEAU PERE: COME HUNGRY

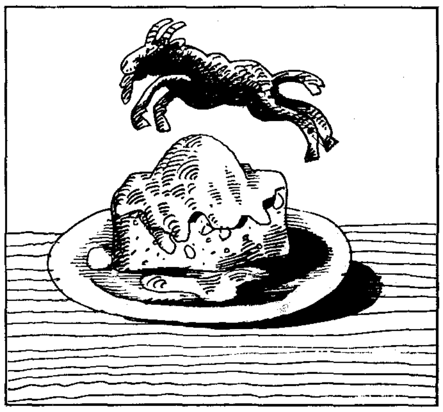
If you call during the day, a recorded voice will ask that you place your reservation with the message machine and that you arrive at the appointed time with a bottle of wine and a good appetite. You may or may not want to bring wine, but take the recording's advice about your appetite. At **Le Beau Père**, 13 Eighth Avenue at 12th Street, 242-9241, the portions are substantial and the food (both Middle European and Middle Eastern) is inventive. It's cooked by the Rumanian-born owner, George Marcus, who, looking through his French dictionary for something easily remembered, chose the phrase for "father-in-law."

You enter a softly lighted room. One wall is rose brick; the others are painted a pool-table green. The tables are covered in dark flowered linen; orange napkins entwine the wine goblets. A street window sports a short sheer curtain above which swings greenery giving movement to shadows cast from streetlights. Everything, you learn, is prepared to order; dining in this sophisticated place will be leisurely.

Cold artichoke hearts vinaigrette is a pictorial beginning, $1.35. Or try a dish of tahini (ground sesame seeds), a pleasant appetite-whetter for two, $1.45. Or choose the spectacular "Middle East combination." Slices of deep-red tomatoes stripe the center of a plate, counterpointed by green stuffed grape leaves, by white bryndza (a goat cheese), by yellow hummus, by pale artichoke hearts. Easily shareable, the dish is $3.30. And escargots bourgogne, an appetizer not often found in the Underground Gourmet price range, is six plump charcoal-singed snails served in a quiet garlic sauce, $2.95.

Cold creamed spinach soup comes in a crockery bowl, the surpise its dollop of sweet cream, a haunting, flirting taste, $1.85. A lid of grilled mozzarella on a slice of pita bread covers the hot onion soup, $1.85.

Several entrées here are above this column's $6 cutoff price, but there are many ways to put together an inexpensive dinner: Try an appetizer and soup or a salad, or have a main dish, exotic coffee, and share a rich dessert.



Russian spare ribs, in a sauce of wine and garlic, are baked brown and succulent, $6.80. Mititei (Rumanian for "ground meat") consists of four "Rumanian meatballs," garnished with cherry tomatoes and watercress. The juicy grilled meat is crunchy to chew, $5.45.

The moussaka here is more robust than any I've had elsewhere. Ground beef and cheese alternate between layers of filo, baked in a mint sauce. A tall square mound is $5.85.

There are two chicken dishes under $6, each half a chicken. Pui cu mujdei (pullet with garlic), baked in a clear sauce, is soft and tender, $4.95. Găină cu ciuperci (hen with mushrooms) is golden-brown chicken simmered in a white sauce, $5.90.

Pastia, sweetened minced chicken in a filo crust covered with powdered sugar, is served in an overwhelming portion, an astounding meal-in-itself for $5.95. In Morocco, where the dish is made with pigeon, it's called bisteeya.

Mamaliga is a staple in Rumanian farm homes, where it is often eaten instead of bread. Made of cornmeal, it is here topped with bryndza, raw onion, and (what else?) sour cream. It's astonishingly inexpensive—$3.10.

Desserts at Le Beau Père are homemade and not always in full supply. Strawberry mousse in an oversize goblet is thick with fresh berries, paper-thin slices lining the glass rim, topped with cream, $2.45. Baklava, rich, nutty, but not honeyed, is $1.45.

Open six days for dinner only: Tuesday through Saturday 6 P.M. to midnight, Sunday 5 P.M. to around midnight. Seats 66. Wheelchair access. ■

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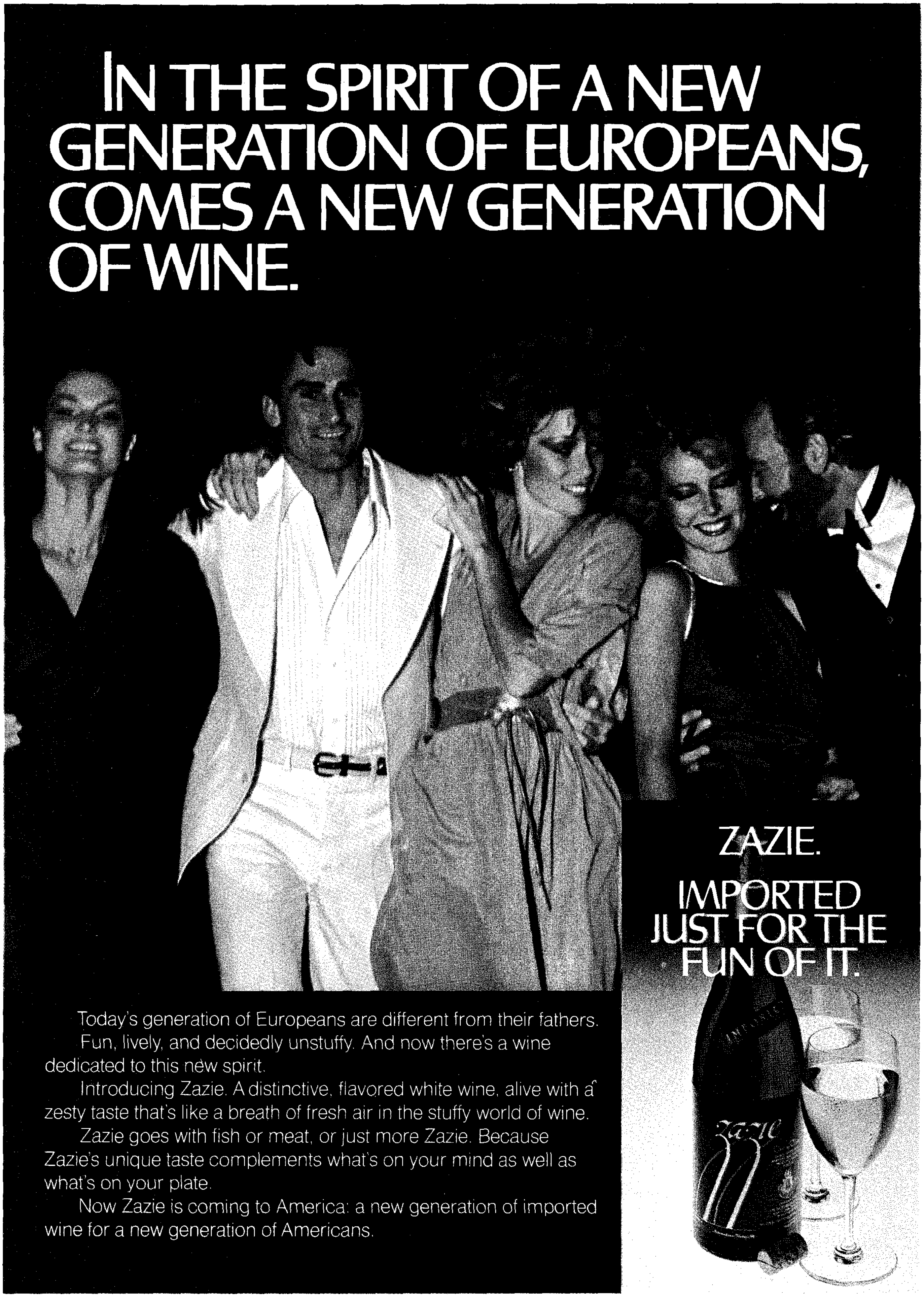

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AMAZING GRACE

"...With every gesture Grace Jones's muscles rippled and flexed. From a distance she looked like Muhammad Ali in drag..."

Grace Jones does not arrive; she explodes. The first time I met her I was lolling in a rooftop garden, high above Union Square. It was late afternoon and everything was calm. I was surrounded by boxtrees in bloom. In the shadow of the water tower a Frenchman with a hair problem was quietly skipping rope. There was wine on the table. I drowsed.

Then Grace came and all serenity was shattered. There was a sudden swirling and whooshing, as of a great wind. A door slammed, windows shook. High, wild laughter swept by, like an air-raid siren.

Startled, I looked up and saw a reborn Amazon. Deep black, close to six feet tall, she was dressed in a brief Grecian tunic. She had cropped hair, cheekbones curved like scimitars, an all-devouring mouth. Her naked shoulders and thighs were muscular, as taut as a jungle cat's, and her eyes cut through like lasers.

I stared. She stared me down. Sweat glistened on her forehead and throat, on her upper lip. She showed her teeth, and she smelled very strong, of blackness and sex, of earth.

Catching sight of the wine, she slugged back three fat mouthfuls, directly from the bottle: "This person, you must understand," said the Frenchman, abandoning his skipping, "she is absolutely a nanimal."

I had heard of her before, many times. For years she had been a subterranean star, a secret night goddess. She had been a dancer, a model, and, as they say, an item. Now she was a singer and her current single, "I Need a Man," was *the* disco hit of this Manhattan summer.

That made her feel like celebrating. Sprawled out on the rooftop, while afternoon turned to dusk, she drank her wine, laughed a lot, and talked nonstop. With every gesture, as she told me her life, her muscles rippled and flexed. From a distance, she must have looked like Muhammad Ali in drag.

She had come from Jamaica, where her family enjoyed great status. Her granduncle had been a bishop; most of his descendants were either ministers or local politicians. Her father was a preacher who had emigrated to America while Grace was still in infancy, leaving her behind to grow up running loose, lost in a small army of siblings, cousins, and unspecified relations.

In the midst of these hordes she was alone, except for her twin brother. They were protected, loved. But somehow they stood apart. "Everyone belonged together. Everyone but us," she said. "We lived like stray mongrels, scavenging and roaming, taking what we needed, then sneaking off and hiding, all on our own."

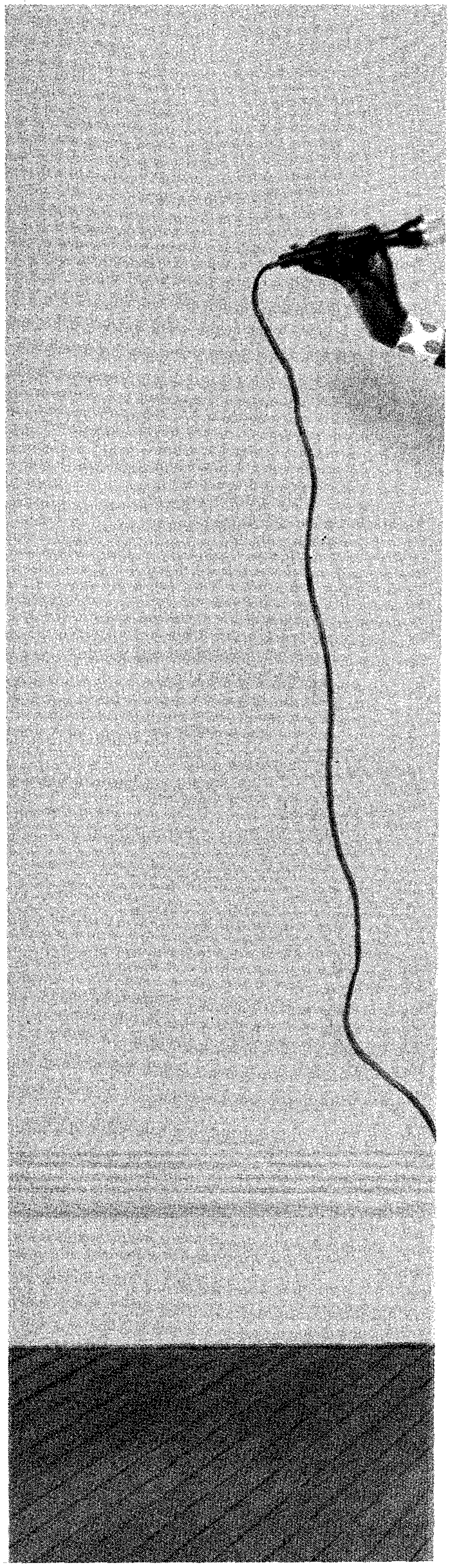
Her partnership with her twin was all-important, the strangest and most crucial relationship of her life. By some biological freak, she believed, their chemistries had become entangled at birth. As a result, their roles were reversed: "The way we came out, I was his big brother and he was my little sister. I took care of him, fought for him; he taught me style. I played with fire and he played with dolls."

In their teens they rejoined their father, who was now preaching in Syracuse. Suddenly, fresh from the islands, Grace found herself sunk in a swamp of shopping marts, drive-ins, Big Macs, and Miracle Whips. She felt throttled. She said *shan't*. At high school she railed and swore, wore Afros before they were fashionable, showed off her breasts, spat blood. In her report card she was described as socially sick.

Escaping, she went to Philadelphia, where she studied in drama workshops and sang in soul groups. But Philly was also small-time. She moved on, to New York: "That's the way it goes with me. Every scene becomes a prison," she said. "When I was a child, I was free. And I never learned how to change. The moment that I'm balanced and anything gets routine, I feel trapped. It doesn't matter what's being promised, how good things look, I start to itch and burn, and suddenly I'm gone."

"What did I tell you?" said the Frenchman. "A nanimal."

"That's the truth," said Grace, and she swallowed more wine. Her stomach rumbled. She broke wind. "I can't behave. I don't know how," she said.

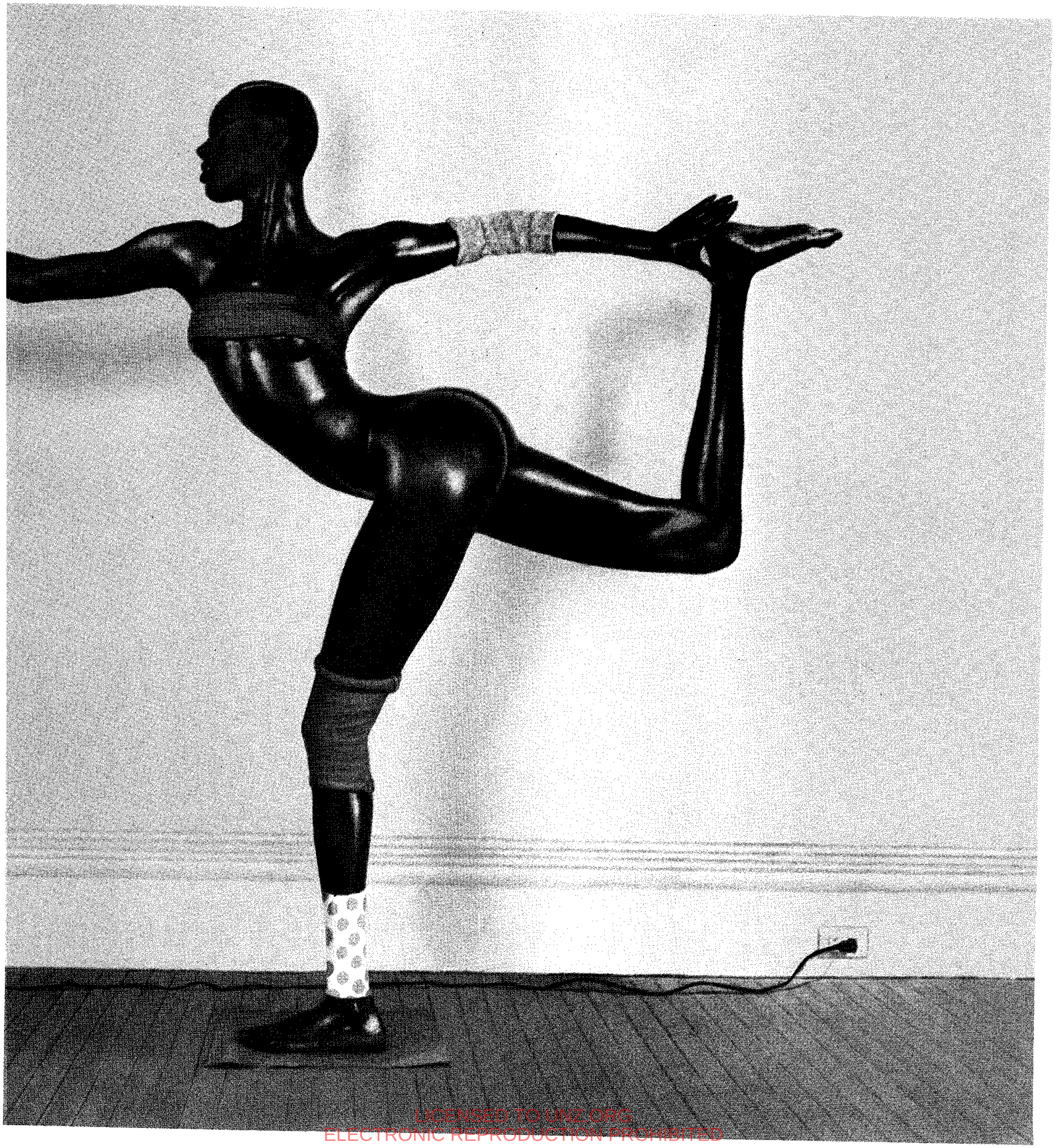


Picture by John-Paul Goude

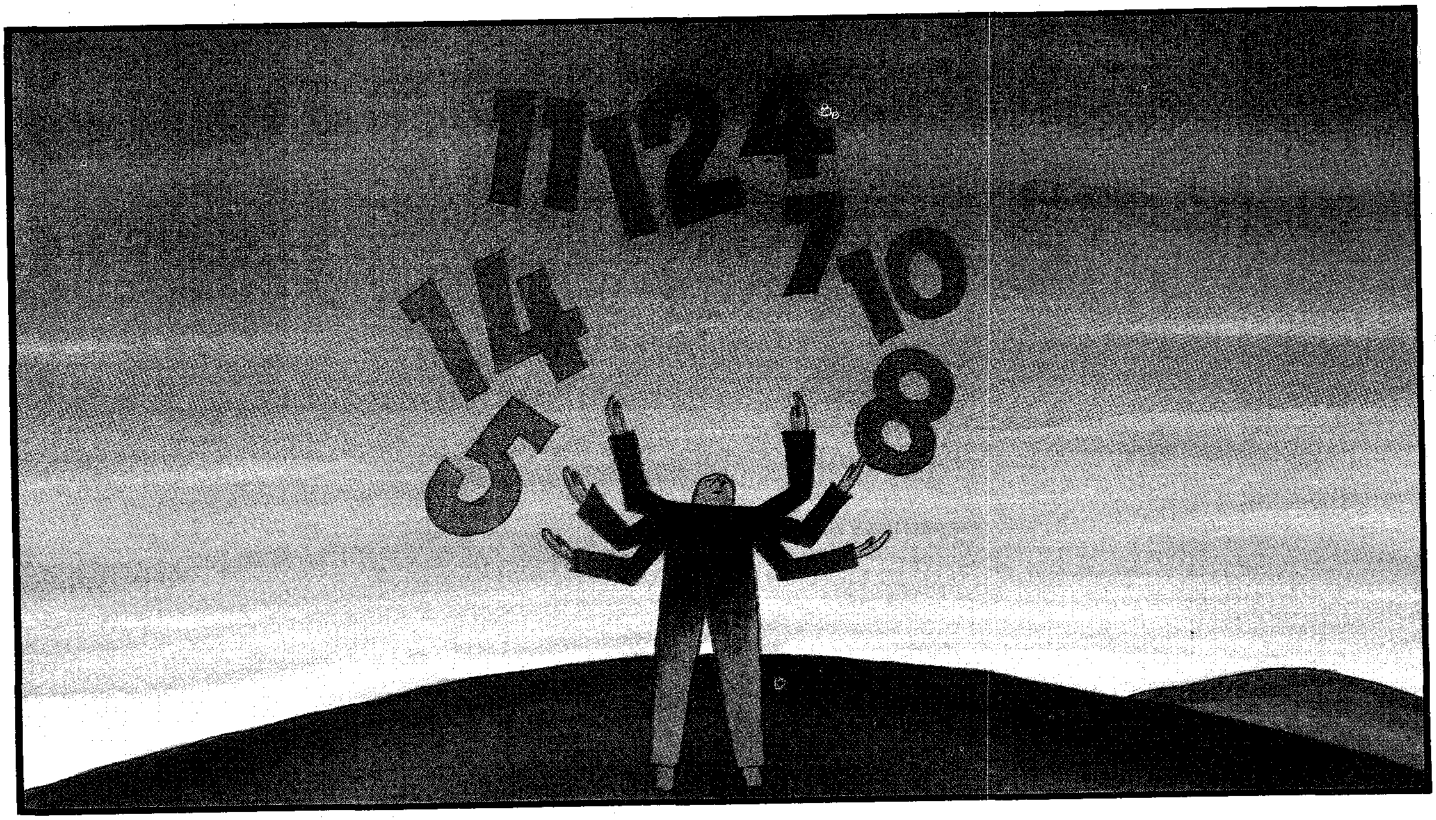
"I never understood the rules."

Once in New York she plunged into the whirlpool. She haunted fashion shows, polysexual baths, multimedia studios, salons, fist bars, and openings. When Le Jardin was the disco that ruled Manhattan, she was its resident deity. Night after night she would dominate the floor, dictating, and every movement that she made would be copied a hundred times.

Still, she kept moving. She went to Europe, to rejoin her twin. Her image appeared in French and English *Vogue*, in *Elle*, in *Pravda*. A cardinal in Milan offered her unofficial marriage. She declined and he shot himself. While she mourned she advertised hair spray, canned peas, and tampons. She tried jumping from a cliff, but she only sprained her ankle. Ascending an escalator in Athens she passed her twin going down. She wept for joy, and he bought her a .38 special. Together they traveled to Japan, to Hollywood, to Rio. Then her twin fell in love with a body builder, and Grace continued alone. She made a movie in Buenos Aires, she promoted beavers in Montreal. Her picture was emblazoned on cans of axle grease. "But nothing kept me satisfied," she said. "Wherever I went, whatever I did, I wanted the same thing, the one thing I've always yearned for, ever since I can remember."



There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.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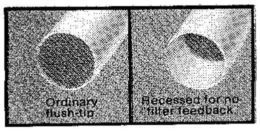
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Recessed for no filter feedback

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Kings: 10 mg."tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg."tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr.'77.

"...'Wherever I went, whatever I did, I wanted the same thing. More. Just more'..."

"Which is?" I asked.

"More," said Grace. "Just more."

Now she had it. Singing had always ranked first among her obsessions. Returning to New York, by way of Bogotá, by way of Marrakesh and Biarritz, she found that modeling made her think of death's heads. So she set her sights on music. She acquired a manager, a publicist, a record label. Tom Moulton, the master of the disco mix, was hired as her producer. Summer came. "I Need a Man" was unleashed.

Musically, lyrically, it was nothing. But the rhythm track drove harder than Mario Andretti and the title line was drilled home with such insistence, such merciless repetition that, struggle as one might, one ended up brainwashed, forced to hum along.

Perfect disco junk food. Within days, every dance floor D.J. in town had adopted it as the new anthem. She was signed by Island Records. Grace was made. Waiters fawned on her; TV producers invited her to huddle in confabs; strangers wrote in for autographed glossies: "What can I say?" she purred, eyes lowered in maidenly modesty. "A girl feels kinda humble. But a girl feels kinda proud."

The rooftop lay in darkness; Grace departed. But a few days later, before the last of the wine stains had faded, she performed at Les Mouches, a club near the piers. It was a vast maze, a labyrinth of chambers large and small, including a restaurant, sundry bars, and a dance floor the size of a football field. For Grace, every inch was packed.

Though she had sung in public before, this was designed to mark the dawn of her official stardom, and there was no doubt her debut had attracted much glitter. Reporters and photographers lurked everywhere. The audience was a walking compendium of gay chic. Illustrators and designers, hairdressers, stylists, male models, Andy Warhol superstars, dancers, dealers, transvestites—perfumed and painted, flickering like fireflies—paraded through the labyrinth, battalions of the night.

The energy was frantic. Cut off from space and air the celebrants blew whistles and shook tambourines, danced, popped pills, and danced again, until the very walls dripped sweat. Everyone was high; the rooms burned up in fever. And music played so loud, feet pounded so hard, that, even on the street outside, four floors below, one could feel the dance floors vibrate, the whole building shudder and strain, like a volcano about to erupt.

When Grace came out she was already smoking, firing from the hip. Two male attendants, stripped to the waist, their bodies oiled and gleaming, swept her along a red carpet. She wore a variation of a fifties prom dress, grotesquely incongruous on such a body, and the crowd crushed in around her, clutching and grabbing, squealing like stuck pigs.

Her lips curled back, baring her teeth to the gums. Snatching hold of the microphone stand as though she would reduce it to splinters, she surveyed the faces beneath her dispassionately, and then she smiled. It was a smile that would have sunk a shoal of killer sharks.

She was pure flame. Her voice, though strong, was unformed. Her presence was unforgettable. Somehow, by the mere act of going onstage, she expanded, like an image back-projected. She broke all bonds, she grew incandescent. From the human scale, she moved to the mythic, where nothing counted but rage, intensity, abandon.

She sang two long numbers, including a disco version of "La Vie en Rose," which was to be her next single. Then she pretended collapse and was half dragged from the stage. Her male slaves bore her through the crowds back to the sanctuary of her dressing room, while her worshipers bayed like starved wolves.

Minutes passed. Then Grace reemerged, transformed into a disco Cleopatra. Her cropped hair was covered by a tall red hat, and she wore roughly half of a red silk robe, which left one leg naked to the hip and bared one breast, save for a small metal coil, in the shape of an asp, coiled tightly around the nipple. In these, her robes of queenship, she sang "I Need a Man." Her subjects sang along, ecstatic, holding hands, embracing, chanting, leaping, whirling in massed delirium.

Afterward, there were photographs and interviews, ritual congratulations, cakes to be cut, many scores of kisses. Inevitably, anticlimax set in, and I slipped away.

Down on the street the night was cool and still. Even two blocks away I could sense the dance floor shaking, the walls streaming wet. A soft rain started. Shivering against the chill, I stood on a deserted corner, waiting for a taxi, and wishing I were a nanimal. ▬

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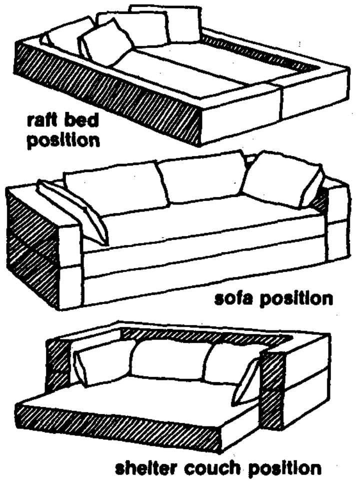

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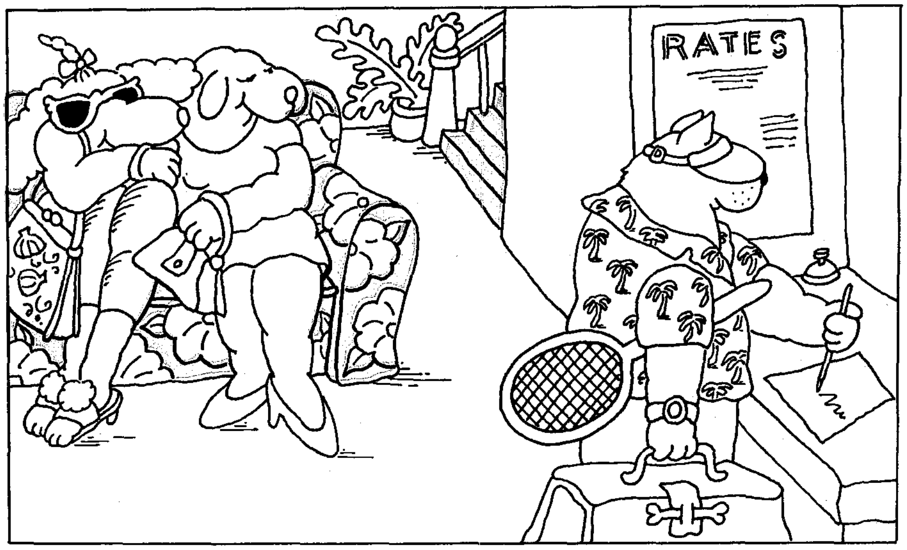
The Urban Strategist / Catharine Hughes

PUTTING UP THE DOG: A GUIDE TO LOCAL KENNELS

"...The kennels were visited with no advance notice so they would not have the opportunity to put their best paw forward..."



If you think a good man or woman is hard to find, wait till you start looking for a good animal-boarding kennel. If you're using the Yellow Pages and, folly of follies, simply decide to drop by, you run the risk of finding, as I did, that it no longer exists. That's not to say that many kennels are fly-by-night, but simply that it's a pretty precarious business.

Before starting off, I asked Dr. Marc Kantrowitz of the Manhattan Veterinary Group, who is past president of the Veterinary Medical Association of New York City—and happens to be my husky's vet—what he would look for in a kennel.

Interestingly, and perhaps surprisingly, his first observation was that "most animals board very well." He went on to add, however, that "horror stories" of neglected, drugged, or ill-kept animals aren't hard to come by. "Of course, there are some bad, very bad, situations and places where conditions are far from ideal. But we have bad experiences with doctors and hospitals and hotels too," he continued. "With kennels, the problems more often than not originate with the dog owners. For instance, the dog is sick when it's taken in, but the owner doesn't mention it because he wants to get off on that vacation. The worst problem in boarding kennels is that some of them make no effort to find out if the animal is healthy."

Otherwise, both Dr. Kantrowitz and common sense suggest certain criteria—apart from cleanliness, of course—on which to base your selection:

1. Does the kennel require proof of vaccination? (Those listed below do.)
2. Are the owners willing to give you a tour of the kennel?
3. Do they ask for the name of your veterinarian? What do they claim in terms of vets "on call"?
4. Will the kennel staff accommodate special diets and guarantee that they will give your dog required medication? (Again, every one listed will.)
5. Are the cages or stalls of sufficient size to permit the animal to lie down, eat, stand, and move about? How many cages or compartments are there in a given area? If it's overcrowded, look out. (According to Dr. Kantrowitz, however, there is "nothing wrong with the dog's being kept inside. In fact, everything considered, it may even be preferable.")

With one exception, Petti-Paws Company, the kennels in the following selective listing were visited with no advance notice so they would not have the opportunity to put their best paw forward. They certainly aren't the only good ones around, but they are worth looking into, with the occasional reservations noted.

City Kennels

American Kennels (140 East 14th Street, 475-6210; open Monday through Saturday 11 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; after Labor Day, Sunday from noon). This kennel charges $8 a day for small and medium-size dogs, $9 for large, $4 for cats (three-day minimum, with payment in advance; reserve well in advance for holidays). Cash or major credit cards only.

American Kennels has been around for over 30 years, and the present boarding kennel, which is in the renovated basement of a large, well-supplied pet shop, opened in 1971. All things considered, it seems like a good bet, and one or two of my friends who have used it so testify. Depending on their size, the dogs have very clean ten-by-three-foot or seven-by-three-foot stalls, which are washed down and disinfected every day. There are two-by-three-foot cages for cats and toy breeds. American Kennels won't take dogs under six months old or any that are obviously not in good health, have skin problems, or are very old or overweight (although it does make exceptions on the latter two counts). A veterinarian visits every Friday and is on call. Depending on the size and temperament of the dog, he is either walked outdoors or exercised in his stall, and he is fed the food of your choice from the pet shop's large stock. No pickup, but dogs may be left at either of American Kennels' other two locations (55 West 8th Street and 786 Lexington Avenue at 61st Street), whence they will be taken to the 14th Street kennel.

Le Chien (1461-A First Avenue at 76th Street, 861-8100; open weekdays 8:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M., Saturday from 9 A.M.). The kennel charges $7 to $9.50 a day, depending on size and breed, and takes only small and medium-size dogs. Cash or major credit cards only.

Miss Lisa Gilford established Le Chien about ten years ago and takes particular pride in the fact that some of her canine customers have been com-

Illustrated by Steven Henry

ing back ever since. Le Chien is primarily a boutique and grooming salon, and is apparently one of the most highly regarded ones on the East Side. It's not hard to see why: The place is immaculate and the groomers careful and well trained. Boarders spend the day in compartments in the grooming parlor (and seem happy to be part of the action) and the night in approximately two-by-three-foot cages in the rear, where there is a kennelman on duty until midnight. They are walked on the streets four or five times a day, and Le Chien even promises to break them of compulsive barking and to housebreak them (for a fee, of course). If you have a small dog, this might be a good choice. Le Chien prefers to have reservations a couple of weeks in advance during vacation and holiday periods. No pickup.

The Kennelworth (519 East 72nd Street, 737-9333; open Monday through Thursday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., Friday till 7 P.M., Saturday 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.). This kennel charges $7.50 for cats, and $10, $12, and $14 a day for dogs, depending on the size of the "room" ($10 for 28 square feet, $12 for 37 square feet, and $14 for 55 square feet). All reservations, which are recommended, must be accompanied by a one-day deposit, which is not refunded should you cancel (it is held toward future stays if you cancel at least a week in advance). Cash, checks, and major credit cards accepted.

This is the fanciest and one of the newest pet pads in town, and one of only two recommended by the Humane Society. It may even come close to living up to some of its advertising as "New York's luxury hotel for pets." Its "rooms" more or less *are* rooms, not cages or stalls. For the sake of anyone who, like myself, has a hard time visualizing "37 square feet" and the like, I'll attest that they are definitely spacious, brightly painted in various colors, and equipped with shatterproof glass doors and floor-to-top concrete blocks rather than wire or other metal in between. They are arranged around what the manager calls a "village green"—which is, although not green, one of the areas in which the animals are walked.

The Kennelworth boasts that pets "never come in contact with each other," which may be good or bad, depending on whether yours likes to socialize, although it's obviously more likely to keep him free of fleas, ticks, and germs. There are elaborate steam-cleaning, disinfecting, and climate-control systems, not to mention a fresh-air exchange system which is reputed to clear the air every ten minutes.

In addition to serving the standard brands of dog and cat food, the Kennelworth has a special preparation, consisting of various combinations of meats, chicken, and tripe. There's also a very good-looking grooming salon and a pet "boutique," which, on the day I visited, had everything from T-shirts of your breed to jeweled collars. No pickup.

Paradise Guard Dogs (3742 Boston Road, Bronx, New York, 882-6000; open Monday through Saturday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Paradise charges $5 a day for small dogs, $6 to $8.50 for larger breeds, $3.50 for cats. Cash only.

Assuming the weather doesn't intervene, dogs are kept outdoors all day in fifteen-by-three-and-a-half-foot runs, with indoor ones that are three and a half by ten feet. The staff seems to genuinely like dogs. There is an all-night watchman, and Manhattan pickup and return is $15 round trip Monday through Saturday.

Pedigree Pups (969 First Avenue at 53rd Street, 752-1377 or 516 727-3550; open weekdays 9 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturday till 6 P.M.). The kennel charges $8 to $12 a day for dogs, depending on size, $5 for cats. Cash and major credit cards only.

Pedigree Pups is a large, handsomely appointed pet shop which boards small dogs and cats in cages. It is also the Manhattan pickup point for Sportsman's Boarding Kennels in Manorville, Long Island, which charges the same rates, occupies about nine acres, and accepts only healthy dogs. The boarders have clean, air-conditioned (or heated) 26-foot outdoor and indoor runs. The kennel offers obedience, field, and guard-dog training, and has grooming facilities and round-the-clock attendants. Pickup ranges from $5 to $15.

Pet Lodge (623 West 51st Street, 247-1313; open Monday through Saturday 8 A.M. to 7 P.M., Sunday from noon). The kennel charges $7.50 to $12 a day for dogs depending on size, $7 for cats (special long-term rates; pets sharing lodging pay half price). Cash, checks, and major credit cards accepted.

Pet Lodge, which has been around for about seven years, is the only other kennel recommended by the Humane Society, and its staff really seems to care about the animals. Clean, indoor stalls come in three sizes (three, four, and six by nine feet), have 24-hour self-filling water bowls, and are air-conditioned or radiant-heated and humidity-controlled according to season. The kennel stocks all major brands of dog food. Dogs are exercised at least twice a day and cared for by a 24-hour attendant. All in all, a good bet. No pickup.

Petti-Paws Company (249-3085). The kennel takes dogs only and charges $12 to $25 per day depending on breed and weight. Cash or checks only.

This board-in-a-private-home operation was established by Mrs. Patricia Peil over three years ago because she didn't like the quality of existing kennels. She requires a certificate of health two to four weeks prior to boarding. Dogs must be housebroken and, if female, not in heat. Before accepting a dog, Mrs. Peil visits the prospective boarder in his home to determine compatibility. Admittedly, it sounds a bit as if your pet must pass the canine equivalent of an entrance exam, but it also sounds like it's probably worth it. Dogs are walked four times a day and fed only natural foods—such as boiled beef, chicken, or fish—since Mrs. Peil does not approve of canned foods. Free pickup and delivery between 40th and 90th streets in Manhattan; otherwise, there's a nominal fee.

Suburban Kennels

Maplecrest Kennels (Box 133, Oakland Mills Road, Freehold, New Jersey 07728; 201 462-8270; open every day 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. This kennel charges $4 to $6 a day for dogs, depending upon size, and $2 for cats. Cash or checks only.

Maplecrest has been in business for about four years and prides itself on the amount of repeat business it receives. There are five-by-fifteen-foot runs, and extra care is given to exercise and special diets. "Extended visits" are encouraged. Manhattan pickup is $10.

Rye Country Boarding Kennels (Nursery Lane, Rye, New York 10580; 914 967-4577; open Monday through Saturday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.). The kennel charges $4 to $8 a day for dogs, depending on size and breed, and $4 for cats. Cash or checks only.

I've yet to come across a legitimate gripe about this highly regarded kennel founded by Manhattan veterinarian Lewis H. Berman. Rye Country will take only healthy animals—which doesn't preclude those which are handicapped or aged. The indoor cages are in a climate-controlled area and the dogs have good-sized, covered outdoor exercise runs (although they are not actually in the "country," as the name suggests, but in a light industrial area). Mr. and Mrs. Sam DiEdwards, the resident owners, are on the scene around the clock, and Dr. Berman is the "veterinary consultant." Manhattan pickup and return is $10 round trip, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday only. ▬

Art/Thomas B. Hess

VOLLARD'S DEAL

"...Vollard wanted to yell *"Merde!"* at a scandalized audience. He never did. He was huddled in his gallery, making sale after sale..."

First things first; first comes the art. The Modern Museum's summer exhibition, **Impresario—Ambroise Vollard** (through 9/6), is draped around the dealer who gave Cézanne and Picasso their initial shows (in 1895 and 1901, respectively) and who figures largely in the memoirs of various collectors, critics, and curators. Still, it should be remembered that Vollard was just another agent. He showed lots of good and more indifferent artists between the generations of the old Renoir and the young Picasso. He bought their works. He inveigled them into making prints (and, often, never distributed them). He cast some of their sculptures.(Who knows how many; he promised Maillol to make an edition of ten. "Well, he made ten, all right, except that it turned out to be 10,000," said the artist.) He made lots of money.

There is an unfortunate tendency nowadays to consider salesmen, patrons, impresarios, and other middlemen and consumers as reference points or even as influences in the history of art. So it's not surprising to find the dealer is beginning to replace the artist as a hero for our times on the museum circuit, while in the minds of the great midcult public, the gallery is the ship of art in which painters and sculptors puff away below deck, on the oars.

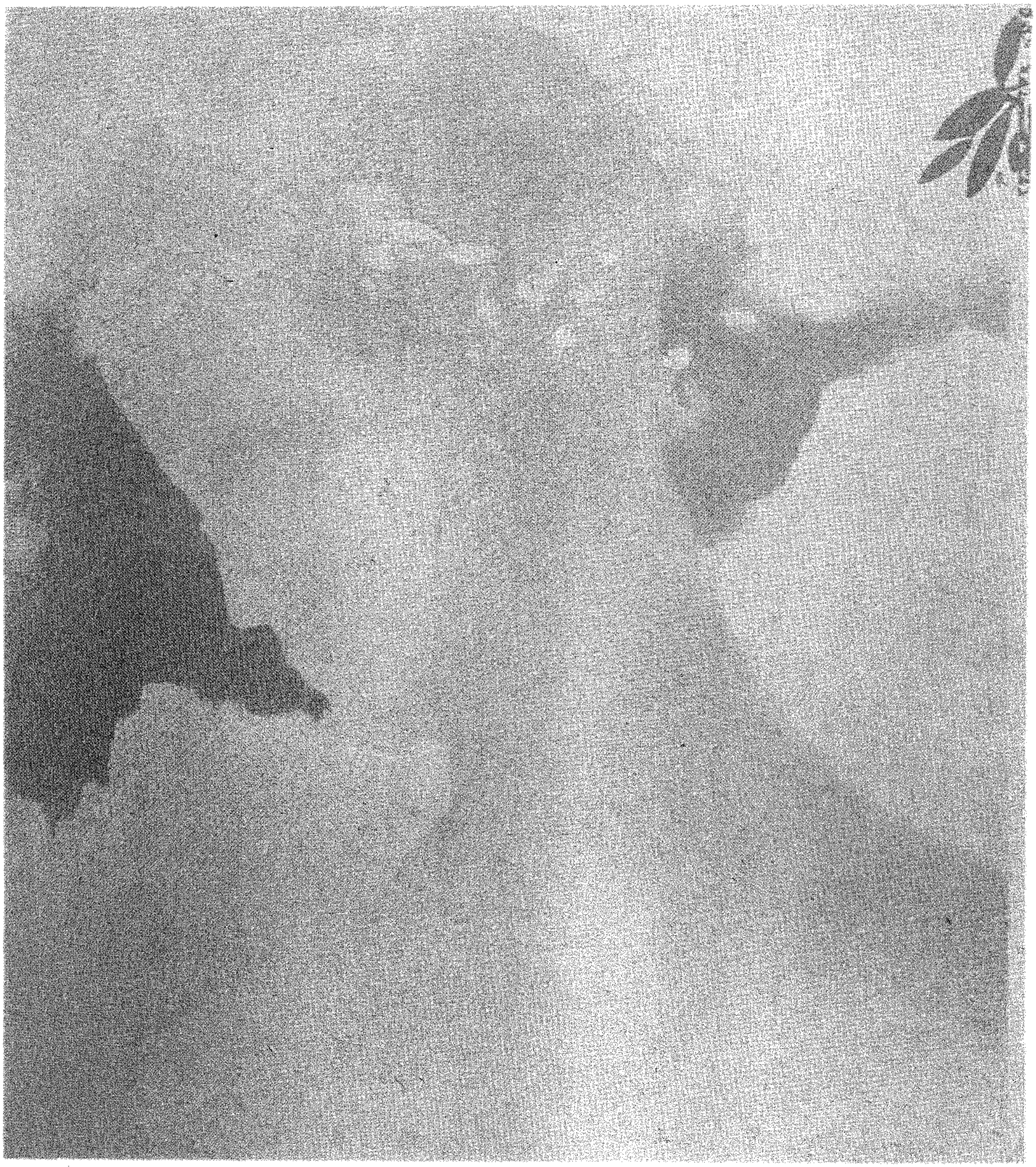
Of course, nothing could be farther from the facts. Artists control dealers, and the smartest dealer is the one who listens hardest to them. Vollard didn't "discover" Cézanne; Pissarro and Renoir—both of them already famous—talked him into the exhibition. Vollard was so unsure of Picasso, even in the master's dulcet Rose Period, that he showed him jointly with a Basque realist named Iturrino for a sort of all-Spanish paella. When Picasso turned Cubist, the brave, farsighted dealer's reaction was to screech at Max Jacob, "Your friend Picasso has gone *crazy!*"

Vollard's career is of some interest from an archival point of view because of his delight in shady dealings. He seems to have opened some of the first tax-dodging Swiss bank accounts as well as some of the first modernist exhibitions. The inventory of prints he published remains incomplete, although Una E. Johnson's revised *Ambroise Vollard, Editeur: Prints, Books, Bronzes* is almost definitive. It doubles as a catalog for the Museum of Modern Art's show, and its considerable expansion since the 1943 first edition (Wittenborn) adumbrates the scope of the problem. Someplace probably there are cairns of forgotten plates and packets of engravings which Vollard squirreled away from nosy print-cabinet keepers and the dread *fisc* (the French IRS). All of which is amusing. Still, what counts is the art. The ape-cat figure of Vollard shouldn't be allowed to elbow it out. And the exhibition is a marvel.

I suggest you start your visit in the third-floor print galleries. Most of the Picasso etchings are there. All told, the show offers 442 items, and if you start on the ground floor, in the recommended traffic pattern, you'll be exhausted by the time you get to the 100 plates in Picasso's so-called "Vollard Suite," as well as selections from his illustrations for Buffon's *Natural History* and for Balzac's *Unknown Masterpiece.* The eye can transmit only so many images to the brain; after that, static builds up, and as Picasso's meditation on Balzac is one of the most deeply elegant and witty experiences in the history of draftsmanship, it's best to see it while your synapses are functioning at top form. Balzac's novel—probably the most profound text ever written on early modernist art—concerns a "masterpiece" so complex and inclusive that even the painter's fellow artists couldn't understand it. In one of Picasso's most famous images, an artist is shown concentrating on everyday reality (an old woman knitting) while from his stylus (an etcher's burin?) reel orbits of celestial spaghetti in abstract patterns. The model ignores the artist; she cares about his picture as little as a concierge cares about your plumbing. The artist concentrates on her with timeless energy. Did she start to pose for him when she was young, beautiful, and naked? And then did he work so long that she got cold, then got dressed, then grew middle-aged, dumpy, and took to stitchery to pass away the years? And did he never notice the difference, rapt in his search for an essence or a light that he glimpsed in her and that he struggles to bring to his image? The confrontation is like a Zen joke that includes a third character—you, the spectator. Its elusive point may be that the so-called "abstraction" on the artist's easel is, in fact, an image of a naked goddess so radiant and so lifelike that you could feel her breath and smell her hair, if only you could see.

This hints at one level of Picasso's image; other approaches would concern his variations on an etched line, his dispositions of curves and countercurves, his articulation of a steel point cutting into copper, his exploitation of the fine paper, and so forth. And this is only one of many images in the series, and only one series out of many others. There are the tragic erotic adventures of the Minotaur, the death of a woman bullfighter, the dreamworld visions of a sculptor with his model and his sculptures, each celebrating the divine nature of the other in a chamber of timeless white, where bay leaves (fame) and anemones (courtly love) punctuate expanses of flesh and marble. The subjects of the sculptures—horses, heroes, a whole catalog of pseudo-Ovidian metamorphoses—would repay intensive research, as curator William S. Lieberman points out (Lieberman discovered the suite in Paris in 1948 and purchased it for the museum the following year).

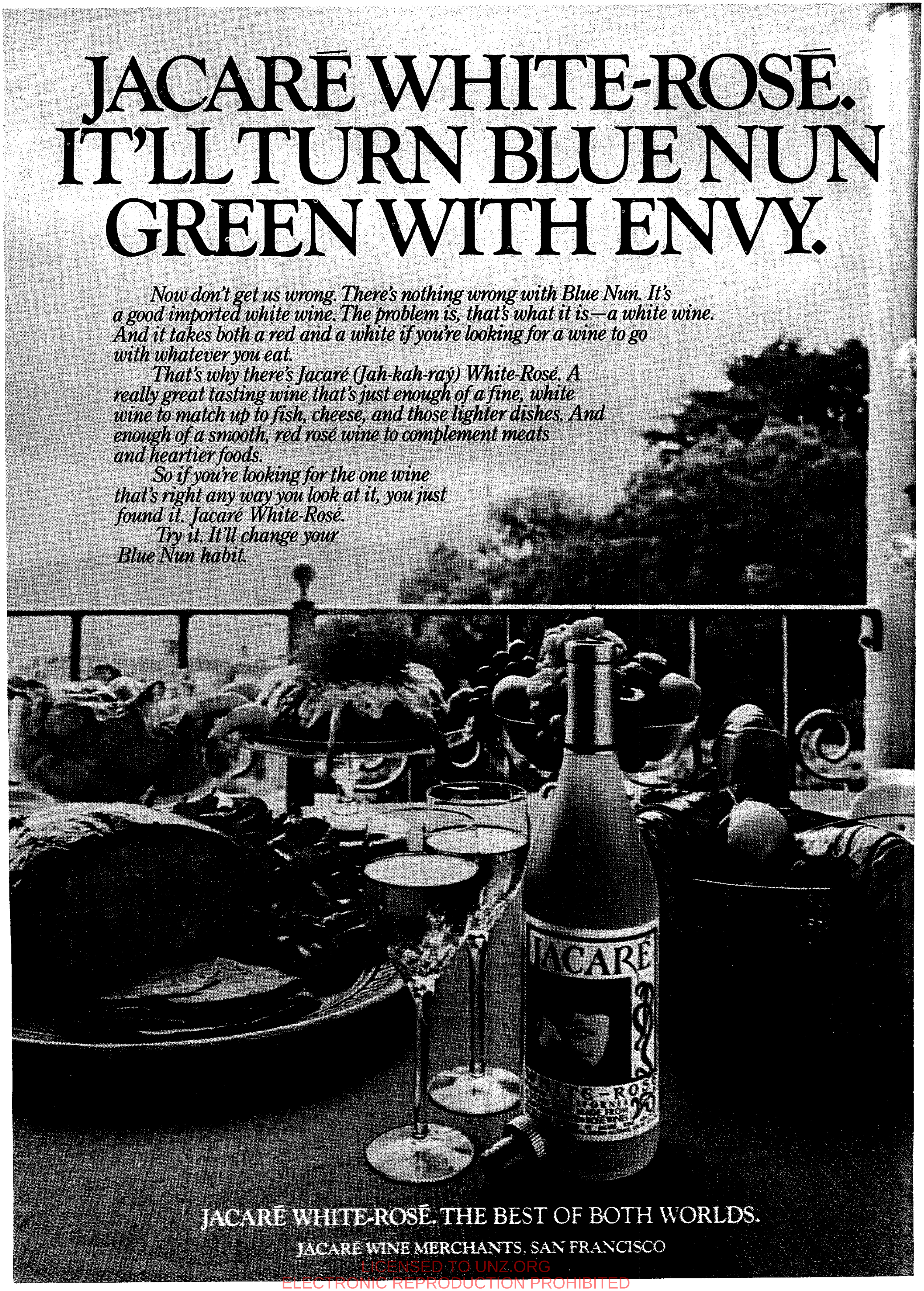
Downstairs there are Picasso's *Saltimbanques.* And a huge wall is carpeted with the stark plates of Georges Rouault's *Miserere et guerre.* It is curator Riva Castleman's most instructive, and most spectacular, installation. Nowadays, Rouault is a bit hard to take. His drama of a tear dripping down a clown's wan cheek, with a whole regiment of pictorial effects orchestrated about its passage, often looks sentimental, embarrassing, self-indulgent. In Castleman's display, however, you can grasp the variety of Rouault's shapes, their toughness and solidity, as well as the madness of his methods. In this case, he scraped, burnished, burned, and otherwise tortured photomechani-



Symbolist haze: Beatrice, *by Odilon Redon, color lithograph, 1897, 11¾ inches high.*

cal images on copper gravure plates for an amazing range of blacks.

Castleman should be thanked for presenting Rouault at his best, and also Odilon Redon. Redon is every teenager's favorite. His symbols are so, well, so symbolic: Darwinian amoebas loom past Jules Verne comets; a black sky behind a black stump behind a black hole, each tone a quaver more velvety than the other. When you reach your middle years, Redon seems facile; his techniques look more precious than expressive; his images have a superficial exoticism, as if the artist kept his symbols in the fridge, ready for Instamatic use. Castleman's selection, which includes the *Temptation of St. Anthony* and the *Apocalypse of St. John* series, urges you to rethink your first impression. Redon's methods are miracles of sensibility and ingeniousness. In the color lithograph *Beatrice*, 1897, a blue floats away from a blue branch of leaves and, holding to an even, silvery value, arrives at a yellow silhouette. Between the blue and the yel-



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JACARÉ WHITE-ROSÉ. THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.

JACARÉ WINE MERCHANTS, SAN FRANCISCO

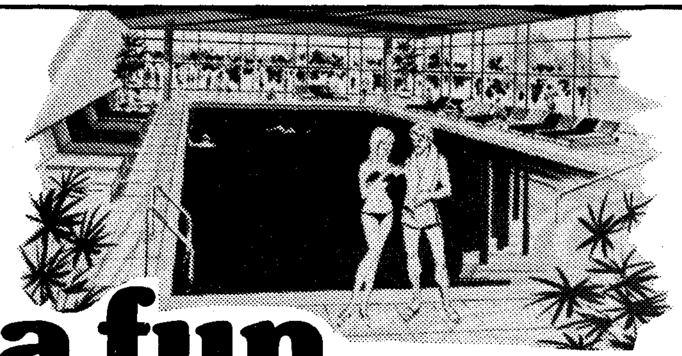
low appears that most elusive of colors, a pale yellow gray that doesn't turn green. It's a hue you find in nature, in certain Atlantic sunsets, in certain alpine mists. It's almost never seen in art because it's beyond most pigments' chemistry and most artists' patience. Redon pinned it down in fluid inks.

Ambroise Vollard played a role in some of the works published under his name. He found a master wood engraver, Georges Aubert, for Picasso, and Aubert executed the strange abstract dotted drawings that form a separate chapter to *The Unknown Masterpiece,* like a purely visual postscript in which the "unknown" finally takes command. Vollard found a young sculptor, Richard Guino, who was able to act as Renoir's hands when the old man was crippled with arthritis. He kept teams of printers, engravers, papermakers, and other master craftsmen available for the artists he wanted to commission. And he had the commercially sound idea of reviving the deluxe book, which, paradoxically, stuffed modernist art (usually radical and anti-establishment) into a conservative package (into a volume that only millionaire elitists could afford). The dialectic fascinated most artists. Even the anarchists fell in love with Vollard's well-laid papers, distinguished typefaces, generous margins, luxurious reproductive systems.

On the other hand, Vollard perversely kept many of his publications off the market, in dead storage. Maybe he took a miser's glee in preventing the artists from getting to the public a work designed for the public.

He engaged in dubious practices. He reprinted plates that had been canceled by the artist. He pulled counterproofs off pastels without the artist's consent. And he was notoriously cheap. He paid the artists as little as possible, and he squeezed the maximum profit from them, while posing as their friend and benefactor. He reduced Rouault to a nervous wreck. Only Picasso had his number. Picasso sold Vollard plates he had already engraved and got paid in advance. The other artists appreciated his flair and treated him as warily as a scorpion.

Many collectors, critics, and curators thought he was some sort of a genius. In return, Vollard feared and loathed them. He was a toady and a bully. He loved the puppet play *Ubu Roi,* by Alfred Jarry—Ubu the monster who explodes middle-class moralities. Like Ubu, Vollard wanted to yell *"Merde!"* at a scandalized audience. He never did. He stayed huddled in his inventory, making sale after profitable sale to the despised plutocrats. ▬



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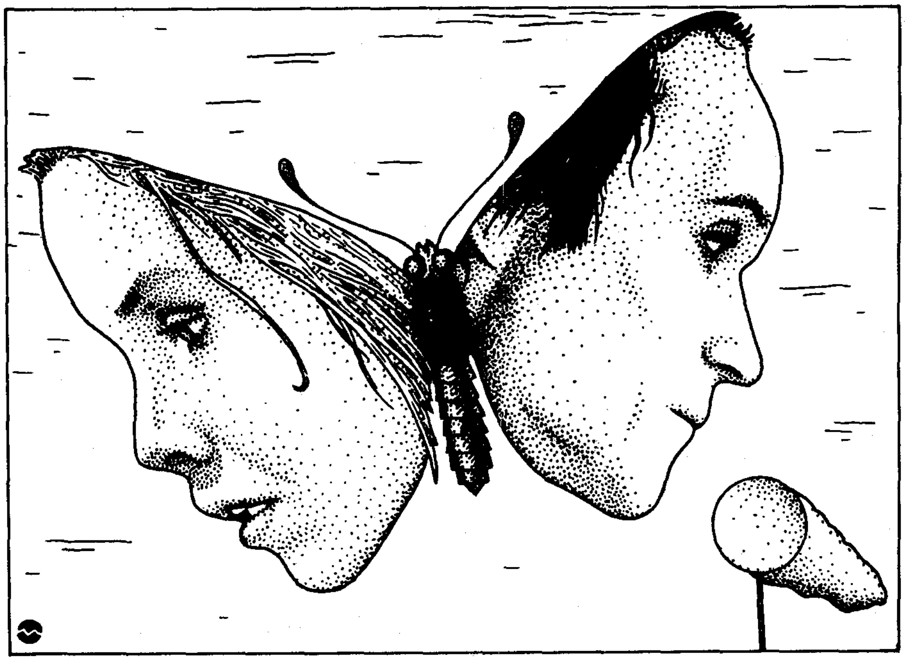
Movies / John Simon

IMPERILED EXISTENCES

> "...*Outrageous!* is much more moving and amusing than it is outrageous. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike..."

Do not allow the first few minutes of **Outrageous!** (or, indeed, the title) to turn you against this winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. You see a scene in a "gay" bar, moments from the home life of a homosexual hairdresser, and a young girl escaping in hospital attire from a mental institution through matutinal Toronto. There is some rather schematic crosscutting between the homosexual in his apartment and the running girl; when she tells him she wants to stay with him and he reluctantly agrees, and their life together begins, the framing of shots is routine for a while, and the camera movements seem paltry. Beware of concluding that you are in for yet another conventional story about the heartbreaking, not-to-be-consummated affection between a homosexual and a promiscuous but tenderhearted girl—the sort of thing that was treated, openly or disguisedly, in films like *I Am a Camera, Darling, A Taste of Honey*, and *Cabaret*. Above all, do not walk out. Because soon you will be sitting up and attending: This dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike; these characters behave like people, disturbed or disgruntled, but swimming in their miseries rather than sinking in them, and not viewing themselves—or being viewed by the filmmakers—with unseemly sentimentality.

Other characters come into the picture: hairdressers and their clients in a jesting but acrid symbiosis; an over-anxious mother and a seemingly callous, but possibly wise, psychiatric nurse; various homosexuals and mental patients—and casual pickups of Liza, the girl, or friends of Robin, the hairdresser. These people, with the exception of Liza's excessively standard mother, are pertinently observed, in no way oversimplified, and allowed to interact in the odd but finally compelling ways in which their natures prod them. Why, there is even a psychiatrist who rings true—one of the rarest things in movies.



By now we have forgotten that we are watching a film shot in 16-mm. and less than satisfactorily blown up; the camera placements and movements have become more persuasive; the editing is secure, including some nicely timed lateral wipes, allowing the story to unfurl in varying but credible tempos. The characters continue to grow on us. Robin is not an idealized portrait of a homosexual; Liza is not a particularly lovable schizophrenic. But both are believable human beings, inflicting and sustaining pain, helping and hurting each other and themselves, prone to precariously improvised happinesses, and trying to meet with dignity the indignities life metes out to them.

Liza attempts to publish some of the writing she does "for all the crazies of the world," and also, against strictest medical orders, to have a baby; Robin sets out to make a professional success out of his talent for impersonating female movie stars and singers. How they thrive or fail in Toronto and New York City, in various homosexual or heterosexual night spots, in maternity hospitals or with magazine editors, and in a number of apartments—how they diverge and converge again—you will have to find out for yourselves. I can only assure you that you will be often amused and repeatedly touched, and never uninvolved.

My guess is that the understanding of mental illness comes from Margaret Gibson, on whose story the film is based, and that the sympathetic insight into the homosexual world stems from the screenwriter-director. Neither ambience is belittled or embellished; and though it may be that the anguish of inversion and insanity is a bit too glibly equated in the end with the universal condition, that craziness is placed a trifle too cavalierly above dull sanity, this is done with tactful ambiguity: A beleaguered person is speaking to his even more severely endangered friend, so the statements have to be taken with a grain of salt—whether the salt of irony or that of tears will depend on the individual viewer.

Outrageous! is much more moving and amusing than it is outrageous, though it does provide what I assume to be honest views of homosexual life at its not exactly raunchiest, but far from most attractive: There is, for example, real sadness in a scene in which the pretty but perturbed Liza looks in vain for sexual recognition among the habitués of a black-leather bar; and there is some genuine insight into how camp or homosexual wit is generated out of the bitterness and frustrations—but also

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

the devil-may-care relaxedness—of homosexual hangouts. The drag queens who parade about riotously in front of their audiences, only to wrangle rancorously behind the scenes, are split between contrary urges of masculinity and femininity, but fight their dichotomy gallantly with the only weapons available: blade upon blade of flashing, lacerating wit.

There are some very apt supporting performances, among which I must single out Richert Easley's Perry, a clumsy, obstreperous, but finally extremely appealing homosexual sidekick of Robin's, especially funny when he is impersonating Karen Black in *Airport '75*. Yet the film lives particularly off its two acute principals. Hollis McLaren, as Liza, has the gift of humanizing craziness without falsifying it, and of managing to convey that something is faintly askew even during moments of remission. Craig Russell, as Robin, is not only a highly accomplished female impersonator (as in real life), but an authoritative onscreen presence too, often not so much playing as playing with his role, as befits the character.

A final proof of Richard Benner's directorial shrewdness is that, unlike Anthony Page in *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, Benner never shows us the fantasy creatures that persecute his heroine. Whereas Page and his scenarists made their film ludicrous each time those preposterous figures invaded the screen, Benner genuinely moves us when Robin joins Liza's efforts to ward off her nemesis, the Bonecrusher, even though he can see him no more than we can; and he manages to frighten us no less truly when, while we hear Liza's frenzied pleading, the camera focuses on the empty, harmless, sun-drenched corner of the room where the terror is supposed to dwell. This was Bergman's technique in *Through a Glass Darkly*, and T.S. Eliot's in verses like "There, the eyes are/Sunlight on a broken column." Benner could not be in better company.

La Grande Bourgeoise is, like most of the films of Mauro Bolognini, failed art, the sort of thing that leaves a bad taste in the soul. It is not quite so ridiculous as Bolognini's last movie shown here, *Down the Ancient Stairs*; but it is a far cry from the one truly fine Bolognini film, *Il Bell'Antonio*, and the lesser, but still not inconsiderable, *La viaccia*. Many of his films did not reach America: I am sorry that we were deprived of his famous *Senilità* (based on Svevo's great novel, which, I gather, it manages to betray almost as much as serve), and that we were not spared his worst pictures, based on texts by

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"... In *La Grande Bourgeoise*, Bolognini works from a poor script by Bazzini ..."

Pasolini, *La notte brava* and *From a Roman Balcony*.

Three things seem obvious about Bolognini's films: (1) They are mostly based on novels, often celebrated ones, and depend on the quality of the novel and, even more, on its adaptability to the screen. (2) As an article in *Cahiers du Cinéma* noted way back in 1962, "[Bolognini's] morbid world . . . is a world of misogyny and homosexuality." (3) Bolognini's forte is historical recreation, especially a fine sense of décor and costumes, which he shares with other directors of like sensibility, e.g, Visconti and Zeffirelli. But be it said for him that his taste is less erratic than Zeffirelli's and more subdued than Visconti's.

In *La Grande Bourgeoise*, the director, alas, has no novel to adapt. Instead, he works from a poor script by Sergio Bazzini, based on a scandal that hit Bologna at the turn of the century. Professor Murri (Fernando Rey), a distinguished teacher of medicine at that illustrious university, and a socialist and atheist, was the father of Linda (Catherine Deneuve), a brilliant young woman unhappily married to a beastly physician, Catholic and reactionary, to whom she had borne two children. For their sake she stayed with him, although keeping separate quarters, and while actually the mistress of another, older doctor, a friend of her father's. Her brother Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), a bright young lawyer (though the script makes him rather doltish) and Socialist political candidate, adored her as much as he hated his brother-in-law.

When Dr. Bonmartini made Linda's life insupportable, her doting brother, with the help of yet another doctor friend, a weak and profligate failure of a man (most convincingly portrayed by Corrado Pani), killed Dr. Bonmartini. Through the almost maniacal efforts of an investigating magistrate (played by Marcel Bozzuffi with wonderfully subdued, icy class and religious hatred), brother and sister and various associates were finally caught—the honesty and mutual love of the Murris proving the ultimate tools of their self-destruction—and given heavy jail sentences. The political circumstances—it was election year, and the Christian conservatives used the case, spiced by calumnies in their journals, to destroy the Socialists—further aided the Murris' downfall; guilty and innocent were alike condemned, and only Linda got off because her father's medical skill saved the king's stricken daughter.

It may be that the facts of the case have never fully come to light, or that for legal, political, or personal reasons, the filmmakers cannot tell the whole truth, or even what they take it to be. So the crucial incidents remain veiled in deliberate obscurity, and the killing itself is shot and edited in a completely inscrutable way, with a subsequent divergent flashback compounding the confusion. I am neverthless convinced that much of the shapelessness and fuzziness of the narrative is due to a wishy-washiness in Bolognini's approach — his primary concern with making the Bologna of 1902 look both opulent and right, and relative indifference to the rest.

Not quite all the rest, though. The director, characteristically, toys with incest, homosexuality, and a general atmosphere of decadence; he also brings in, rather more perfunctorily, conventionally liberal, anticlerical sentiments. In the opening sequence, Tullio and his mistress (Tina Aumont, better than usual), who is Linda's personal maid, are in a state of postcoital languor when an agitated Linda enters their room. Across the half-naked body of the young woman, brother and sister exchange intimate confidences and finally clasp hands in a way fraught with unstated eroticism. Had the film continued on this note, it might at least have had an evil fascination; instead, it soon gets lost in vapid ostentatiousness.

Some of the acting is up to the sets and costumes. Deneuve, said to be speaking her own Italian (if so, bravo!), displays, along with a new hair color, a new, late-blooming aptitude for acting. Giannini performs with his customary careful intensity, somewhat top-heavy for this flimsy context. Fernando Rey is suavely contemptuous and nobly paternal by turns, and the supporting cast is studded with famous Italian actors insufficiently known here. Among these, only Laura Betti overacts her scenes of vengeful jealousy.

The film might have had a modest appeal despite everything, were it not for the horrendous cinematography of Ennio Guarnieri. Always leaning toward delinquently deliquescent effects, Guarnieri here shoots almost the entire film through a luminous haze that resembles nothing so much as incorrect exposure and lack of focus. While making too few demands on the mind, the movie strains our eyes beyond endurance. ■

Records / Alan Rich

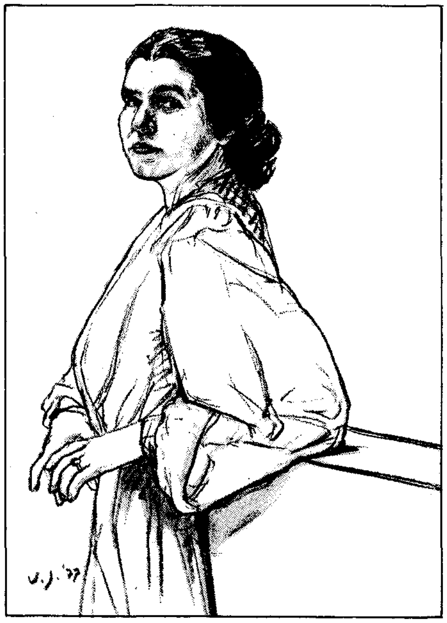
LOTTE LEHMANN REMEMBERED— BUT NOT NEARLY ENOUGH

"...When I hear one particular phrase from her *Walküre* album, I always know that I am going to cry, and I am never wrong..."

It is a year this month since **Lotte Lehmann** left us. She was 88, and had, in Santa Barbara, been living out a most active "retirement"—teaching, coaching, lecturing, even some operatic directing, and writing. In Angel's new two-record tribute (IB 6105 on its low-priced Seraphim label), John Coveney's loving memoir of Lehmann is full of quotations from letters she had written to him in her last years—warmhearted, brimming with rich sentiment. If you ever heard Lehmann sing in person, you will have no trouble recognizing the author of those letters.

From 1916—when, at 28, she was already one of Vienna's most beloved singers—until the end of her singing career, in 1951 (which was not, as most people believe, at her Town Hall "farewell" recital, but later that year at two concerts in Berkeley which I attended), Lehmann recorded a voluminous repertory. Most of this was reissued on LP at one time or another, although it is shocking to discover that very little of it is currently listed in *Schwann*. I presume there are a few intelligent people left in the industry who will see to it that such items as the Schubert *Schöne Müllerin* (formerly Columbia ML 5996) and *Winterreise* (never on LP, but issued on two Victor and one Columbia 78-rpm albums), some scenes from *Die Fledermaus* with Richard Tauber and Karin Branzell (once on Decca DL 9524), and a large assemblage of single song and aria recordings are once again made available. Meanwhile, the Seraphim catalog does still include Lehmann's two major operatic sets—a condensed *Rosenkavalier* conducted by Robert Heger (IC 6041), with Elisabeth Schumann as Sophie and Richard Mayr as Ochs, and Act One of *Die Walküre* conducted by Bruno Walter (60190), with Lauritz Melchior as Siegmund and Emanuel List as Hunding, plus a miscellaneous aria collection (60060) some of which is duplicated on the new release.

It is unthinkable that a new generation of singers and listeners should be denied access to all of Lehmann's recorded artistry. I say this, not so much because her way of singing has very much to do with contemporary artistic attitudes, but more because her art forms itself so perfectly into a document of another musical world at another time. Although she was born in northern Germany and trained in Hamburg, Lehmann's style was mostly formed during her long stay in Vienna, and her work epitomizes every glowing, sentimental cliché that one entertains about that city.



Her voice was that of an idealized clarinet: wide in range and with a particularly haunting quality at its lower end (which enabled her to take on such mezzo-soprano roles as Charlotte in *Werther* and Mignon), then plangent and seamless all the way up to a delicate, elegant top (as you will hear in Susanna's "Deh vieni, non tardar" from *Figaro* on the new album). Like the clarinet, she could shade her tone with a haze of breathiness, which she used shamelessly as a source of powerful emotional push. She could use that breathiness to color a tone with almost unbearable poignance. When I listen to her *Walküre* album, and come to the phrase "Tränen und Trost zugleich" in Sieglinde's narrative, I always know that I am going to cry, and I am never wrong.

Such rampant sentimentality would probably never go these days. Yet, Lehmann remains memorable because she never tried to get away with more than a musical line could absorb. Some of her Schubert singing—of which the new album contains but two examples, both with a hideous salon orchestra replacing the piano—could at times be somewhat arch, the way some of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's also was, a generation later. But Lehmann's feeling for the line of a song, even a simple, light-textured piece like "An die Musik," was impeccable, as Schwarzkopf's sometimes was not. She did not, as Schwarzkopf sometimes did, break up a song into a collection of moments.

The new album also contains two excerpts—the Act One monologues—from *Der Rosenkavalier*, recorded in 1925 and 1927, some years before the more famous "complete" album of 1933. The Marschallin was probably Lehmann's most famous role; yet here, too, is an example of the way tastes have changed. I never heard Lehmann do the role in person; from the evidence of her recording, however, I gather that she conceived of the woman as a genuinely tragic figure, witnessing the ending of her romantic life. Here, again, the distinctive Lehmann breathiness creates this impression; her Marschallin is decidedly matronly, and terribly sad. But this approach is contrary to what Hofmannsthal and Strauss had agreed on for the Marschallin, whom they saw as a woman of about 35, ending one of many dalliances and obviously ready to move on to the next. Our current conception of the role stems largely from Schwarzkopf, whose stupendous creation was inspired by the original intent of the creators; by this standard, Lehmann's approach is a little difficult to accept.

Yet, the breadth of Lehmann's range of character remains genuinely astonishing. To this, the new album provides generous tribute. You will find in it a most appealing, girlish Butterfly, in a re-creation of her entrance music that makes it difficult to accept anyone else in the role. Much the same holds for her Agathe (in *Der Freischütz*); there is a radiance, a giving-in to pure ec-

Illustrated by Victor Juhasz

"...The Gigli-Rethberg-Pinza *Lombardi* trio demonstrates the power of melodic emotion to disarm the artistic conscience..."

stasy, in Lehmann's traversal of the "dream" area that no subsequent singer in my experience has matched. And even in lesser items, like Marietta's Act III song from *Die Tote Stadt* (with an orchestra conducted, in 1924, by none other than George Szell!), have a blazing intensity, a sense of the incandescent values in a lyrical line, that do much to explain the power that Lehmann could exert over an audience.

For me, the best available Lehmann performance is the *Walküre* album of 1936. I do not see how anyone can envision a better realization of the role of Sieglinde than the one Lehmann created here: the poignance of the unloved child-bride, the frenzy with which she greets her new love, the almost desperate energy with which she hurls herself into the final few moments of that act. I did see Lehmann's Sieglinde once, or at least a small part of it. She had retired from the Met in 1945, but came back on February 17, 1946, to help Melchior celebrate his twentieth anniversary in the house; they sang the second half of the first act. Both voices were in somewhat frayed estate, but as they fed each other on the memories of the Met's golden Wagnerian years some kind of white heat was generated which the spectacle of two large, clutching, lurching would-be adolescent lovers could not dispel. That was the night I fell in love with Lehmann, and I have the records to remind me of the wisdom of my passion.

Some further restorations. Also on Angel's Seraphim label comes now a second volume of reissues by the fabulous tenor **Beniamino Gigli** (60280)—thirteen bands that cover the period from 1922 (when he was 32) to 1947 (when, at 57, he still had eight active singing years ahead of him). If you have problems reconciling contemporary stylistic outlooks to artistic mores of the past, these old Gigli sides won't give you any easier a time than the Lehmann recordings. Endowed with a voice of ravishing purity, and a technique that apparently embraced twenty different shadings of both fortissimo and pianissimo, Gigli used all this remarkable equipment in a manner often excruciatingly self-indulgent. Whether involved with a simple Mozart song ("Das Veilchen," recorded in 1947 with full symphonic background) or the heartbreak of Tosca's doomed Cavarodossi, Gigli seemed incapable of producing a simple, elegant vocal line. Every phrase is punctuated with a sigh or a sob; the top of every melodic curve is milked with a merciless *fermata.* More depressing, even his best conductors—Tullio Serafin, for example—seconded his inclinations.

Yet, the passion, the outflow of sheer vocal lava, on this record is not easy to resist; it stands, not only as a document of a great and revered singer but also as an attitude toward Italian operatic singing that may have been replaced today by something more scholarly and respectful, but which demonstrates a fascinating, immediate relationship between singer and audience. The best thing on this record is the famous old war-horse, the trio from Verdi's *Lombardi,* with Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza as the two other voices: a triumphant demonstration of the power of pure melodic emotion to overwhelm the senses and disarm the artistic conscience. There have been later performances of this trio: one under Toscanini, and one from the complete recording of the opera on Philips; both are infinitely more respectful to what Verdi wrote down, and both sound like academic exercises beside this hoary old version.

The record also contains a genuine curio: Gigli singing, in 1943, the Prologue to *Pagliacci,* the original baritone register beautifully encompassed by the lower end of his unfeigned tenor voice. It is the most artful singing on the record, unforced and luxuriant.

I mentioned Rethberg above, that wonderfully cultured, versatile singer who broke hearts at the Met over two decades (1922–42) with the heartrending vibrance of her crystalline voice. The Metropolitan Opera Guild has issued, to all contributors of $100 or more, a complete broadcast performance of **Otello** from 1940, with Rethberg as Desdemona, Giovanni Martinelli as Otello, and Lawrence Tibbett as Iago; Ettore Pannizza conducts (MET-4). Rethberg was 46 at the time; Martinelli was 55. Neither, therefore, was in prime estate; and this shows in an occasional sustained tone that slips slightly from pitch. Yet, there is a vibrance here, a drive, and a way of caressing the sublime phrase that makes this album beyond any price as a document of first importance. Listen merely to Rethberg's responses in the Act I duet; I defy you to name a singer before, or since, with the radiance she commands. Martinelli forces somewhat now and then, but the album is full testimony to the urgent, almost animalistic drive of his best work. Neither singer ever recorded a complete opera commercially; this album, therefore, is unique.

Canada Dry

I find it very pleasant to note that Canada, which produced the most important female songwriter of the sixties in Joni Mitchell, is home to two women who may become the most memorable, if not commercially successful, musical voices of the seventies. **Kate and Anna McGarrigle,** a pair of sister songwriter-singers from Quebec Province, without making any self-conscious attempt to be poetic give us a beautiful and totally open look into their inner thoughts and feelings, and they do it in a way that's at once unique and wholly surprising. The two of them are able to combine the softness and gentle quality of their own voices with a strangely unsentimental expression of the triumphs and tragedies that are a part of life. Indeed, their songs seem to put life into proper perspective; they *explain* with no need to rhapsodize. Their two albums, *Kate and Anna McGarrigle* (BS 2862) and *Dancer With Bruised Knees* (BS 3014), logically and poignantly show how their personal histories became the raw material for their music.

Their softness should not be mistaken for weakness or even naïveté, though. What sounds like the most innocent French folk song, all sweetness and light, when translated reveals the hope that a former lover be eaten by rats. The songs are about real life.

Other albums by women, excellent in their own way, but very different from the intensely personal life views of the McGarrigles, come from Cathy Chamberlain and Flora Purim.

Cathy Chamberlain, in her crepe skirt, lacy gloves, red lipstick, and Betty Grable hairdo, combines jazz and ragtime and rock 'n' roll, throws in some torch singing and Depression blues, and makes it sound charming and fresh and personal (*Rag 'n' Roll Revue,* BS 3032).

Flora Purim, on her most recent album, *Nothing Will Be As It Was . . . Tomorrow* (BS 2985), is a triumph of style over content. She uses words when she needs to and scats when she needs to and just makes *sounds* when she needs to, to communicate in her haunting, exuberant way. These aren't songs about words, but the feelings come through loud and clear. **—Tom Bentkowski**

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"TOOT" UNCOMMON—Uniquely gifted trumpet player and Egyptologist.

Above, further contrived nomenclature. Competitors are invited to devise one fanciful name-cum-occupation.

Results of Competition 290, in which you were asked for predictable replies by an unspecified interviewee (on TV, radio, or in print) from which we may infer the question asked and general info anent the respondent. Past or present.

Report: Generally, present-day responses proved more popular than those of the past. And not a moment too soon. Certain replies reeked of specificity—the information could not be termed general. But which of us can, after all? And now, the repeats. Watch carefully, I'm only going to do this once: "I am not a crook." "Because it was there." "Arf" (talk about Pavlovian). Sports figure: "It was a team effort." "No truth to the rumor of a trade." Ali rhymes. Politician: "I want to give this government back to the people." "I refuse to answer. . . ." "No comment." Actor: (on tasteful nudity): "I'd prefer to be known for my acting ability." "Only if it's really essential to the plot." "At the audition, no one knew who my parents were." "Everyone asks me: 'What's Johnny really like?' " "Just as long as it's healthy." Hoping you the same. And see that you do.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"Well, the way I look at it, the time to start worrying is when they *stop* asking for autographs."
Steven S. Palmer, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

"I think that history will remember him for ending the Vietnam war and for opening détente with Red China."
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

"I'm what you might call Night People. While others sleep, my creative juices seem to flow like Niagara Falls. I get my three hours' sleep a day . . . actually, I find that insomnia is a blessing in disguise."
David Yarnell, Los Angeles, Calif.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"It's so much easier to play a character in a script than to come here and be myself."
J. Ranta, NYC

"Violence is real, part of life. And, dammit, you can't have violence without blood, which is just life in motion. You might say my films depict the one true trinity: violence-blood-life. And if you'll check the gate receipts, you'll find there is no lack of worshipers."
Len Elliott, Auburn, Wash.

"We went as far as we could musically as a group. . . ."
Sam Murray, Philadelphia, Pa.

And Honorable Mention to:

"It's simply the story of mankind's attempt at survival in a hostile environment."
Cassie Tully, Monsey, N.Y.

"Actually, I'm a very private person."
similarly: Laura Cowman, Columbus, Ohio;
Penny Laitin, NYC

"Well, my partner and myself were cruising Tenth Avenue when we got the call . . . we arrived in time to see a male Caucasian assaulting this woman . . . we took the alleged perpetrator into custody. . . ."
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.
similarly: Sally Drillick, Brooklyn;
Cookie Gray, Closter, N.J.

"No, I'm not afraid to face the champ. Remember, he puts his pants on one leg at a time just like the rest of us."
Brian Borowka, Oceanside, N.Y.

"Marilyn wasn't just vulnerable—she had a sense of *humor*."
Philip N. Hathaway, Bloomington, Ind.

"A mommy or a nurse."
Alice Richter, Morganville, N.J.

"Living apart has strengthened our marriage and given new meaning to our relationship."
Linda J. Kern, Miami, Fla.
similarly: Dennis Saxman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Actually, we see very little of each other off-camera."
D. Ziller, NYC

"No, he's not getting any special treatment and he does the same chores that the other prisoners do."
Michael Rachal, Annapolis, Md.

"Women's Lib? I don't even know what that means. As far as I'm concerned, I've *always* been liberated."
Tim Lyons, Albany, N.Y.
similarly: Joannie Huberman, Maplewood, N.J.;
Nancy Levitt, Susan Wright, St. Louis, Mo.

"I never worry about character in rehearsals. I know sooner or later I'll touch on a moment out of my past, and bang! there it is. . . ."
Eugene A. Mora, Syosset, N.Y.

"We come from Remulac—a province in France."
Matt Greenberg, NYC

"Well, only if your wonderful audience really wants me to."
Jeff Monasch, Brooklyn
sp. mention: Jack Ryan, NYC

"I always thought it was normal to have rich, beautiful, fantastically talented parents. They were the only ones I had."
Carol Doup Miller, Dayton, Ohio

"Oh, man, like great, you know what I mean, man, like great probably's the only way to describe being on the charts."
Shirley Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

"Oh, no, *all* of the girls in my novels are *very* moral. Why, a kiss is an occasion! And the *only* sex is with their husbands, at the end of the books. I think we all like adventure and romance, and I supply that for my readers. . . ."
Mark R. Frank, Beech Grove, Ind.

"I said to myself, 'Why, God? Why me?' "
Pia McKay, Washington, D.C.

"At the time, I enjoyed the concert tours —the travel, the applause, people making a big fuss over me—but I realize now that I never had a childhood."
J. Bickart, NYC

". . . Hopefully, you'll speak to other educators, most of which are doing a super job."
Harold J. Ellner, Richland, Wash.

"Exploited? Certainly not! This is a scholarship competition, not a beauty pageant... I'm just proud to have been chosen to represent the women of our great state. . . ."
Larry W. Hill, Satellite Beach, Fla.

"Actually, I wear it because I like it. And it's the first letter in the alphabet. It's *the*

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beginning. I could wear *any* letter, really—except a *B*. I hate *B* . . ."
Stephen Dines, Hollywood, Calif.

"Look, I'm the first to admit that my new series is something less than *Crime and Punishment*. However, this will give me the freedom to do what I want to do."
Armand Stella, Ridgewood, N.J.

"No, I won't be returning next season. It was good for me, but I think it's time to move on. I'd like to try movies."
L. Livshin, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

"I first started using the two-handed backhand when I was three years old because I couldn't swing the racket with one hand."
Brian Plante, Staten Island, N.Y.

"There's no *weather* here. I miss the change of the seasons back east. I miss the snow, the subways, the muggers. . . ."
Fran Ross, Los Angeles, Calif.

"No, I doan think 'ockey is becoming too violen'. The 'itting and the 'ard checking 'ave always been part of the game, eh? Is like our right winger Guy LaMache use to say—when he still 'ad use of his voice box. . . ."
Janet Lemkau, Port Washington, N.Y.

"Well, everybody uses that quote and they always take it out of context. . . ."
Becky Boardman, Wayne, N.J.
sp. ment.: Oscar Weigle, Whitestone, N.Y.

"That's one question I'd rather not answer now. Let's just say I'm considering it. It's still too early to say anything definite one way or the other. . . ."
A. R. Gerald, Wayne, N.J.

"As long as millions of people all over the world enjoy my books, I don't give a darn what the critics may say. Look at Dickens."
K. B. Robinson, NYC

"Though I'd never encourage them to enter this business, I'll support them in anything they do."
Val S. Ferretti, Belle Vernon, Pa.

"Not that I smoke it, of course, but I think it should be legalized for those people who do."
Miranda Benedict, NYC

"Off the record, I talked a good game but I wasn't sure I was right. I was scared to death we'd sail right over the edge at any moment."
Kenneth J. McCaffrey, Chappaqua, N.Y.

"No, not really. Actually, by the time I was working on the second chapter, I found that the characters had taken on a life of their own."
Denzil Walters, Seattle, Wash.

"Right now, my career is my baby."
Margaux McKarey, Scranton, Pa.

". . . If I didn't expect my marriage to last forever, I would never have married him. Does that answer your question?"
Steve Saikin, NYC
sp. mention: Dana L. Cadison, Columbus, Ohio

"Well, the first guideline is never go to bed mad."
Meredith Gregg, Greenland, N.H.

"No matter what problems we have, this is still the greatest country in the world, and I wouldn't live anywhere else."
Don Gibbs, Omaha, Neb.

"No, man, I cut that loose. Now I just get high on life."
Frank Berdoe, NYC
sp. ment.: Scott Shuger, Nashville, Tenn.

"This movie clip is self-explanatory. The person in the suit of armor is me. The man in the astronaut outfit is my lover. This particular scene takes place in a Central Park Zoo cage at night, which accounts for the murkiness, and of course the helmets muffle our voices. But let's watch the monitor."
Amy Schreiber, Brooklyn

"People don't realize that being a movie star isn't all that glamorous. In Rome I had to be on the set at six. On the Riviera I had a bad sunburn from too many takes. I can't begin to tell you the inconveniences in Paris, Aruba, and Switzerland."
Alan Levine, Copiague, N.Y.

"That's like asking a mother which of her children is her favorite. I always like to think the next film I work on is."
Oraina M. Giarratano, NYC

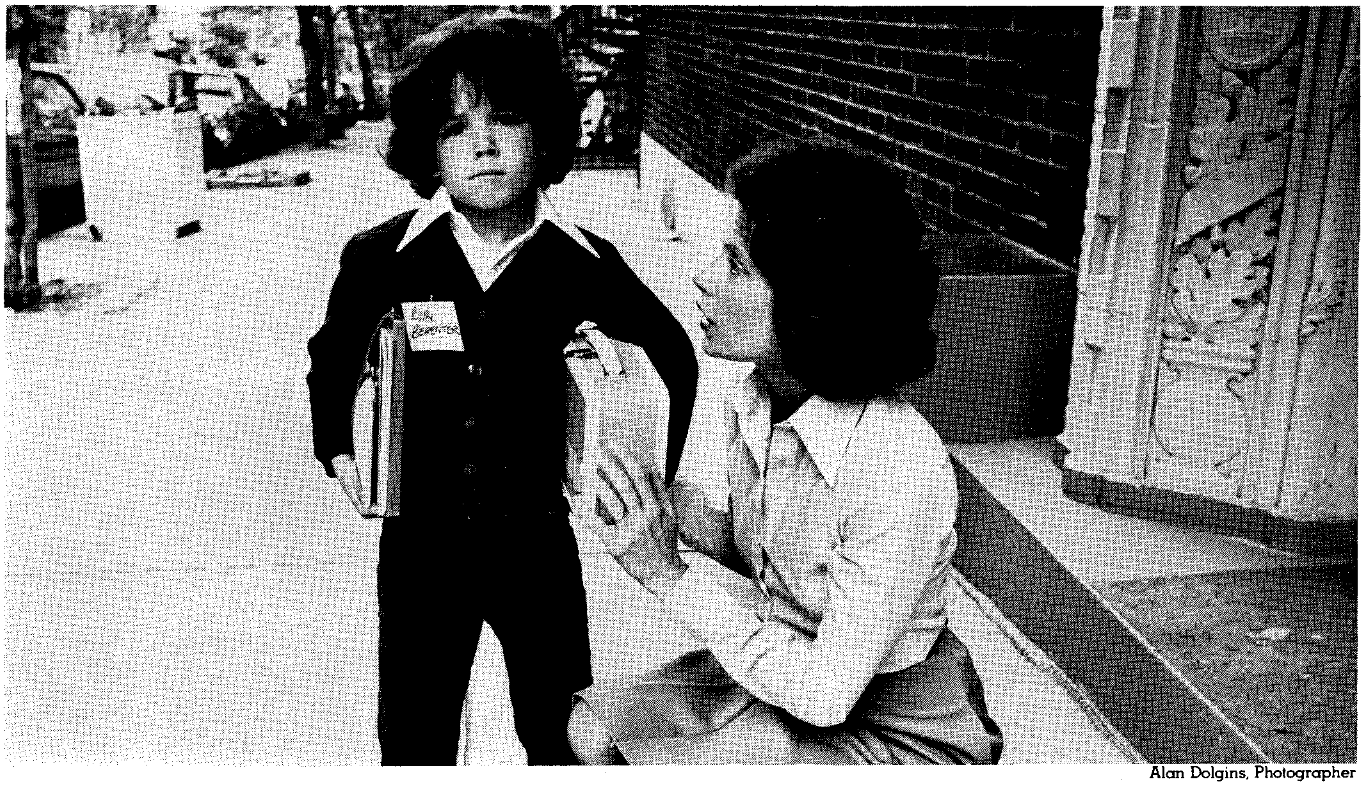
"I just feel so really proud and privileged to replace her even though I don't have that fantastic hair. And, there hasn't been any bitterness. She's just such a great person. And everyone on the show has really treated me so great."
Penny Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

"Well, it's not as easy as it looks, Curt. As a matter of fact, every time I leap onto that block of cement, every aspect of the stunt has been carefully checked out, so none of you kids at home go trying this."
Nayland W. Blake, NYC

"Well, no, I don't really have anything against advertising people per se, but you have to admit that advertising does make people buy things they don't really need or want. . . ."
Sylvia Simmons Neumann, Wilton, Conn.

"Am I allowed to talk about that?"
Scott Reisfield, Philadelphia, Pa.

Contest rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 293, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by August 12. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York* and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results will appear in the issue of September 19. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.



Alan Dolgins, Photographer

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Skin-deep—The famous Georgette Klinger skin-care salon is having its annual sale this month, and all goods and services are reduced. Over 300 products, usually $4.95–$19.95, will be either 10 percent off (scalp care) or 20 percent off (men's and women's skin products). Examples: nutritive mask, usually $9.95 for 2 oz., now $8; collagen liquid, usually $25 for 1 oz., now $20. In the salon itself, six facial treatments for women, one hour each plus twenty-minute makeup application, were $156, now $122; twelve treatments, were $312, now $235; eighteen, were $488, now $350; for men, six one-hour treatments, were $132, now $105; twelve, were $264, now $200. Revitalizing treatments (one-and-a-half-hour facials for dry, sun-damaged skin), were $209.50 for six, now $179.50; were $410 for twelve, now $340. Scalp treatments: six, were $120, now $99.50; twelve, were $240, now $195; each is one and a half hours long. All series good for one year. Call with your credit-card number (American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa) or go in personally for consultation. Checks accepted. *Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Ave. at 52nd St. (838-3200); Mon., Wed. 9 a.m.–9 p.m., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., for treatments and products; Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., products only; thru 8/31.*

Tennis, ladies?—This is a bustling boutique for tennis fashions and accessories, not equipment. A sale here comes just in time to put you on the courts in August, newly dressed. Tennis dresses, were $18–$50, now $10–$25; tops, were $10–$20, now $5–$12; shorts and skirts, were $10–$28, now $8–$16; panties, were $3, now 99 cents; warm-up suits and sweaters are 40 percent off (a very famous-label warm-up suit of velour, was $98, now $60; others, were around $45, now $29; sweaters, were $19–$28, now $8–$15). Tote bags, racquet bags, and accessories, up to 50 percent off, and even a selection of roll-back socks are now $1. Size range 4–20 and maternity. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Tennis Lady, 765 Madison Ave. at 66th St. (535-8601); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m. Sale also at 197 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains (914 428-5190), Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; and Riverside Square Center, Hackensack, N.J. (201 488-0020), Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–9:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m. All thru 8/13.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Juicy—The Acme Supreme Juicerator Model 6001 is a heavy-duty, stainless-steel juicer with a gyro base, rubber feet, and a ten-year guarantee on all parts except the cutting blade, which has a one-year warranty. It makes 2 qt. of mixed juice or 1 qt. of carrot juice at one go. It lists for $169.95, is generally discounted at $149–$155, and is available for one week from this discounter at $129, plus a $3 shipping charge for out-of-state residents, or 8 percent tax for N.Y. State residents. Checks or money orders accepted; no credit cards. *To order, call WEL Distributing, 423-4170; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–noon; thru 8/15.*

Bag it—La Bagagerie is having a summer clearance sale, with reductions of 20–75 percent. Canvas and leather shoulder bags in various colors and sizes, were $35–$40, now $10–$25; clutch bags of leather, straw, or canvas, were $10–$90, now $5–$50; glitter bags, were $60, now $15; glitter sacks, were $75, now $20; big burlap straw-trimmed bags, were $40, now $20; leather-trimmed gabardine bags, were $55–$60, now $35–$40. All belts, were $8–$45, now 40 percent off. Also, a selected group of bags, were $25–$170, now an average of 35 percent off. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *La Bagagerie, 727 Madison Ave. between 63rd and 64th sts. (758-6570); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; thru 8/26.*

Artwork—This large Madison Ave. gallery is clearing away original graphics at 20–60 percent off original prices. Only a few representatives from artists' series, mostly returns from museum rentals, portfolio remainders, and some overstocked inventory. Prices (depending on artist) start at $20 and go way up; many unframed and framed pieces to choose from, but all prices given below are for framed works: Leonore Fini litho, was $350, now $175; Jim Dine "Tool Box Portfolio," ten framed collage-and-silk screens, were $2,600, now $1,600; Robert Goodnough silk screen, was $250, now $125; Oldenburg *Soft Fireplug* litho, was $1,275, now $800; Miró untitled lithograph, was $2,500, now $1,250; Calder *Puppet Man* litho, was $1,250, now $700; Lichtenstein *Seascape* silk screen, was $600, now $350; Ed Ruscha *Hollywood* silk screen, was $900, now $500; Dali *Henry V* etching, was $250, now $150. American Express, checks accepted; all sales final. *Gimpel & Weitzenhoffer, Ltd. (lower gallery), 1040 Madison Ave. at 79th St. (628-1897); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; thru 9/2.*

Moonlight sale—This boutique is doing something different for its sale by extending its hours to allow working women shopping time in the cool of the night. Almost every summer garment will be 50–70 percent off, including Ter et Bantine floral cotton T-shirts, were $36, now $9; cotton-jersey flounced skirts in several colors, were $48, now $12; Dorothée Bis sweaters, were $95, now $24; silk fatigue pants, were $78, now $19; satin cigarette jeans, were $65, now $16; cotton-gauze drawstring skirts that turn into sundresses, were $115, now $26; linen straight skirts, were $78, now $26; Vivian striped sleeveless cotton-knit sweaters, were $54, now $16; many other things, some one or few of a kind. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Dianne B., 729 Madison Ave. at 64th St. (759-0988); 8/8–11 only, 10 a.m.–midnight.*

Treasure chest—This downstairs boutique is clearing out its summer merchandise at extremely good prices: women's clothes at least 50 percent off, men's at least 60 percent off. Examples: Pierre D'Alby unisex zip jeans, were $34, now $15; lace-front camisole-type sundresses with gold rickrack trim, were $36, now $18; tiered calico skirts, were $22, now $10; embroidered white long dresses, were $35, now $17; China Blue checked cotton shirts with matching scarves, were $28, now $10; Nyesta dresses, off-the-shoulder or with straps, were $42 and $45, now $19; John Kloss nighties, were $20, now $10; warm-up suits in stretch terry, were $44, now $18; for men, shirts, shorts, jeans, and tennis bags at 60 percent off; for both, a rack of small sizes and one-of-a-kinds are 60 percent off. Size ranges: women's, 5/6–13/14; men's, S–XL. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Treasures, 2 West 33rd St. (279-6872); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; thru 8/15.*

TRAVEL SERVICES

This is a biweekly Section for Travel Agents & Tour Operators, limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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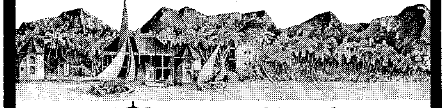

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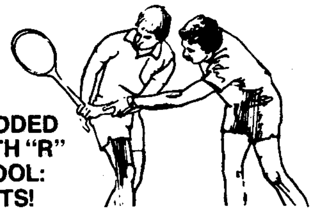

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Tiffany style lighting—All handcrafted in genuine stained glass... Low Low Prices... TIFFANY HOUSE factory outlet stores... Westbury, L.I. (516) 333-7272; Paramus, N.J. (201) 845-7750; Derby, Connecticut (203) 735-2050.

Nibs Men's Shop 30th Anniversary Sale: Lanvin, Chaps, Groshire, others - suits $59 - $139, reg. to $285; Jackets $29 - $69, reg. to $155. Other great values on shirts, slacks, jeans, swimwear, ties all by Dior, Cassini, Guy LaRoche. August 10 - August 17 (closed Tuesdays). 72-28 Main Street, Flushing, 263-8088.

Holding a sales meeting, convention or seminar? Call Plumagere for attaches, desk accessories, etc. Custom made for your participants and budget. Plumagere of N.Y., 5 West 30th Street, 564-7040.

Alexander Shields August Special—20% off on our Made to Order Suits and Sport jackets. Come See. 484 Park, 832-1616.

T-Shirts, T-Shirts—We specialize in promotional shirts. SERIGRAPHICS, 362-6320.

Talk To The World!—Distributor Closeout, latest 40 Channel Mobile CB Radio, famous national brand, fully guaranteed, originally $109.95 now reduced to $59.80. Adaptor for home use add $24.80. Send check/money order to: ALLCOMM, Box 1193 NYM.

Fine Furs For Less—also - quality Repairs. GERMAINE, 330 Seventh Avenue. OX 5-0645.

SUMMER SALE

20% Off All Stock

Many items marked down 30% - 50%

MARCO POLO

855 Lexington (64th-65th) **861-6446**

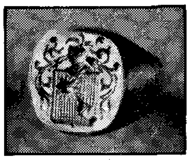
Fireplace Accessories. Everything—anything for your fireplace. SIEGLER BROTHERS, 62 Greenwich Avenue, near West 11th Street and 7th Avenue. 924-0761. Free gift.

Gateway City's Best: St. Louis Coloring Book, $4.00 ppd. SOUTHSIDE FILMS, 5905 Southwest, St. Louis, Missouri 63139.

Fur Pillows—Rugs—Bedspreads. Fur importer's closeout bargains. 7 days/nights. (212) 679-4449.

Backgammon Sale—Importer. Below wholesale. From $9. 855 6th (30th), Room 618.

FAMILY CREST RINGS



Solid 14K Gold, **$195.** Sterling Silver, **$90.** **WE WORK IN THREE BASIC WAYS** — If you have a crest, send a copy of it, otherwise you may check it against our list, or you may design your own (see below). **SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE.** If, in addition to free catalogue, you want our booklet with over 20,000 names for which we have crests available plus instructions on how to design your own crest, **send us $1.00.**

HERALDICA IMPORTS, INC. NYM
21 WEST 46th ST. • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Air Conditioner, Television, Appliance Bargains... New, warranteed... Call for quotes... HOME SALES ENTERPRISES... (212) 241-3272.

T-Shirts, Sweatshirts, Bags, Umbrellas—Your advertisement silk-screened. Designed to order. 3 dozen minimum. GALE GRAPHICS, 740-9300.

TV's, Appliances, Air Conditioners, Barbecues. Lowest prices. Call with model number. SHOP-BY-PHONE, INC., (212) 962-4988.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

MERCHANDISE OFFERINGS

PLAY IT COOL

Icy diamonds paved on an assortment of lovely body enhancers - rings, bracelets, chains and earrings, and much, much more.

It's
No Sweat
Upstairs At

Edna Nelkin & Goldie Blum INC
790 MADISON AVE *(at 67th St.)*, NEW YORK, N Y 10021
(212) 249-0681 • SUITE 205 • **TUE-FRI 10-5**

Window Fashions... We Manufacture... Designer Vertical Blinds and Skinny Horizontals (1 Week Delivery)... Shades... Woven woods... (212) 435-6326.

Wallcoverings; Grasscloth; Handprints! Thousands of rolls in stock of firsts, seconds, discontinueds 40%-70% off. Photowalls, Murals, Brick, Paint, Floor Tiles. 300 Book Wallcovering selection. Service or Free Instruction. WALLPAPER MART, 187 Lexington, 889-4900.

National Brands Clearinghouse—Air Conditioners, TV's, Appliances, Typewriters. Factory Sealed - Guaranteed. Give Model. PRICEWATCHERS INC., (212) 337-6633.

Abacus Lucite Outlet—Save 50% on furniture, accessories. 102 West 29th. 947-8990. Catalog $1.

PERSONALS

Happy Birthday Nonnie—Love, Kisses and Big Hugs, Lollo.

EMPLOYMENT

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Is there life after college... outside of a typewriter... Creative Job Campaigns, professional resumes, unique cover letter individually designed to obtain interviews. Linda Layton-RE•SPONSE CAREER COUNSELLING, (212) 228-8908

Women's Career Development Services—Professional staff. 421-1157, 9-5.

Executive Secretary-Assistant—Good stenography and typing. Salary $10-$12,000 year commensurate with credentials. Excellent benefits. Call 986-4600, Ext. 227.

Secretary-Assistant—Needed by leading publishing firm. Light steno, good typing. $175 weekly, benefits. Call 986-4600, Ext. 370.

Underpaid? Confidentially explore career opportunities. Invest $10 for list of leading no fee Executive Headhunters. CAREER CONSULTANTS, 51 East 42nd Street, Suite 704, NYC 10017.

REAL ESTATE

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE FOR RENT

Riverside Drive 70's—Long-term sublet. Luxury building. 7 rooms, 2 bedrooms, large living room, den, kitchen with dishwater, washer, dryer. Fully furnished, river views. $1,500/month. (212) 580-7450.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

Apartment Sharing for Particular People—Call LESLIE HARPER, LTD., 794-9494. Careful Screening, Interviews, Brochure. 127 East 69th Street, NY 10021.

APARTMENT WANTED

We only specialize in representing owners of elegantly furnished apartments for subleting. East Side Manhattan, ranges $500-$3,000 monthly. 753-0826.

Gallery Owner needs Winter sublet near 57th Street. 757-0461.

Corporate Executive to care for pets, plants. Experienced male. References. (212) TE 1-4869.

CO-OPS/CONDOMINIUMS

60's, Park Avenue—Beautiful 2 bedroom luxury apartment suitable corp/personal. High TD. Many extras. (212) PL 5-2530.

G.W. Bridge—Unusual English Tudor 2 bedroom apartment. Private gardens, playground overlooking Hudson, security, many extras. 20 minutes Midtown, A-Train. Maintenance $252; $27,500. (212) WA 3-7800, xT11

57th Street (off 2nd Avenue)—Charming one bedroom cooperative, new kitchen. $318.56 maintenance. (212) 355-5105.

LOFTS

Loftment - Charm of a Loft, the efficiency of an apartment, best of both. Lower Manhattan Art District. 10 story corner 19th century building. Beautiful facade, automatic passenger elevator, soundproof floors. Very large windows, some with Hudson River View. New tiled bathrooms complete with Bidet and Jacuzzi Whirlpool Bath for two. New kitchens with refrigerator, range, dishwasher and cabinets. Small, medium and large lofts. Rent $350, $525 and up each. Balance base fixtures and improvements $5,000 and up. Has to be seen. 966-7305 weekdays.

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Bergen County, New Jersey—Members of 3 Multiple Listing Services. Over 1500 Houses. TRIBUNE REALTY INC., (201) 567-4300.

Poconos - Model Home—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, wooded acre. Prestige community; lovely amenities. Call: (717) 595-7508.

Connecticut - Free Monthly Brochure—Southern Fairfield County - Homes, Property, Descriptions, Photos. T.C.A., 364 Fairfield Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.

Private Massachusetts Lake—Land, Homes. JANE CADY REAL ESTATE, 1-413 967-4470.

Overlooking Bear Mountain—Fifty minutes away, hillside rustic, glass, woods. Fifties. (914) 446-3301.

Lakefront Hopatcong, 1 acre, dream house, exquisitely furnished. $85,000. (201) 827-6568.

Sag Harbor Village—Architect restored Victorian charmer. Must sell. $49,500. (516) 725-3756.

HOUSE WANTED

Wanted—Private House Rental Bahamas/Caribbean. Full/half season (alternate months or January 15th - April 15th); discriminating tenants. House should be privately set with pool and/or tennis court. F. Greenburger, 825 Third Avenue, N.Y. 10022 or (212) 753-8581.

HOUSE EXCHANGE

Connecticut Shoreline House—Swap 1-2 days monthly for N.Y. apartment. Box 609, Madison, Connecticut.

COUNTRY HOMES/FARMS

Western Massachusetts—Country homes, farms. Free Brochure. GOOD EARTH REALTY, Ashfield, Massachusetts 01330. (413) 628-3800.

LAND AVAILABLE

Maine Ocean Islands, Estates, Shore Lots—Send for free list of offerings. DOWNEAST ACREAGE, INC., Real Estate Brokerage, 151 Broadway, Suite 46-B, Bangor, Maine 04401, (207) 947-4567.

Westhampton—Remsenburg Area—Beautiful secluded waterfront and water view acreage - one to forty-four acres available - both bulkheaded and natural shoreline - unlimited selections. (516) 325-0235.

Sacrifice—Orange County, 125 acres, lovely woods, pastures, magnificent views. (212) 263-4558.

Berkshires—4 miles Tanglewood. 1-4½ acres, access rights adjacent river and small crystal clear lake. Panoramic view. Owner (516) 481-6298; Agent (413) 298-3353.

Egremont, Massachusetts—5½ wooded acres near Jugend. $10,500. (413) 528-4117.

FOREIGN REAL ESTATE

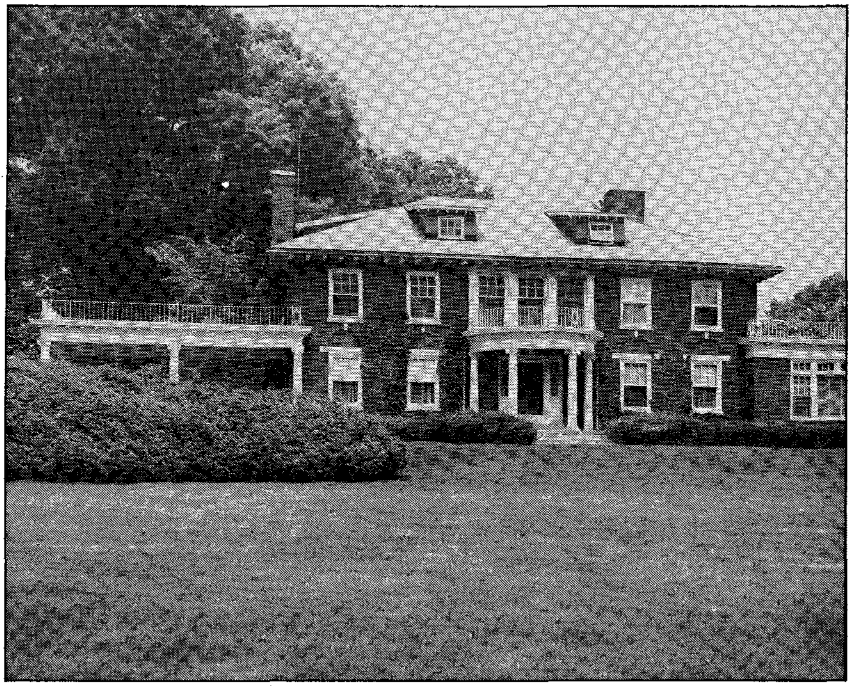
London—Lovely Chelsea 3 bedroom apartment. September - February - $150 weekly. (416)964-8973.

Ireland—Beautiful Cork, seaside farmhouse, sleeps 6. September. (914) 374-8162.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.



ILEWELLYN PARK, N.J.
Mansion on 3.5 Acres

Private security. Pool, greenhouse, carriage house. 30 minutes NYC. $295,000. Call Lynn Warner:

The Degnan Company (201) 467-3883

HO-HO-KUS ESTATE

Situated on 2.28 lushly landscaped acres (one acre could be detached as a full building lot) is this charming mini-estate (circa 1809) which is the perfect showplace for antiques and the perfect setting for exquisite entertaining. Aside from the ten large rooms for the family, there is a quaint gazebo, heated swimming pool, four car garage, and five room apartment. Only 30 minutes from NYC and offered at $270,000.

Alan P. Howell
REAL ESTATE

605 North Maple Avenue
Ho-ho-kus, N.J. 07423
(201) 444-6700

CLEAN AIR/VIEWS
20 CLEARED & WOODED ACRES
STOCKED POND
RUSTIC HOME
2 HRS. N.Y.C.

This 3-bedroom low-maintenance year-round home offers the finest in either recreation or permanent residence living. Fully insulated. Hardwood floors, antique brick fireplace and large deck overlooking your own private fishing & swimming. Ideal location with super views & easy access to the beautiful Delaware River & numerous ski areas. All this for only $65,000. (516) 484-4490; (914) 252-3327 (evenings).

EAST HAMPTON, N.Y.

Country enchantment, 5 minutes from village, 1 wooded acre, landscaped for privacy, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, oil heat, 2 fireplaces, central air cond., den, dining room, basement & 18' x 36' heated pool with over 2,500 square feet of deck. Many, many extras, good financing. Asking $175,000.

Jack Douglas Realty (516) 324-1133

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS. AREA
12 Acre Parcel

Beautifully wooded with Hemlock and Maple, 10 minutes to skiing with secluded lake nearby. Private drive, utilities. $14,400. 15 year terms. Principals only.

Owner, (212) 580-8984

YARDARM BEACH
Dune Road, Westhampton Beach

Fully carpeted, terraced apartments between the ocean and the bay. Air conditioned and heated for year round comfort. 600 feet of private beach, pools, tennis courts. Also dining patios with full restaurant facilities. Complete exterior maintenance, tax advantages and savings. 1-2 Bedroom Condominiums, $60,000—$80,500.

(516) 288-3131

Sales Office Open Daily Noon to 6 PM

This advertisement is not an offering which can be made only by formal prospectus NY 748

Croton-on-Hudson **1 Hour NYC**

Stone Converted Theatre
On the Croton River

Fabulous 11 rooms with cathedral ceilings, 5 stone fireplaces, 5 skylights & 3 baths. Additional charming apartment pays taxes plus. Extraordinary setting over the Croton River with access to the Hudson & a fantastic house in perfect condition makes this one of the most exciting, inviting homes we have ever offered for sale. $155,000.

ROBERT MORIN (914) 941-0943.

ST. GEORGE, S.I.
Magnificent Tudor/Walk to Ferry

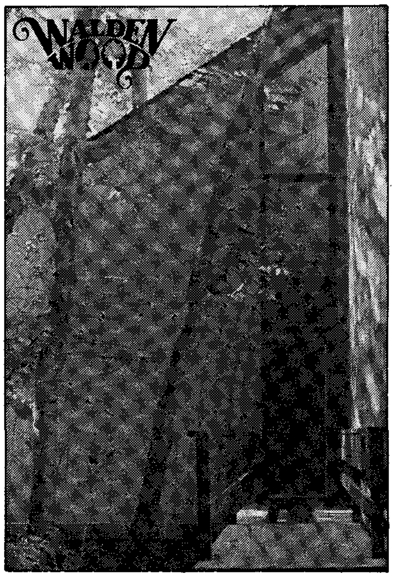
Sunken Living Room with fireplace, oak-panelled Dining Room, modern stainless kitchen with dishwasher, 2 huge masters, study & private guest/child's suite, 5 baths, central A/C. Handsome landscaping, patio terrace. Near golf/tennis. $89,000. Owner, RASKIN, (212) 691-7950.

In Water Mill's most prestigious area, this early Victorian residence of 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths on an acre with farm and water views, has been authentically renovated by an artisan, with todays construction requirements complimenting the full abandonment of space of the 1860's at $145,000. This would be your only investment that has joile de vivre. Call:

CLEM RYAN Real Estate
Water Mill, N.Y. (516) 726-9580

Stately Southern Colonial in Upper Nyack, N.Y. 13 rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths, 4 fireplaces. Elegant home on 2½ acres, offered at $150,000.

LYDECKER AGENCY
NYACK (914) 358-3700



Pre-Construction Sale in a private forest.

Just 116 clustered contemporary homes with private backyards amidst 21 acres of forest. Spectacular Clubhouse with many facilities; 35 min. from Grand Central. From the $60's to $80's.

Ogden Road, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.
(914) 693-4978 \ (914) 693-4333

This advertisement is not an offering in the Walden Wood Homeowner's Assoc., which can be made only by formal prospectus.

REDDING, CONN. HOME

Rent ($1,200 - $1,500) or exchange (co-op or home; Manhattan, Riverdale or Westchester). Modern, large, custom, elegent, 3 bedrooms plus master bedroom suite with fireplace, oak paneled living room 20 x 30 with fireplace, library, 2-car garage, burglar/fire alarm systems, central A/C and heat, all electric. Pond, nature preserve, 2 miles Rt. 7, 4 miles station, 1½ hours NYC. September thru June, 10 months or less. Furnished/unfurnished. (203) 938-3679 evenings.

Lyme (On The Conn. River), Connecticut
COUNTRY RETREAT

Architect designed 2 year old home on 13½ private wooded acres. Lovely panelling, stunning fireplace, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Low maintenance. Low taxes. 2 hours from New York. Asking $99,500.

W.C. ROOT AGENCY

Old Lyme, Ct.	East Haddam, Ct.
(203) 434-8900	(203) 873-8619

HORTICULTURIST'S DELIGHT
Grow Tomatoes in N.Y.

90's East. 8 room duplex with wraparound terrace. Living Room with woodburning fireplace. Unobstructed views. Move-in condition. Asking $200,000. Maintenance $1,500.

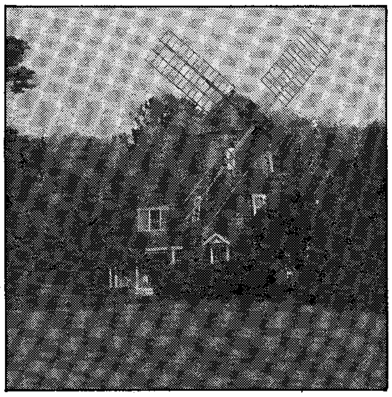
WILLIAM B. MAY CO., INC.
Ext. 10 688-8700

COVE NECK

Nice view to Stamford, Connecticut. Great Boat House $1,200,000. Call Liz at (516) 922-6111.

O'KEEF HUTCHINSON & DOWNING, INC.
24 Audrey Ave. Oyster Bay, N.Y. 11771

EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND



The charm of early East Hampton on 3.5 acres. Residence includes 5 bedrooms, 4 baths. Property improved with a pool, pool house, paddle tennis court. Price $325,000 partially furnished. Call for appointment:

J.P. AMADEN,
J. EDWARD GAY JR. AGENCY
(516) 324-0041

IN THE VILLAGE

Handsome brick Colonial, large rooms, newly redecorated. Living room with fireplace, dining room, eat-in kitchen, den, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, screened porch, patio, 2-car garage, large yard. South Nyack, $79,000.

Wright Bros.
(914) 358-3050

SOUTHAMPTON

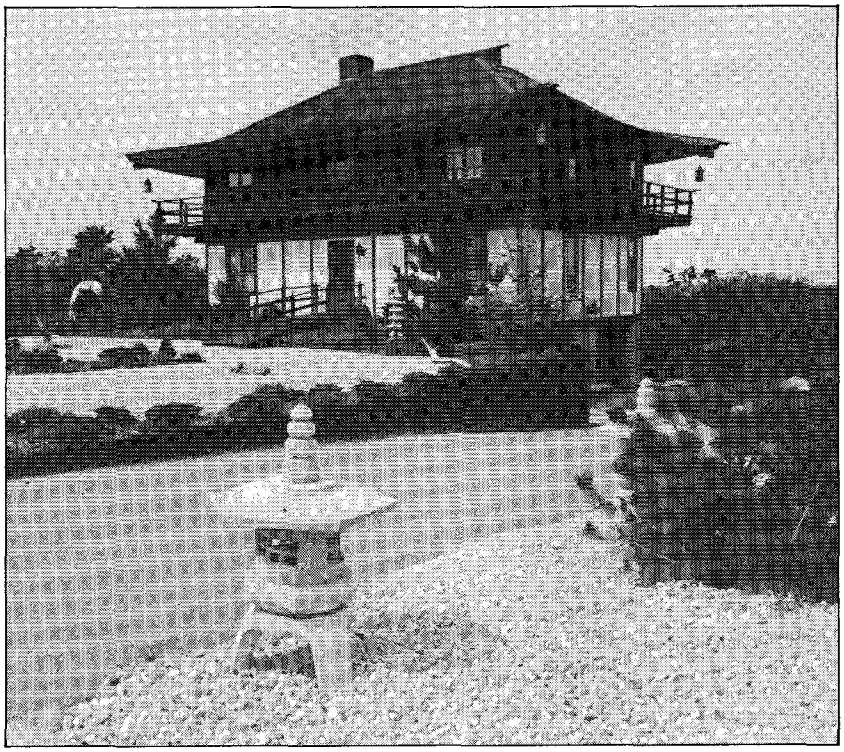
Mini Estate Circa 1790 redesigned by owner for entertaining, all glass Lanai, 2 master suites, guest quarters, maid's room, 2 acres.

MEADOW REAL ESTATE
(516) 283-1700

STONY POINT

Best stone fence area, slate roof Victorian and 4 room year-round cottage on 2+ acres. Main house 12 rooms, 3 baths, 4 working fireplaces. Now 2-family, simple change to 1-family. Lily pond, many fruit and flowering trees. Low taxes. 40 minutes to G.W. Bridge. $78,500. Owner - (914) 786-5814 or (516) 324-2739.

SAYONARA!



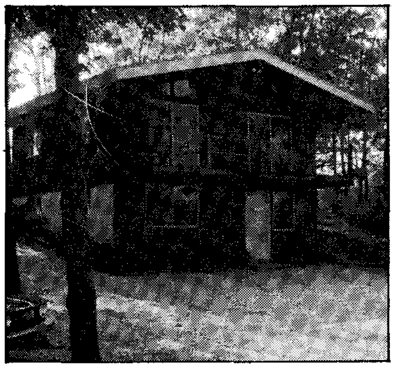
Not Osaka but Sag Harbor Bayview. Sit on your deck in your kimono and obi and gaze "way off to Fujiyama." $145,000.

Jack Douglas Realty
(516) 537-3272

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Magnificent brick French home combines elegance of detail and gracious high-ceilinged rooms with all modern conveniences. Curved stairway, luxurious first floor master suite; 4 bedrooms, 3 baths and servants quarters on second. Kidney shaped pool with awning terrace off recreation room.

NEWHALL & OGILVY
(203) 869-8100



Small House - *enormous possibilities!* Overlooking farms and fields from a woodsy slope: a 2 bedroom "upside down" house on 1¼ (divisible) acres. Simple, easy to handle, and just waiting for a creative new owner. $75,000. Talk to... **Tina S. Fredericks, Realty, East Hampton, N.Y., (516) 324-4418.**

COSMOPOLITAN CAPITAL HILL/ IN DENVER

A beautiful, restored 2-family townhouse. A unit for you - one to rent. Both with quiet, restful spaces; living room with fireplace, formal dining room, study, 2-bedrooms, kitchen and bath. Also a peaceful side patio for summer entertaining.

All refurbished with savvy and appealing good taste. New kitchens, baths, plumbing and wiring.

Exciting view of city and mountains frames beautiful Colorado sunsets.

Great investment for single person(s) or young couple.

For unique properties in Denver -

ALMOR REALTY
1200 Pennsylvania - 80203 (303) 832-8844

DON'T DARE LOOK

cause you'll want to buy this ultra-contemporary *on top of the Palisades in* GRANDVIEW-ON-HUDSON. This exciting mountaintop retreat has terrific river view, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, 5 decks, fireplace, 3-car garage. $170,000.

JAMES E. STONE, Realtor
Nyack (Rt. 59) (914) 358-0188

COUNTRY ESTATE WITHOUT EQUAL

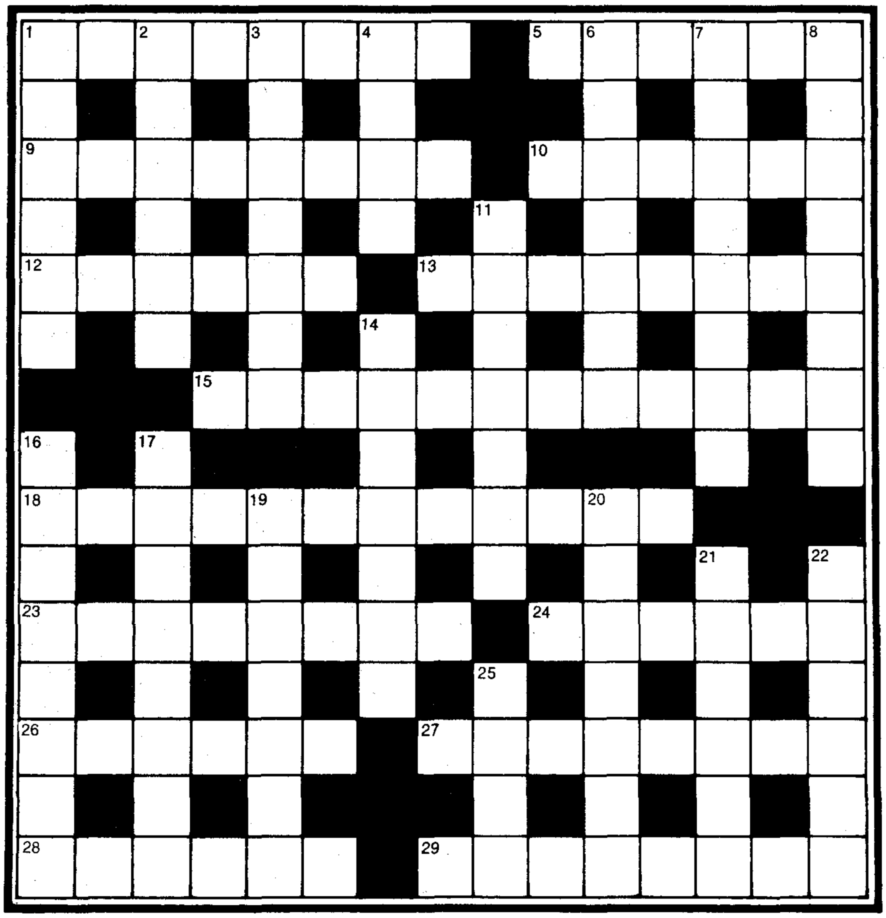
In the rolling hills of Readington Township, Hunterdon County, New Jersey. 60 beautiful acres with 2400 ft. frontage. The stately colonial home was built in 1740 with additions in 1810 and 1930. The original beauty is maintained with wide board floors, exposed beams and 5 working fireplaces. The first floor contains living, dining and family rooms, kitchen, library, office, mud room, powder room, one bedroom and one full bath. Upstairs are 5 bedrooms and 3 full baths.

The outbuildings include a Cypress paneled barn with 4 large box stalls, heated tack room, feed room, storage room and overhead hay storage; large loafing shed; 4-car garage with workshop and kennel; and a cottage with one bath and fireplace. In addition is a tennis court, dressage ring, 2 ponds, stream and over 30 acres of fenced pastures. Offered at $450,000.

Garden State Land Company
HORSE FARM ASSOCIATES
55 Old Highway 22
Clinton, New Jersey 08809
(201) 735-7700

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Clues

ACROSS

1 Her wishes may be incomplete, like Kate. (8)

5 Excluded from the pub? Revolutionary! (6)

9 Young singer in the services. (8)

10 Holds on to firewood. (6)

12 Mail man loses his head before becoming brutal. (6)

13 Mother in occupation that helps to keep the trains moving. (4, 4)

15 Arriving without trousers showing defects? (12)

18 Power, bit by bit? (6, 6)

23 Spins, etc. unusually and makes an examination. (8)

24 Diana's got sickness abroad—how depressing! (6)

26 Clawed to get damaged gun across to posh Al! (6)

27 Impatient to do a bit more? (8)

28 After a fast time. (6)

29 Guard is dismissed with a proposition. (8)

DOWN

1 Dancing and games at church, quite possibly—very convivial! (6)

2 Raw recruit in the castle, that is. (6)

3 The way to start hostilities? (7)

4 Talk about your own business in the store. (4)

6 Is Mark masculine or the opposite? (7)

7 Disturbances get curs into trouble. (8)

8 Speeds in somehow to deal out. (8)

11 Wild cat held and fastened. (7)

14 Sad in France about the East, or in another part of Europe? (7)

16 Allowance for maps? (8)

17 Transfers to study the portents. (8)

19 Repeat it and chop up a tree. (7)

20 Note the wastage despite the sparkle. (7)

21 Threaten the little devil with death. (6)

22 Does he shut up because more secret? (6)

25 Put together for each socially acceptable country. (4)

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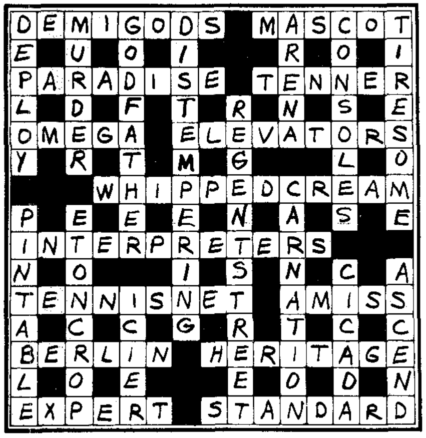
Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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P	A	R	A	D	I	S	E	■	T	E	N	N	E	R
L	■	D	■	F	■	T	■	R	■	N	■	S	■	E
O	M	E	G	A	■	E	L	E	V	A	T	O	R	S
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T	E	N	N	I	S	N	E	T	■	A	M	I	S	S
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B	E	R	L	I	N	■	H	E	R	I	T	A	G	E
L	■	O	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	O	■	D	■	N
E	X	P	E	R	T	■	S	T	A	N	D	A	R	D

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☐ RENEWAL

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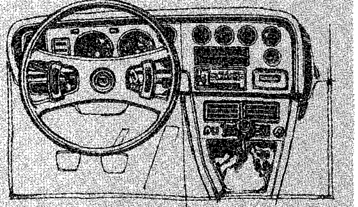
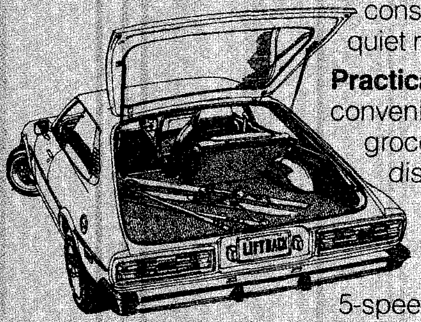
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

THE SPORTS CARWAGON

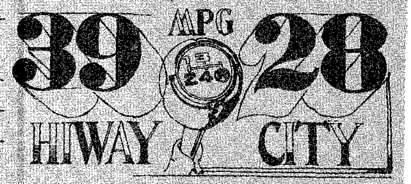




The 1977 Corolla Liftbacks uniquely combine the features of a sporty car and a family wagon. Plus Toyota's durability and toughness—like welded unitized-body construction, not nuts and bolts, so you get a quiet ride.

Practical. A fold down, split rear seat makes these '77 Liftbacks three ways convenient: Carry two passengers. Carry one. Or carry up to 20 bags of groceries. And every Liftback comes with no-cost features like power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials, and many more. SR-5 Liftbacks also come with 5-speed overdrive transmission and sporty mag-type wheels as standard equipment.

Sporty. Performance is backed by a 1.6 liter engine. Match it with a 5-speed, the Deluxe model's standard 4-speed, or the optional 3-speed automatic, you'll get great gas mileage and performance. For example: In 1977 EPA tests, the Deluxe model with 4-speed transmission got 39 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower. If you can find a better built small car than Toyota... buy it.



YOU GOT IT.

1977 Corolla
Liftback Deluxe
1977 Corolla
Liftback SR-5

THE **TOYOTA** COROLLA LIFTBACK

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©1977 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Feel the Real taste difference.
Real
The natural cigarette.
Low tar. Nothing artificial added.
20
Real
Nothing Artificial Added
Real
Real
20
FILTER CIGARETTES
Real
Nothing Artificial Added

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. New Real does not. It doesn't need to.

We've discovered the way to keep natural taste in, artificial out. All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic.

You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste.

So taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.